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"The Secret of 37 Hardy Street"

by ROBERT J. CASEY

AUGUST
1929

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We're talking to you *only* if you have never used FELS-NAPTHA

Do you want extra help with your wash?—extra help with your household cleaning?—extra help with every soap-and-water task? If so, read on! . . . . .

UNTIL you have actually used Fels-Naptha Soap, you will probably find it hard to believe that any washing product can give you so much *extra* help. But there are millions of women—Fels-Naptha users all—who will tell you it's true.

They'll tell you that "Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha." For Fels-Naptha is more than "just soap." It's good golden soap blended with naptha—plenty of naptha! You can smell it in every bar. And naptha, you know, is the safe gentle dirt-loosener that dry cleaners use in cleansing delicate fabrics.

So you get two safe, active cleaners in each golden bar. Good soap and plenty of naptha, working hand-in-hand. Two busy washing partners working together to loosen even stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing. That's why, with far less effort on your part, Fels-Naptha gives you the kind of home-washed clothes—fresh, sweet, clean through and through—that really "do you proud." You can depend upon Fels-Naptha for this *extra* help whether you use washing machine or tub, or soak or boil the clothes. Fels-Naptha works well in cool, hot or lukewarm water—and it's nice and gentle to your hands.

Have Fels-Naptha ready for next washday. And for the in-between cleaning jobs, too—washing dishes, woodwork and windows; removing spots from rugs and clothing, and so forth. Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Buy some today. Try it and discover its *extra* help—as many of your neighbors have done.

E X T R A H E L P

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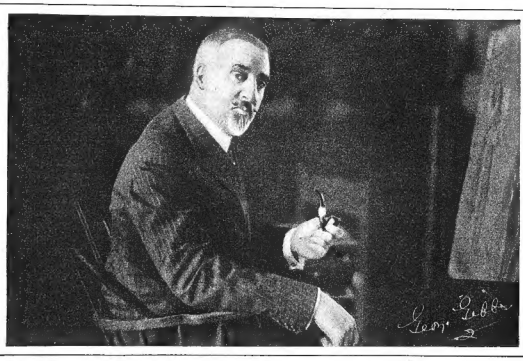

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HERE is an absorbing story of love, mystery, and adventure in which two young people, cut off from the outside world by a sudden flood, manage to discover a new universe of their own.

BEGIN IT IN PICTORIAL REVIEW FOR SEPTEMBER

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on page 90

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SPORTSWOMEN OF TO-DAY

By HELEN WILLS

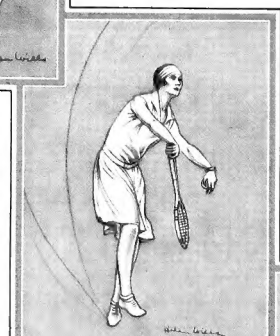
The World's Woman Tennis Champion

MYSELF ATTEMPTING AN OVERHEAD SMASH

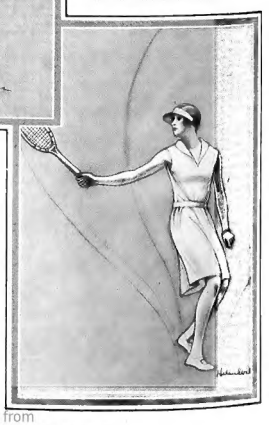
Sketches by the author

MLLE. LENGLEN EXECUTING A LOW FOREHAND VOLLEY

SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ FINISHING AN OVERHEAD SMASH



MISS BENNETT EXECUTING A BACKHAND DRIVE



THERE are many advantages in being a woman in 1929 as compared, for instance, with being a woman in 1900. Increased freedom of mind and body is not the least of them.

It seems an incredibly short time ago that woman's position really began to change and a general movement toward present-day freedom was started.

Sports and athletics, which have played their part in gaining the freedom of the modern woman, are very recent when one realizes that there were centuries when women did not know anything about outdoor activity. It has only been since about 1900 that sports for women have come into their own.

Sports have accounted tremendously for the great physical liberation that has come to women in recent years. Athletics have been the cause, as well, for a certain mental liberation that has accompanied freedom of the body.

With few exceptions none of the women of history were even allowed to indulge in out-of-door activities. Egyptian women did have a little more outdoor life than the women of most other countries, mainly because of the climate; and this freedom, altho limited, had its reflection in the laws which gave women certain privileges in regard to inheritance and the management of their properties. However, the Egyptian woman can hardly be said to have been "free."

Spartan women were allowed to go a step farther. The girls were trained in sports and athletics, along with their brothers, in order to develop strong bodies. The Spartans believed healthy women produced healthy children. They desired strong soldiers to fight in the wars.

During the next two thousand years women knew practically nothing of sports and of out-of-door freedom. Then came the bicycle and lawn-tennis.

If any one is inclined to bemoan the freedom of the modern woman let him turn and vent his wrath upon the bicycle. The present freedom of the modern woman owes much to this two-wheeled vehicle. In our grandmothers' time exercise was regarded as unladylike. Women had to be content with croquet. It is true that they rode horseback, but in a side-saddle costume which was both voluminous and uncomfortable and which prevented them from deriving the real benefits from riding. High collars did not add to their pleasure, and there was always the danger of becoming entangled in the long, cumbersome skirts, in which there was more material than in the ordinary dress of the day.

I am proud to say that the next out-of-door activity that the women of the time turned their attention to, now that they had discovered the possibilities of outdoor exercise, was lawn-tennis.

As no one could comfortably play tennis in the corsets that were then worn, these garments were gradually modified and made a little softer and less binding. This was another advance, and an important one, for half the ills of women who wore such unyielding supports could be blamed upon the prisons in which their bodies were incased and squeezed out of shape.

But tennis was not regarded favorably at all. It is surprizing to discover this when we hear the game spoken of so favorably everywhere now, and see it played by ten-year-olds at school, and by champions in tournaments at Forest Hills and Wimbledon. To quote an article written at the time tennis appeared: "Ministers exhort their congregations to eschew the ungraceful, unwomanly, and unrefined game which offends all the canons of womanly dignity and delicacy." Can there be anybody nowadays who feels this way about tennis for women?

It is indeed interesting to note that the dress used for sports gradually had an influence upon the every-day styles. It was later to become the fashion to have freedom for the body. But it took women some time to get away from their long skirts. A few bravely started to wear them to their ankles in rainy weather, and were called "rainy daisies." They were denounced immediately.

The style of the time called for a high collar, great full sleeves, a long gored skirt which flared out upon the pavement and gathered dust or dampness as the weather might be. Hats were balanced precariously upon the top of the head, secured by long and dangerous hatpins.

We who know the comfort of the short skirt and sensible dress would rebel if we had to put on tight corsets and tight kid gloves, and if we had to squeeze our comfortable waists. A lady informed me the other day that the ambition of her girlhood days was "to have a waist that could be easily measured with the span of two hands."

We can remember what a fuss there was about bobbed hair, and now no one gives it a second thought. At the time, it furnished subject for controversy, as did the short skirt, and critics predicted dire disaster to the younger generation. Innovations for women, however sensible, usually come in for their share of criticism when they first appear. Note the hostile reception accorded lawn-tennis.

For example, there is a new style which has appeared in tennis which will have its share of comments during the coming season. Stockings are being abandoned, and in their stead are worn little socks that reach just to the ankle. This is very sensible, gives more freedom, does away with tight, bending garters and annoying wrinkles that come in stockings around the ankles after a strenuous game.

Two years ago no player would have thought of going without stockings in tournament play. Last year a few ventured forth. It won't be long until white-stockinged legs will be unusual upon the court, and will attract the unaccustomed eye. But the elimination of the stocking will not take place without its criticism.

Take for another example the sleeveless dress for tennis. It was not more than eight years ago that a young lady, who appeared with entirely bare arms on the courts at one of the best-known tennis clubs in New York, was asked by a surprized committee to please dress more modestly.

Needless to say there is a distinct relationship between the

Continued on Page 48

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Why It Takes a Penetrating Foam to Clean Teeth *Completely*

The difference between Colgate's and ordinary toothpastes lies in the unique, active foam released by Colgate's, the instant it is brushed on the teeth.

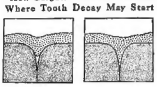
For this sparkling foam not only carries a polishing agent that makes teeth sparkle brilliantly . . . *it does more!* It possesses a remarkable property called low "surface-tension" which enables it to go down to the very bottom* of all the tiny crevices and fissures in teeth and gums. There, it softens and dislodges the food particles and impurities which cause decay . . . and *washes* them away in a foaming, detergent wave of cleanliness.

The reason why Colgate's acts in this way is because it contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man. This cleansing agent makes the famous Colgate foam whose action is described above and it is the presence of this particular ingredient which makes Colgate's a better cleanser; a more economical cleanser . . . different in action and in results from ordinary, sluggish toothpastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's active foam sweeps into every tiny crevice, washing out decaying impurities which ordinary brushing can't reach.

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

"How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleaning it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

More dentists recommend Colgate's than any other toothpaste; more people use Colgate's than any other kind. This overwhelming leadership has been carried for over twenty-five years . . . proof positive that Colgate's gives the extra degree of cleansing power which people prefer.

More economical, too . . . The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter. This is true because Colgate's is the largest seller. Volume production, you know, means economy.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1685, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. In Canada address Colgate, Toronto 8, Ontario. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy." FREE

Name .....

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WHEN LIFE SEEMS OUT OF TUNE

By H. Addington Bruce

"NERVOUSNESS MAY RESULT FROM EXCESSIVE DEVOTION TO WORK"

NOT so long ago an eminent American scientist, reputedly of a conservative cast of mind, gave it as his opinion that every sixth person in our population is afflicted in some degree with some form of nervous trouble. There were those who scoffingly inclined to the view that for once the eminent scientist had checked his conservatism in the anteroom of reckless guesswork.

I know that I myself, after more than twenty years' experience as a sort of clearing-agent for the nervous, am quite willing to accept the one-sixth estimate as soundly based.

There have come to me so many thousands of pathetic inquiries from every part of the country that I am appalled at the extent to which the nation is burdened by what the specialist Beard, more than half a century ago, called the great American disease. My personal correspondence, too, has impressed on me the further truth that nervousness plays no favorites in the selection of its victims. No element in society is immune.

It is precisely because nervousness is so prevalent and because there is as yet no general appreciation of its underlying causes, that we have witnessed, since the days of Beard, public overreadiness to accept this or that proffered remedy as a "sure cure." And with characteristic neurotic restlessness there has been a rapid flitting from one "sure cure" to another, so that what was once hailed as of unfailing potency soon falls out of favor.

Thus, when I began to study and write about the nature, the possibilities, and the handicaps of human personality, hypnotism dominated the interest of the nervous, and my mail contained innumerable requests for the names and addresses of reliable hypnotists. To-day such a request is a rarity. To-day psychoanalysis is all the rage.

Psychoanalysis, unfortunately, is usually a long, tedious process, and by no means cheap. Fortunately, on the other hand, tho at present this is far from being the popular impression, there really are few nervous patients who need undergo the psychoanalytic ordeal. As almost everybody knows by this time, the basic idea back of psychoanalysis is that nervousness of the so-called functional type—the commonest type of nervousness—is the outward expression of the irritant action of repressed and forgotten personal experiences and cravings, mostly of a sexual sort.

Accordingly, by a special technique, the psychoanalyst delves into the emotional rubbish-heaps of those who come to him, makes them better acquainted with the seamy side of themselves, and in a certain proportion of cases affords them relief.

Even conceding—and my own studies incline me to concede it—that the psychoanalytic sexual theory correctly accounts for some cases of functional nervousness, and that psychoanalysis may sometimes be helpful, it scarcely follows that it is a wholly satisfactory explanation and that every functionally nervous person ought to be psychoanalyzed.

The fact is that, for all practical purposes, many nervous folk were cured of their nervousness long before psychoanalysis was heard of, many are being cured to-day without its aid, and many will be cured after it has followed hypnotism into the limbo of popular forgetfulness and neglect.

The great mistake made by those who uncritically set forth its claims—and by the multitude uncritically accepting them—is in regarding nervousness as invariably springing from submerged ideas associated with the sex instinct. It is with nervousness, that fire destructive of human well-being and happiness, much as it is with any fire destructive of human property.

The fire that burns one's home to the ground may start from any one of diverse causes—a match carelessly dropped into a waste-basket, a cigaret tossed down, an overturned oil-lamp, an overheated furnace-pipe, faulty electric wiring, a bolt of lightning, and so forth.

It is the same as regards nervousness. If long-forgotten sex experiences and sex desires may be responsible for it, so may experiences of any highly emotional sort, not necessarily of a sexual character. Merely to grow up with a wrong attitude to life may be enough to develop extreme nervousness when storm-clouds gather as they do in the lives of all of us. Or nervousness may be a by-product, so to speak, of a condition of bodily ill health, or simply of unhygienic living habits.

Of nervousness, most assuredly, the adage holds that no one key will unlock all doors, and the specialist who would essay to treat the nervous successfully must have at his command a good many resources.

THERE is this to be added, tho, for the consolation of those who find themselves beset by nervous ills, that in most cases their ills will fall from them once they effect some salutary changes in their ways of thinking and living. It is seldom, comparatively speaking, that serious organic disease is involved, and even minor physical ailments play a far less frequent rôle than do mental factors in the causing of nervousness.

For that matter, mental factors usually enter into physically caused nervousness itself, to a greater or less extent. It is significant that not all who have infected teeth, infected tonsils, etc., manifest nervous symptoms. Only the predisposed do this, particularly those predisposed by such conditions as undue self-centeredness, deficiency in emotional control, and secret, perhaps subconscious, griefs or worries, vexations or regrets. Consequently, when nervousness does appear as a symptom of some physical malady, the malady may fairly be considered as simply a last straw, a decisive influence in provoking the collapse into nervousness.

Still, if only because restoration to physical health may be enough to overcome the nervousness, the obvious way of wisdom is to remove the aggravating cause before experimenting with psychoanalysis or any other sort of mental treatment. And because no one can say offhand, in respect to any given case of nervousness, that the cause is wholly mental, every nervous patient, as preliminary to his or her re-establishment in nerve-balance, ought to be given the benefit of a thorough medical examination.

This is ordinary common sense, despite the undeniable fact that for one nervous person needing drugs or surgery there are a score who need only some instruction in the art of living. Plainly it would be waste of time and effort—and possibly something more serious than that—to try to cure by mental means a patient whose nervousness is a symbolic clamoring for material rather than mental aid.

It will not do to assume that some form of mental medicine is always the correct prescription for nervousness, and that we need not trouble to look for a physical cause. On the opposite, it does not follow that because physical causes are to be found in some cases, we should rely wholly on medication and hygienic measures in the treatment of nervous troubles.

As already stated, the mental actually bulks much larger than the physical in their causation, and for most cases accordingly cure depends chiefly on changing the mental state, the habitual attitude, the point of view. Sometimes this is a Herculean task, demanding extraordinary skill on the part of the specialist essaying it. More frequently it calls merely for explanation of the damaging mental state, attitude, or point of view, and tactful persuasion to insure healthier thinking and doing.

INDEED astonishing is it to see how "miracles" of healing may result when once health-undermining errors of thought and behavior are discovered and eradicated. Also, incidentally, it is astonishing to see how diverse may be the errors giving rise to the selfsame nervous symptoms.

In this connection I recall the cases of two men and two women, each of whom presented this symptom-picture:

I feel bored to death, uneasy, and restless most of the time. I am tired, so tired, and interested in nothing. I have no appetite to speak of, my digestion is poor, and I don't sleep right. Also I have queer aches and pains that come and go. The doctors tell me I am perfectly well, merely nervous. But why am I so nervous?

The why, in the first case, that of a professional man who had retired at fifty, was because he had made the mistake of so concentrating on his work during his exceedingly successful career that when he ceased working he was without any satisfying occupation for his mind. As a result he became, as the psychological phrase is, "mentally short-circuited."

As never before he began to pay attention to every little bodily sensation, to think overmuch about personal comforts and discomforts. His nervousness directly followed from this, and persisted until a medical psychologist persuaded him to take up, with enthusiasm, a socially useful hobby.

In the second case, the patient still was a young man, nominally in active business, but in reality only semi-active. He worked half-heartedly, not because he was lazy, but because he felt he was being underpaid; and felt, too, that so far as promotion was concerned the outlook was hopeless, by reason of an alleged system of favoritism in his place of employment. Sentiments of despair, of envy, and of hatred possessed him, sentiments themselves sufficient to account for the nervousness which disappeared after he had been induced to attack his work with a zeal soon bringing concrete proof of the falsity of his belief about promotion.

The third of the four cases was that of a middle-aged woman widowed for several years. Left with an ample income, she had gradually resumed a life of social activities, but activities of a sort—bridge, theater-parties, and the like—yielding only momentary distraction to a woman still at heart mourning her husband and desperately lonely. Impelled by the loneliness, she had multiplied her social engagements, keeping on the go by night as by day, until a partial explanation for her nervousness might well have been found in sheer fatigue.

"Easing down" brought little relief, however. Not until this lonely widow, on a psychologist's advice, abandoned mere time-killing pursuits in favor of charitable work that

Continued on Page 82

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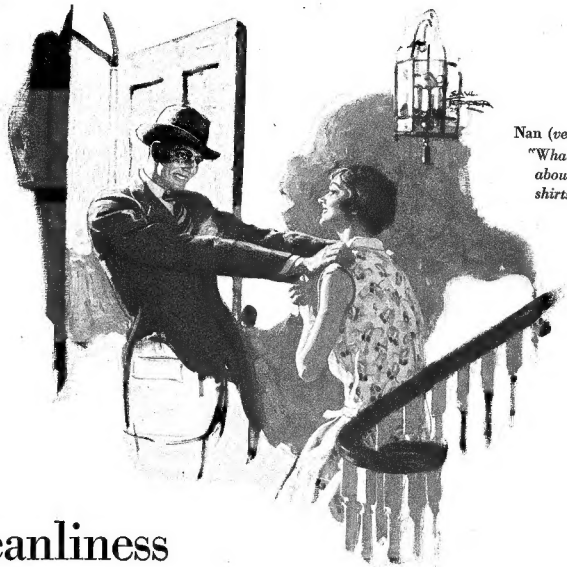

Bill (*breathlessly*):
"Nan, I've been taken into the sales department!"

Nan (*very happy*):
"What was it you said, young man, about scrubbed hands and clean shirts not counting?"

Real cleanliness gives him a better *chance*!

Wives know. Husbands in many ways are still little boys. They're frequently careless about details that are really important. The matter of personal appearance, for instance.

Many a man has been helped to a bigger job by extra cleanliness of the all-around and every-morning kind.

Thousands are held back, on the other hand, because they don't see their half-clean hands and "slightly soiled" collars and shirts as others see them.

Is there anything finer (or more practical) that wives may do, or mothers with grown-up sons, than to encourage a more *cordial* attention to cleanliness among their men folks?... in the shrewd little ways that only wives and mothers can manage?

Send him forth in "shining armor"

Business *is* a battle now-a-days, and our warrior needs every advantage he can muster. No two-day shirts and no family-imposed feeling that he can't have a fresh one, every morning.

Clean socks, of course, and handkerchiefs. And clean underwear to go with that on-top-of-the-world feeling that he gets in the bath. Nothing adds more to the morning's store of self-confidence and self-respect.

When he's tired out and cross

In the morning, especially if he's inclined to linger and be late, the stinging shower or cold tub is fine. For real cleansing, the hot bath naturally is best, and for aching muscles. For sleeplessness, however, and to soothe tired nerves, the tepid bath is recommended . . . first a good lathering and then a good "soak".

Here's something else to do, when you're particularly anxious that his sleep should be refreshing: put clean sheets on the bed. Is there anything more welcome to the tired, distracted body?...that *induces* sleep more surely?

Keeping him happy . . . though at home

Business usually takes a man "out and around" more than a woman. He meets more people, men and women. He goes to more places, most of them cheerfully clean. Is it any wonder then, that he is a bit disheartened when he comes home to a house with dingy curtains? . . . or finds you in untidy clothes?

Clever wives have found a direct relation between a schedule that keeps woodwork clean all over the house, curtains fresh, kitchens scrubbed, bathrooms spotless (and wives themselves pretty, by dinner-time)... and husbands who truly *enjoy* being at home.

It makes friends everywhere

That is true. Real cleanliness *makes friends everywhere*. And for *everyone*.

It makes friends for mother... nice people whom otherwise she might never meet.

It makes friends for brother and sister among their school and playmates.

It makes business friends for father . . . works every day to help him get ahead.

It becomes more *important* every day, because every day living is becoming more crowded, our contacts wider, and closer.

Yes. It's worth giving conscious time and effort to *real cleanliness*, every day of our lives, because it improves our health and happiness in so many ways.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

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KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

By Corinne Lowe

No Man's but One Woman's Land

IF THINGS keep on, we may expect the man of the future to look up wistfully from his book and his chocolates to say, "Gee, I wish I could have adventures like that!" We refer to the exploits of modern woman under both Southern Cross and Northern Lights.

The most romantic of all feminine explorers is Mrs. Violet Cressy-Marcks, young and beautiful Englishwoman. She is no "and wife." She makes all her trips alone. Once she trekked from Cairo to the Cape, and last Winter she pushed through No Man's Land to the Russian Arctic Ocean.

Imagine the slender young Englishwonan, in a single-keeled sled, skimming behind reindeer over the forbidden Lutto River. She has left her Finnish guides and is blazing a trail in the snow preparatory to the next day's solitary dash into Russia. She goes too far.

At sunset when she turns back to the Lapp camp the whine of wolves comes from the forests. Her revolver is frozen. The reindeer lie down and tremble. She lashes them onward with a stick—at the same time tying the reins to her right arm so that she may not be dragged from the sled. For several miles the wolves keep to the bank. Then at dark one gaunt form advances toward her sled. Madly lashing the reindeer, she attempts to strike. But others of the pack begin to drop from the bank. Terror—even to Mrs. Cressy-Marcks! Then from the Lapp camp come shots. Mercifully the Finns have heard those wolves. The race is won.

The correspondent of the *New York Evening Sun* who gives this thrilling account adds that the young woman who had slept among lions and shot a bull elephant felt her first fear on this occasion.

Dr. Florence Sabin's Notable Work

"THE ineffable touch of a woman's hand" no longer need imply the untidy cell of a forlorn male. It may mean the tidy cell of—the chemical laboratory. That woman's hand is getting just as effectual in the realm of science as in that of debilitated sofa-cushions and draperies is demonstrated by an ever-growing number of women scientists.

One of the foremost of this group is Dr. Florence R. Sabin, only woman member of the National Academy of Sciences. At the annual meeting of this society Dr. Sabin's

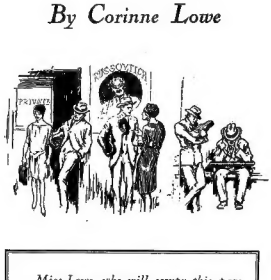
research work, done in association with two men scientists, was hailed as the most significant result of the National Tuberculosis Association's extensive study of the white plague; for Dr. Sabin and her coworkers in the Rockefeller Institute have been testing the effect of a new "fatty" acid which, when introduced into certain living organisms, produces reactions similar to those of tuberculosis. It is hoped that these experiments will provide a new angle of attack upon both tuberculosis and cancer.

American Musicians Face a Famine

THERE'S a difference in concert pitch. If one was born plain Anne Tiddle somewhere in America, one will probably play the violin or piano to deserted halls. If one was born Anastasie Tiddlewinkski somewhere in Russia, one will probably reap fame and fortune. This discrimination is reflected by one musical authority who, after declaring that Horowitz has eighty-five concerts scheduled for this coming season, adds with a shrug, "For an American pianist nowadays—not a chance."

Why is this so? Young Mr. Horowitz has supreme virtuosity, but we have in this country pianists whose interpretative and technical qualities entitle them to a reverent hearing. Evidently the difference is one of publicity.

It is said that only two per cent. of our population is



Miss Lowe, who will occupy this page each month with informal comments on current events, worth-while books, plays, motion-pictures, or anything else of general interest, should need no introduction to our readers. She has written for Pictorial Review during recent years many amusing and brilliant special articles.

With Samuel Goldwyn Miss Lowe was coauthor of a book entitled "Behind the Screen," dealing with the early history of motion-pictures. She has written "The Confessions of a Social Secretary," and a novel called "Saul." Under the guidance of Miss Lowe's penetrating mind and clever pen our readers will be able to get a general close-up of the important topics of the day.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

concert-going, and this small quota is obviously attracted more by the bill-board name than by genuine merit. Usually our American musicians can not command the sixty thousand dollars or more considered necessary for proper advertisement of an individual's musical wares. As a result the musicians of this country are faced by a famine.

During the past season the radio helped out much. According to an annual statement, our artists received more than a third of their income from this source. But it is patent that all performers do not share this revenue. And it is also patent that, while the radio gives with one hand, it takes away with the other. Thanks to it, the concert public is constantly diminishing.

Of course few foreign artists enjoy a subsidy, but they have in place of it the prestige of being imported. To be foreign—this in itself is a slogan. As for Mr. Horowitz, we know nothing of his start, but we have heard on good authority that the Soviet Government, believing that a country can have no better advertisement than its artists, lends generous support to musicians. One would like to see more of such authentic patriotism in America.

Are Parents to Blame?

"HOW sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!"—these words showed that King Lear never attended the National Parent-Teachers' Association.

At the annual meeting of this body Ernest R. Groves, professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina, put the excesses of youth squarely up to the parents. Remarking that coercion at home and school was responsible for modern youth's lawlessness, he added, "The most important organization needed to cope with modern youth is an organization to leave children alone."

This theory has its flaws. Parents who leave their children alone are often obliged to leave their house alone, too. Bridget and Patsy don't like homes where the little ones are given up exclusively to self-expression. Equally defective seems the round-up of lax parents in Chicago. What tired, middle-aged person can prevent the gregarious teens from going where everybody else their age is going?

After all, is any group to blame for youth's present plight? Is it not the spirit of an age where machinery provides us with constant stimulus that has driven our young people to their precarious pleasures?

Who Can Afford the Family Album?

LAST Winter a great beauty landed in New York. He was six feet and slim. He had a drawing-room suite of features and burnished, golden hair. His name was Cecil Beaton.

When he first came he just gave his work away. He did photographs of a lady for as little as five hundred dollars. Toward the end of his visit he was known to have said languidly, "Yes, I might do several poses for fifteen hundred dollars." In the interval of a few months he had become the rage. Society women who had not been done by Beaton felt as hopelessly out of it as an infanta who had not sat to Velasquez.

This Englishman, who departed with thousands of dollars, proves more than our childlike faith in the superiority of everything from abroad. It is the enormous sums demanded to-day by several photographers of international reputation. Hearing that one wealthy young bride paid more than three thousand dollars for a few poses in her wedding-gown, we of the middle classes realize that we shall have to be content with mere oil-portraits of ourselves.

Worth-While Books for Vacation

NOWADAYS we don't change in Summer to light-reading wear. Instead of choosing the gossamer yarns once considered vital to hot-weather comfort, we usually take on our vacations those worth-while books of the year for which a busy Winter left no margin. Very humbly—with a sense that the "best" in books is settled always by intellectual bias—I submit a list for Summer leisure.

Biography: Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," to be read in connection with that iridescent "Life of Henry the Eighth" by Francis Hackett. After leaving the Tudors we can not do better than plunge into America of the nineteenth century. Lewis Mumford's "Herman Melville," the creator of "Moby Dick," galvanizes for us one of the most remarkable figures in American literature.

Miscellaneous: Katherine Mansfield's "Letters" provide us with another intimate glimpse of that rarefied spirit on its anguished way toward perfection. Abbe

Dimnet's "The Art of Thinking" shows us how we may tidy up the loose fringes of consciousness. In Ludwig Lewisohn's "Mid-Stream," Waldo Frank's "The Rediscovery of America," Prof. John Dewey's "Experience and Nature," and Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Modern Temper" we get a stimulating mental massage.

Poetry: Those who have not yet read Stephen Benét's "John Brown's Body" are provident. They have saved up pages over which surges the august sweep of our national life. By swift transition we arrive then at hitherto unpublished poems of America's rarest woman, that shy, thrush-singing mystic of a New England village, Emily Dickinson. Next in significance is Elinor Wylie's posthumous book, "Angels and Earthly Creatures," containing some of the most magical sonnets of modern times. Among narrative poems a high place must be assigned to Alice Mary Kimball's "The Devil Is a Woman."

Fiction: Excluding Sigrid Undset, undoubtedly the most robust novelist of to-day, we find of high interest: DuBose Heyward's "Mamba's Daughters"; "The Pathway," Henry Williamson's light-woven prose animated by a spirit far different from to-day's materialistic evaluations; Aldous Huxley's "Point and Counterpoint," brilliant and brittle reflection of a disillusioned world; Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "Dark Hester"; I. A. R. Wylie's "The Silver Virgin"; Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth," and Mary Roberts Rinehart's mature work, "This Strange Adventure."

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The one true friend she has

You probably can't imagine yourself in this woman's predicament — yet the possibility is far from being remote.

Not so many years ago she burst upon Chicago like a blazing star. In the rich homes of the Gold Coast, violins played long and lights burned late in her honor. She counted her friends by the hundreds, her suitors by the dozens. Assuredly she would marry brilliantly and live well.

Yet today she is rather a pathetic figure despite her wealth and her charm. Old acquaintances seldom call and she makes few new ones. Of all old friends only her bird seems true. Only he is always glad to see her.

How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—*but it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide *which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Always keep Listerine handy. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

LISTERINE

Winning new users by thousands. Listerine Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢.

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Put in your clothes —*these* suds *won't fall down!*

A quicker, cleaner wash comes out of such rich *lasting* suds

Have you tried Chipso to see how rich and lasting the suds really are? They're not just light, puffy suds that flatten out weakly when you put your clothes in the washing machine.

They're not thin, listless suds that leave *you* the task of *rubbing* the clothes clean.

Chipso suds are *lasting* suds—rich suds that stand up and do all the dirt-loosening work for you. Played-in dirt, ground-in dirt, even difficult spots of grease are helpless against them.

Try Chipso, and you'll see! In washing machine or tub—from the moment hot water is poured on the tissue-thin chips until the last garment comes out—Chipso suds are bubbling and active. Right through, you'll have busy, lively suds.

For, Chipso is made of materials especially chosen to give rich, hardworking suds that *last*.

Out of one big 25c box you get enough rich suds to do four or five washings (more if your water is soft) or a month of dishwashing. A Chipso box lasts so long because the *suds* last. When you work with Chipso you needn't keep on adding more and more soap to renew the suds. They're rich when you begin a task and they work *with* you and *for* you until the task is quickly and cheerfully finished.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Rich lasting suds can loosen even stubborn dirt. Try a 20-minute Chipso soaking and see how much dirt has floated out before you even begin.

Free! *Saving Golden Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CR-89, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

When suds "stand up" dishwashing is quicker. Try soaking your china while you dry glass and silver. You'll find that most of the grease and food particles just disappear in Chipso's rich lasting suds.

Chipso—hot water
Quick suds that last!

Soaks clothes clean
Dishes ⅓ less time

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

The most amazing success in the history of household soap

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First instalment of a baffling mystery story that will keep you thrilled from the moment you discover the fatal "coffee and toast" to the very end

"'SOMETHIN'S WRONG. THAT'S MR. BRADLEY, AN' HE AIN'T STIRRED SINCE I SAW HIM THERE AT NINE O'CLOCK'"

Illustrations by Joseph A. Mauro

THE SECRET *of* 37 HARDY STREET

By ROBERT J. CASEY

ONCE, when the city was much younger and the sturdy redmen found their art and uplift in the sniping of stray cavalrymen with flint-lock muskets, two military turnpikes had cut northward from the trading-post on the river to strategic blockhouses up in the wilderness. One struck along the shore of the big lake—a corduroy trail that was one day to become a broad State highway. The other branched from it at a point far out in the marshes and bore north and slightly west to the frontier.

Long ago the marshes had gone from the edge of the one, and the lake had been pushed back from the other, and the new city came rushing forward along these historic highways, leaving a trail of tall buildings, stores, garages, motion-picture theaters, dance-halls, and restaurants.

There was a backwash from the traffic and turmoil of this region in a narrow lane less than two blocks long, connecting the long-forgotten turnpikes.

It was called Hardy Street. In Summer it had flowering dooryards and green hedges and tree-shaded walks. In Winter the warm lights from square-paned windows made cheery patterns in the snow. Elsewhere green shutters had vanished from the civic scene a generation ago, but the little houses on each side of Hardy Street still clung to their green eyelids.

Into this locality had come Cyrus Bradley—nobody remembered exactly when. He had bought Number 37 when old Jeremiah Cutler died, and that was ten years ago—or was it twenty? He had lived quietly and had kept his lawn trimmed and had spoken pleasantly to his neighbors. When the time came to recall such matters it surprized Hardy Street to discover how little was actually known of him. He had been liked but not loved, and grief at his passing was largely offset by resentment at the manner of it. Never before had there been a patrol-wagon or a police ambulance in the lane until yesterday. Never before had indignant householders been required to answer the impertinent questions of detectives. Detectives! Hardy Street had read of detectives in the newspapers as it might read of sprightly discoveries anent the canals of Mars. The one had seemed as close as the other.

On the night of January 13th, as the facts were later established by the coroner's jury, Theodore Balkin, owner and tenant of Number 39—adjacent to the home of Cyrus Bradley—had left his house at nine o'clock to get his car from a garage in Wilmot Road, around the corner, and bring home his wife, who was visiting a sick relative. As he turned to close his own gate he noticed that lights were burning in Number 37. There were no curtains on the windows—a fact which instantly caught his attention. Residents of Hardy Street did much as they pleased, but they never cleaned house in the dead of Winter.

While he was pondering this matter he took another look and saw the gray head of Mr. Bradley bent slightly forward at a table in the dining-room—the second room toward the rear of the house. He then went about his business, got his car, and brought Mrs. Balkin home. It was ten o'clock when he assisted her across the icy sidewalk, and he noticed with an indefinable sense of alarm that Mr. Bradley had not altered his position. When he went out to take his car back to the garage Mr. Balkin paused for a closer look through the windows of Number 37, and his concern increased.

When he returned from the garage twenty minutes later Mr. Bradley was still at the table. Mr. Balkin stood for a moment wondering if he ought to do something about it, then he went into his own house glowing with the consciousness that he had minded his own business.

Shortly before midnight Mr. Balkin decided to go to bed. He was actually in his room, with his alarm-clock in his hand, when he happened to glance out the side window and saw that the lights were still burning in Number 37.

"I wonder if something can be wrong with old Mr. Bradley," he remarked to his wife.

"He's all alone there," she remarked. "And it's surely odd that his lights should be going at this hour. I've never seen a glimmer in that house after ten o'clock."

"He may have had a stroke," diagnosed Mr. Balkin.

"Well, there's only one way to find out," said Mrs. Balkin. "Go over and ring his door-bell. And turn out the lights before you leave."

Mr. Balkin rang the bell of Number 37 for ten minutes

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without arousing Mr. Bradley, and then, numbed by cold, he returned to his own house and telephoned the police.

Wearily the telegraph printing-machines hammered out their message of history in the making, their noise only momentarily baffled by the clatter of the first owl-car, northbound through the blizzard in the street below. Hours ago the ostensible business of the *Evening Investigator* had been finished, and the half-lit aisles between the empty desks lay ankle-deep in abandoned papers. The day staff had gone home. The early-morning watch had not yet reported.

Only Old Bill, the night editor, the silent sentry of the hours between darkness and dawn, sat at his desk under the green-shaded lamp. Slowly he turned a hostile glance toward the languid figures of five men who sat playing Klbitzer bridge on the paste-scarred table that ordinarily served as the city editor's desk.

"Say, you fellahs," he called, "why don't you go home? It's one o'clock."

"There you have me, Bill," replied a lazy voice. "Perhaps it's the fascination of your company."

Bill grunted.

"When you were working here, Sands," he said, "nobody could have held you down with hawsers. And as for Marlowe, it's the first time I've seen him since I quit the day trick eight months ago."

Jim Sands lolled in his chair, his great bulk bulging over it. His age was possibly thirty-two, but he looked younger. He lowered his cards into his lap.

"You know," he said, "there's something in what Bill says. What are we doing here? Marlowe is probably waiting around for pay-day. But the rest of us——"

Dr Neil Perry, who since the beginning of the rubber had been playing with Sands, looked up from his cards.

"Perhaps we all dropped in to bid you and Thorpe good-by. Hear you're going to Java or some such place. I think it's my bid, and I say two spades."

Sands shook his head.

"Thorpe and I are going away, but you didn't come here to say good-by to us. And if you want to know the truth, I came here to meet Joe Crewe."

Dr. Perry grinned.

"Well," he volunteered, "now that we're all telling our right names, so did I."

Sands was silent for a moment. He had known Dr. Neil Perry for years. Ostensibly he was an investigator attached to the coroner's office. Actually he was a shrewd political manager, a source of encyclopedic information concerning the city and its shadowy byways, and the unofficial adviser of many an administration. More than one young reporter had reason to remember his kindly advice, among them Sands. But Sands knew him too well to suppose that any spirit of friendship had brought him into the deserted local room of the *Investigator* at one o'clock on a blizzardy morning.

"What's doing, doc?" he demanded. "Come clean."

The doctor laid his cards face down on the table.

"That's just what I'm waiting to find out, Jimmy," he answered. "When the chief of detectives gets mysterious and picks out a newspaper office for a rendezvous it's pretty plain that he has something up his sleeve. I was playing cards up at Captain Banning's house in the seventeenth precinct when the cap got a hurry-call. He was gone before I knew it. Over at the station they told me that Crewe had telephoned you to meet him here. I thought for a minute you were holding out on your old friends until I heard from Old Bill that you are leaving to-morrow."

Sands laughed. Then he picked up his cards and waited for Marlowe's bid, but the reporter apparently had abandoned the notion of continuing play.

"So it's settled that you're going away?" he inquired.

Sands laughed again.

"Why the devil do I have to be interviewed? A week ago I was pushing door-bells just the same as any other reporter on the street. Save your inquest for Crewe. He'll have your story."

But Marlowe was not discouraged.

"You've made my point for me," he said. "When luck bites a newspaperman that's news. And you're the first bird I ever knew who could solve murder mysteries, as well as clean up on the stock-market. The trouble with you is you're too modest."

"Modest me eye!" observed Mr. Sands. "Ask Thorpe. He'll tell you. Interview him."

"Aw, forget it!" counseled Thorpe. "Give him his story and let's beat it. Crewe won't be here to-night."

Sands glanced once more at the clock.

"All right," he said resignedly. "But go easy with it. Ever since the War I've spent half my time writing publicity for somebody, and the other half dodging publicity hounds." He broke off suddenly. "Say," he inquired, "how did you know I was going to be here to-night? When did you see Crewe last?"

Marlowe shook his head.

"I'm interviewing you," he commented. "Your turn comes later. Answer my questions. To what, Mr. Sands, do you attribute your success?"

"CLEAN living, right thinking, punctuality, neatness, spelling, and penmanship," replied Mr. Sands. "In a long career I never was late at this desk once. I never—or hardly ever—watched the clock. I have been a loyal employee, and I studied for the job ahead. I suppose you'll print this just this way?"

"Of course. Why not?"

Sands shifted his great weight.

"All right, then I'll tell you the truth. I've been fired from more newspaper jobs than any other man of my age and weight in the country. I think work is the curse of the American civilization, and I never could get any city editors to agree with me."

"Not any?"

"Well, Dick Brownell of the *Dispatch* tolerated me because I guessed right about the O'Gorman murder case when so many other people guessed wrong. It isn't hard to figure out why some men are murdered. The tough problem is to discover why so many are not. Finally Brownell came to the conclusion that I was a necessity, and save for luck I might have stayed on the staff of the *Dispatch* indefinitely. Now try that interview on your boss and see how far you get with it."

Marlowe was unperturbed.

"It won't make such bad reading," he commented. "Especially when you get around to telling me how you made a killing in stocks through your lucky gift for guessing how men get murdered."

"You put it badly," Sands said. "But you're not so far wrong at that. The method in both cases is the same. Luck is a factor of course. But the thing most needed in a detective bureau or the stock-market is memory. Now yours must be an interesting work, Mr. Marlowe, you bear so many important things."

Marlowe prepared his notes, which is to say he wrote three words on a fold of copy-paper and placed it in his pocket. Then he looked up at Sands.

"I have been told that crime is a fascinating subject," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," argued Sands. "There hasn't been a bit of talent in murder since Cain killed Abel. I often feel that if I wanted to pull up my socks, I could turn out a very good killing on my own account. But like so many other things, I suppose I shall never get around to it."

Thorpe shook himself as if suddenly aroused from sleep.

"There was something about a pretty girl being in the afternoon papers," he said. "Lad named Bollano gets knocked off at Undertaker's Bend over in the black-hand belt. Sawed-off shotgun. Right under a traffic cop's nose."

Sands laughed derisively.

"All the elements of the Class D murder," he commented. "The Feretti mob did that. They might as well put up placards. Cover by Joe Perelli. Chauffeuring by Tony Canello. Gunnery by Sam and Angelo Feretti. No imagination. You'd think that once in a while they'd kill a man by hitting him with a gold brick. But your murderer is the most conservative soul in the world. He never tries to improve his tools. The only reason why he attracts any public attention at all is that people don't want to be knocked off. Bah! When you see one murder you see them all."

Marlowe nodded.

"True enough as far as it goes," he admitted. "But you never know how a man will act in any given set of circumstances, and that is what gives crime its infinite variety."

"Human motives in crime," replied Sands, "are seven: pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth, altho I may concede an eighth: fear."

He seemed about to proceed with the exposition of his theory when the front door suddenly opened, and in a swirl of snow Captain Joseph K. Crewe, the city's chief of detectives, stepped into the lights.

"Glad you didn't go home," he said heartily. "Things began to happen after I said I'd meet you here. Old Cyrus Bradley's dead. Weirdest case I ever saw. Tied in his chair—nicotin-poisoning."

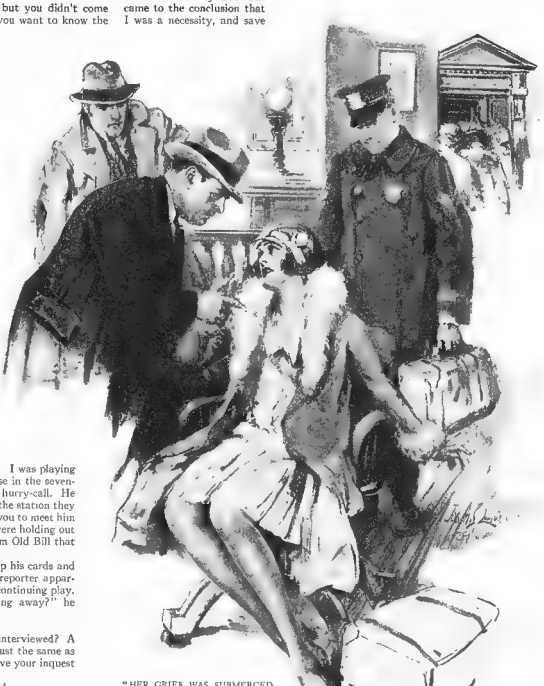
"All right, all right," interrupted Sands, reaching for his hat and coat. "Let's take a look at it."

"Everything's just as it was when they found him," said Crewe as he led Sands, Dr. Perry, Thorpe, and Marlowe through the little hallway. From a rear room came the sound of three or four men talking at once. Sands sniffed.

"Pretty thick atmosphere," he commented. "Did the flatties bring beer or was it here when they came?"

"It was here," answered Crewe. "Sergeant Pat Mooney told me that when he came in with the zone squad his first idea was that about a dozen men had been sitting around the place smoking bad cigars all evening. That was before the doctors got a look at him. But you'll see."

As he spoke they came to the



"HER GRIEF WAS SUBMERGED FOR THE MOMENT 'TELL ME,' SHE DEMANDED, 'JUST HOW DID MY FATHER DIE?'"

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uncurtained archway at the end of the hall and stepped through it. Old Cyrus Bradley sat tied in a dining-room chair at one end of a long oak table. It was fairly obvious that he had been dead for some time.

The position of the body was such that it seized the attention of any one coming into the room. The floors were bare. Sands's eyes swept quickly across them and lighted upon the rugs, rolled and tied up. Three of them lay piled against the wall. Pictures had been removed from their hangings and stacked as if for packing. The chairs, save for the one where Cyrus Bradley sat, were grouped together in the bare living-room on the street side of the house.

On the table were four cups containing the dregs of coffee, four small plates on which lay crusts of toast, and the oddments of silver, napery, and china that one might expect to find in a breakfast service. Sands moved quickly to the table and looked at the cups without touching them.

"Now, there's something interesting," he remarked. Crewe nodded.

"It's what the English would call the primary clue," he said. "Makes it pretty obvious that there were three people with Bradley just before he died. The percolator out on the kitchen stove was still warm when Mooney got here, so it seems to be a safe bet that the coffee was made recently."

Sands made no comment.

"You can pick up the cups if you want to," said Crewe. "The finger-print experts are through with them."

"They won't get far with finger-prints in this case," Sands remarked. "I think it's a shame to be hounding the lad who did it. He's almost a creative artist."

Crewe showed his approval with a half smile.

"Too bad you'll be leaving us to-morrow," he said maliciously.

"But I'm not going to-morrow. There are quite a number of things in this business that play hob with my vanity. No, I guess you'll have to put up with my valued services after all." Sands turned away from the table.

"You mentioned that a neighbor named Balkin called the police," he said. "I'd like to meet him."

There was no trouble about this. Mr. Balkin was sitting in the kitchen retelling his story for the benefit of newly arrived policemen. For the first time in his life he had an audience.

Sands heard him through with few interruptions, and then checked him carefully as to the time of his observations which he had reported to Sergeant Mooney.

"No mistake about it," said Mr. Balkin. "I know that I went out of the house at nine o'clock because my wife had just telephoned to me and told me it was nine o'clock. I was a little late starting after her. But I looked at my watch to be sure. I looked at the clock on the dashboard of my car when I got back just to see how long it had taken for the trip. And when I finally came over here I had just wound the alarm-clock. I was very careful, I assure you."

"No doubt about that," admitted Sands in a soothing tone. "There is only one episode in which the time element is vital and that is the one in which you first saw Mr. Bradley at the table here. There doesn't seem to be much doubt that you saw him dead at nine o'clock."

Then Sands turned from him and strolled calmly from room to room.

THE house, like most of the dwellings in Hardy Street, was of the bungalow type. The living-room, now as bare as if it had never been tenanted, occupied all of the front of the building save for the space given over to the entrance-hallway. The dining-room was immediately behind the living-room and separated from it by means of an arch adorned with an old-fashioned wooden grille. The kitchen was behind the dining-room. Off the kitchen was a servant's room, which apparently had not been occupied at any recent date, and along the hall toward the front of the house were two other bedrooms.

All of these rooms had one characteristic in common—evidence that Mr. Bradley had been making preparations to move. All pictures had been taken down, all chairs stacked, all carpets rolled up. In the front bedroom, only, the beds had been taken down.

"You might almost say he was expecting this," commented Crewe as Sands moved into the front bedroom. "It certainly looks as if he had intended to get out."

"Yes," admitted Sands. "Somebody went to a lot of pains to make it look that way. But look here." He made a gesture toward an open drawer.

"A whole dresserful of linen and personal equipment. Why wasn't that packed if Bradley intended to get out? Normally he'd have put it in a trunk or box before he started to mess up his furniture. Well, no matter, we'll find out about it." And he started for the door, with Crewe and Dr. Perry.

"What was the surgeon's report?" he inquired.

Dr. Perry answered him.

"Dr. Frank McNamara of the Seventeenth Precinct Station made the examination. I was talking to him in the hall a minute ago. He can't say positively until there's been a post-mortem, but all outward signs point to nicotin-poisoning."

"Funny instrument for a murder," said Sands.

"That's what I thought," agreed the chief. "It's a good suicide case with too many trimmings. But you got the smell of it as soon as you came into the house, and it was worse when I came here the first time. The old man was trussed up as you see him there with his hands tied behind the chair. He could hardly have bound himself like that. Then there's the question of the container. Nobody in his right mind would try to suggest that you could get nicotin into a man's coffee. But the container isn't in this house."

"He might have taken a mouthful of it somewhere else and swallowed it after he got into the chair. But that's out if the knots are good," said Sands.

"They're good—set your mind at rest on that point. But your line of questioning would set up a suicide case, and this certainly is a murder."

Sands looked at him suddenly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "we don't know yet what it is"

Crewe shook his head impatiently.

"Man, look at the table. Four persons sat down to that meal. One of them probably was Bradley. Three persons were with him just before he died. He was poisoned by nicotin, for which there is not a container of any sort in the house. He was tied up in his chair. Those are the obvious facts."

"Those are appearances," Sands corrected. "And if one appearance may be false they all may be. In the first place this toast isn't very old and Mooney reports that the percolator was hot. And that brings us around to the first question of importance:

"Why on earth should four persons be sitting down to breakfast some time before 9 P. M.?"

"Well, there's a lot of crazy detail in this affair," Crewe commented. "Men who would commit a murder with nicotin might conceivably be the type who would start the evening with breakfast. The important fact is that they had a meal here. The nature of the meal doesn't seem to be of much consequence."

"TRUE enough," conceded Sands. "I came to much the same conclusion myself as soon as I saw the dishes on the table, and so I took another look. There is coffee in all four of these cups—a quarter of an inch or so with cream in it—and yet nobody took a drink out of any one of them. The insides are clean, whereas if they had been filled with coffee and tilted there would have been perceptible stains."

Police reporters crowded forward in astonishment. The chief of detectives stared at the table as if discovering it for the first time.

"And there is plenty more evidence of that sort," went on Sands. "Each of the bread-plates has on it a scrap of toast, but nobody at this table ate a bite of it. Look here."

He leaned over until he was almost shoulder to shoulder with the dead man, and gathered up the fragments from the plates, which he began to arrange together on the bare table-top.

"There you are," he said

The pieces fitted together in one slice of toast!

"MR. HENNESSY, HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT NICOTIN-POISONING CAUSED HIS DEATH?"

IT HAS long been the belief of the human race that to die naturally is an act which all men may be permitted to perform with more or less privacy. Not so with murder. Yesterday Cyrus Bradley lived serenely among retiring souls who spoke of him as a good neighbor and respected his privacy. To-day his corpse sat bound hand and foot to a chair at the head of his own table, while detectives, and uniformed policemen, reporters, and photographers milled through his house, pried into his personal effects, and filled the air with the smoke of flash-powder.

Jim Sands, apparently unconscious of the sensation he had created with his scraps of toast, drew up a chair to the table facing the dead man and dropped back into his old lethargy.

With no particular interest he watched the unfolding of a cinema that he had seen many times before: the advent and departure of investigators from the State's Attorney's office, police officials from the precinct station, detectives from the zone squads and the homicide squad and the dusty bureaus of headquarters.

Dr. Edward Halperin, the coroner's chemist, came in about two o'clock to sniff the tobacco-laden air, pry open the dead man's mouth, apparently to confirm the suspicions of the police surgeon.

Wan criminologists from the central detail descended upon the little house with all manner of apparatus, charted the floor-space, and examined the rooms inch by inch and made notes for voluminous reports that would later be filed away unread. The field agents of the police, the detective sergeants, and the patrolmen stood aloof watching them with tolerant smiles.

Thorpe, who had lingered in the background with Marlowe, made his way to Sands's side.

"These birds look to me like the real police," he remarked in a whisper. "They know their stuff."

Sands nodded.

"Superintendent Strauss had them added to the department pay-roll," he said. "Strauss was a great believer in something that he called the science of criminology. Most of these lads can tell you incredible things about dust and

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foot-prints and finger-prints and all the customary clues. The trouble with them here is that they're out of luck.

"The old boy standing in the kitchen door"—he pointed to a little bald-headed man who blinked through thick-lensed glasses—"he's Pete Novak, the pistol expert. He can look at a gun and tell you the initials of the man who owned it, and he can prove what make of firearm discharged any given bullet. He'll be of immense use here just as soon as they discover that Bradley was shot before he swallowed the nicotin. As for the rest of them I can't see just where they're going to get with a lot of floor-maps and lint samples."

"But I notice that the cops aren't getting in their way."

"That merely shows that the cops haven't the slightest idea what this case is all about. If they could put a hand on one small theory they'd be giving these trained seals the razzberry. As it is, they're hoping that maybe something will turn up, so they're keeping quiet."

Further conversation was halted by new arrivals, among them Oscar Gloph, the coroner.

Mr. Gloph, a ferrety little man with a loud voice and an overplus of dignity, assumed charge at once. Chief Crewe, who had learned long ago the futility of argument, made no attempt to assert the authority which was so clearly his. Instead he took another chair from the pile in the living-room and drew it up close to Sands.

"What's this? What's this?" rattled Mr. Gloph. "Man killed? What? What's name of deceased?"

Somebody told him.

"Too bad, too bad. Fine old gentleman."

"Did you know him?" inquired Sands.

"How in the devil should I know him? But he's dead and that's just what my office is got to stop. I'm in bed when they tells me about this. And right away I gets up and comes down here. If you want your office to work efficient you got to look after it yourself. That's what I always said. We'll get right on the job as always. Jim will jump over to the morgue, and Ike will be at the laboratory, and I'll keep the boys on their toes. Last year my office handled six hundred and seventy-five deceaseds—"

Sands raised a hand, and Mr. Gloph halted in his recital of figures.

"Don't allow me to interrupt you, Mr. Gloph," he suggested, "but it just occurred to me that there isn't a reporter in this room except Mr. Marlowe. The boys are all out in the kitchen shooting craps. Not, of course, that it makes any difference."

Gloph sniffed, but his mortuary statistics were at an end.

"All right, boys," roared Mr. Gloph. "If the police is done with him take him away. We'll find out what's at the bottom of this."

AND so at last the bonds of Cyrus Bradley were loosened and his body lifted from his chair. Two policemen carried him out to a waiting truck, and Gloph and his experts followed. The dust-gatherers proceeded with their microscopic examination of floors and moldings and furniture surfaces. The voices of two reporters arguing over photographs came stridently from the kitchen.

To Thorpe, unused to such scenes, it seemed that the inquiry had all the quiet decorum of a side-show in a circus. The removal of the corpse seemed to give new impetus to the police, who now could be heard calling to one another in the basement or stamping about in the attic. One detective sergeant had dropped into Bradley's seat at the head of the table to examine such papers as he had been able to find in the dresser-drawers.

Another sergeant protected the documents—a meager pile of letters and bills and receipts—from the reaching hands of eager newspapermen who had emerged from the kitchen. Through the open door at the end of the room Thorpe could see members of the homicide squad examining the contents of the china-cabinet piece by piece.

Thorpe, who had read much of the literature that deals with crime, went hot and cold at the sight of an army trailing its wet feet back and forth through the house, manifestly in a wholesale destruction of clues. The only investigators who seemed at all normal were the criminologists. Despite what Sands had said about them, they alone of all this weird mob looked like detectives.

Thorpe glanced at Crewe as if expecting him to order the police out of the house. But Crewe merely removed his overcoat, threw it across the table, lighted a cigaret, and leaned back in his chair.

"Well, what do you make of it?" he inquired.

Sands considered a moment.

"You'll have to tell me something more about this old lad Bradley," he said. "And of course we can't go far until Mr. Gloph chooses to make public the report of how the old man died. But if the premises as we received them to-night are correct we have:

"First—Cyrus Bradley dead of nicotin-poisoning.

"Second—The mysterious absence of the container in which the nicotin was brought to the house.

"Third—A palpable attempt to mislead the investigators into a belief that three persons might have been involved in the case.

"Fourth—The condition of the house—presumably put into a state of chaos to convey the impression that Bradley was getting ready to move out.

"Fifth—The binding of the victim to his chair.

"Dealing with the first fact, we are surprized at the choice of poison. It is the sort of drug that would be logical enough in a suicide, but when we consider that the container is missing, a suicide theory is untenable. It must be a murder, for all that it shouldn't be. The Barmecide feast spread before the dead man is almost incomprehensible. If we could believe that Bradley killed himself we could explain the toast and coffee clue as scenery to insure a verdict of murder and prevent the voiding of insurance—provided, of course, that the old boy had insurance.

HOWEVER, we can reach a simple conclusion here: only one person was involved. Had there been three, the stage-manager certainly would not have gone to all this trouble to notify the police of the fact. There may have been two, but my guess is only one. The reason for the dismantling of the house is so far unexplainable. It is undoubtedly the work of the same mind that set out the toast and coffee. But if it was supposed to mislead the detectives it has failed, inasmuch as nobody can ascribe any meaning to it. The binding of Bradley in his chair is evidence corroborating a murder theory—and that is as far as we can go with our present supply of raw material."

"Do you remember anything at all about Bradley?"

"Yes—one or two things. I interviewed him for some silly feature story two years ago. He used to be a playwright in the days before melodrama was ruined by the movies. He must have been fairly well known at one time. I never found out why he came this far from the theatrical centers. Appearances don't mean much to any one who has been digging around in crime, but I could have sworn that he was a harmless old lad."

The telephone rang. Crewe called to his aids in the kitchen that he would answer it, and stepped out into the hallway.

Sands listened long enough to judge that the caller was Captain Banning, trying to locate Dr. Perry. Then he quickly left his chair and walked about to the side of the table, where he ran his finger through a patch of white near the plate that had been set for Cyrus Bradley in the fantom breakfast.

"Sugar?" inquired Thorpe with no great interest.

"Face-powder," answered Sands. "Some lady dropped her powder-puff here."

Sands waited until the milling detectives had taken their activities to another part of the house, and then he quietly pointed out his discovery to Crewe.

"She was here before the table was set," he admitted. "One of the napkins was set down on top of the powder-mark. But on the other hand there is no great accumulation of dust on the surface, as there would be in twelve hours in a house where soft coal is burned in the heating-plant, as seems to be the case here. There was a woman in this room not long before Bradley died, whether or not she had anything to do with his death."

Crewe's face twisted in a wry smile.

"Don't let your imagination run away with you, my lad," he counseled. "What on earth would an old boy like Bradley be doing with a woman caller—and in Hardy Street?"

Sands shrugged.

"Such things have happened," he observed. "But you are the one who is drawing conclusions. I merely point out that a woman was here. She may have been taking subscriptions for a magazine or she may have been teaching him how to play the saxophone or——"

Crewe held up his right hand.

"Don't bother to enumerate," he advised. "We'll put this mysterious woman on our list and see what can be done about finding her. You wouldn't care to say whether she's blond or brunette?"

"No," said Sands. "I suppose it could be done by an expert. They make face-powder in all shades, and your microscope squad probably could figure out just what tint this is. But that wouldn't establish the real complexion of the lady."

CREWE continued to scoff and argue, but Sands was not deceived about him. The chief of detectives might be lost in an affair of this sort, apparently far removed from the customary motives of gang carnage, but he had not come up from the ranks without deserving it. In spite of fact Crewe as first deputy in the Detective Bureau, had given the city the best administration in its history. He knew the habitual criminal and the hall-marks of his work, altho such things as murders, without visible motivation, the use of semirare poisons, and a lot of weird clues made him impatient. But, unlike many of his associates in the department, he would not save his face by blundering through.

Long ago he had recognized in Sands the gifts he himself lacked and so had begun their co-operation and their friendship.

Thorpe, who had known little of the police activity of Sands, stood amazed at the clue of the face-powder and resented the levity with which it was greeted. He was surprized when, in the midst of his jeering, Crewe walked to the kitchen door and issued a few brief orders to the homicide squad.

"There was a woman in here some time early this evening," he said. "Perhaps some of the neighbors saw her. Find out who she was and bring her in."

He returned to Sands, his grin broadening.

"Well, that's that," he said, "unless you'd like me to have the trained seals do something else. If not let's go home and get some sleep. I'll call around for you in the morning."

The coroner's inquest was held in the Broadmoor Precinct Police Station, with Coroner Oscar Gloph presiding. The little court-room was crowded when Sands arrived. The morning papers had suddenly become aware of Hardy Street and had learned somewhat tardily that the death of Cyrus Bradley was a serious blow to the world of letters.

Mr. Gloph had made an ineffectual effort to recruit a jury of prominent men, but whether through stress of business or an unwillingness to serve as tail to the kite of Mr. Gloph, they declined this honor, and in the end a representative group of milkmen, mechanics, and small merchants took over their vacant chairs.

Mr. Balkin was the first witness. He told the story of how he had discovered the body much as it was detailed in the newspaper reports, but he was soon aware that his amazing story was not receiving the attention it deserved. Last night even experienced policemen had listened to him in tense silence. Now the two hundred men and women who should have been breathless at every syllable, were coughing and shuffling their feet in their impatience. He made the discovery, so frequently made by witnesses who have talked too much, that his lines were old, and other, less talented, actors were running away with the show. But he had given his last answer and was stepping down from the witness-stand before he realized that nothing could be done about it.

THE name of Policeman Jerome Hennessy was called, and the noise of the court-room swelled and then ceased altogether.

"What is your full name, Mr. Hennessy?" inquired Mr. Gloph.

"My name is Jerome Hennessy."

"And what is your occupation?"

"Patrolman, Seventeenth District."

"You came to the home of Cyrus Bradley, Number 37 Hardy Street, last night in response to a telephone-call?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell us the circumstances of this visit."

"I had just pulled my box at Hardy Street an' Broadmoor Road when the station got word that somebody had been killed. The sergeant told me to report there at once. So I reported. I seen a lad standin' on the porch of the house next door. He tells me his name is Balkin, an' he points out a man sittin' at a table in Number 37.

"'I think somethin's wrong here,' he says. 'That's Mr. Bradley, an' he ain't stirred since I saw him there at nine o'clock.'

"'I guess maybe he's dead,' I says. So I goes up the stairs and into the house."

"You broke the lock?"

"No, sir. I walks in. The door ain't locked."

There was a stir of excitement about this point. Even Sands, lolling in a chair in the reporters' section, seemed interested.

"I goes on down a little hall an' into the dinin'-room, an' there I sees my hunch is good. The man is dead—nicotin-poisoned."

Sands half leaped out of his chair, leaned across a table, and whispered something into the ear of the Assistant State's Attorney, Harry West. Mr. West was on his feet before the murmur that had greeted Mr. Hennessy's disclosure could die away.

"Your honor," he said, "I should like to ask this witness a question here."

"It's irregular, but you can go ahead," growled Mr. Gloph.

"Mr. Hennessy," proceeded Mr. West, "I understand you to say that you discovered Mr. Bradley dead of nicotin-poisoning. How do you know that nicotin-poisoning caused his death?"

"They ain't any doubt about it, is there?" broke in the coroner.

"There has been no evidence adduced thus far to show what he died of," said the Assistant State's Attorney. "I have asked the witness a question."

"All right, answer it," ruled Mr. Gloph.

"I dunno," Hennessy said hesitatingly. "Somebody told me it was nicotin-poisonin'. One of the police surgeons, Dr. McNamara, I guess it was. I ain't sure."

Mr. West glanced at Sands, who shook his head.

"That's all, your honor," said West, and he sat down.

Mr. Hennessy recovered his poise almost immediately and proceeded with a detailed recital of how Bradley had been seated, the manner in which his hands had been

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"SANDS SNIFFED 'PRETTY THICK ATMOSPHERE DID THE FLATTIES BRING IT OR WAS IT THERE WHEN THEY CAME?'"

bound, the appearance of the body, and the arrangement of the dishes, serviettes, and silverware for the breakfast of coffee and toast. But for all that his story was a recapitulation of facts in the newspapers, a new atmosphere of expectancy had come into the room. The State's Attorney's questioning, despite its brevity, had brought an echo of puzzlement. Mr. Hennessy was allowed to leave the stand without further discussion of this point, and Dr. Frank McNamara of the Seventeenth District came forward amid a murmur of whispers.

Dr. McNamara identified himself, and began a story somewhat similar to that of the patrolman relative to his appearance at the house of death and the position of the body as he had first seen it.

"I made only a superficial examination," he said. "It was plain that the man was dead, and I knew that a post-mortem would be made. I saw no necessity for disturbing the body until such time as the police authorities should have completed their investigations."

"How long had Mr. Bradley been dead, would you say?" demanded Assistant State's Attorney West.

Dr. McNamara hesitated.

"It is difficult to answer that question intelligently. In spite of current beliefs on the subject it is impossible to state accurately how long a time ensues between death and the condition known as *rigor mortis*. The stiffening of the body after death is governed by a number of conditions, such as, for instance, the temperature of the room and the condition of the subject at the time of death.

"I viewed the body of Mr. Bradley for the first time at 12:30 A. M. *Rigor mortis* was just setting in. It is conceivable that he was dead when Mr. Balkin looked through the front window at nine o'clock. I do not think, however —and this, of course, is merely a personal opinion—that he was dead very long before that."

"You have heard the evidence of the preceding witness. What would you say was the cause of death?"

"There were no marks on the body save some chafing about the wrists and ankles where the clothes-line with which he was tied had cut into the flesh. There were some minor contusions about the face and neck, none of them serious enough to have been a cause of death. My opinion, subject, of course, to the evidence of the post-mortem, is that he died of some sort of poisoning."

"Did you tell Policeman Hennessy that nicotin was the agent?"

"I don't know. I may have said something like that."

"You believed then that nicotin poisoning had killed Mr. Bradley?"

"Let us say rather that I considered nicotin as an outstanding possibility."

"Why?"

Dr. McNamara seemed troubled. Sands, who was studying him closely, felt that he was willing enough to tell what he knew, but unable to recall by what steps he had reached his conclusions.

"I don't know exactly why," he said hesitantly. "It came to me somehow that this was a case of nicotin-poisoning. Perhaps there was an offensive odor of tobacco. But I must point out that I have not said, and can not say pending a report from the autopsy, that my first impression was correct."

"Nicotin is not an ordinary poison in cases of murder or suicide, is it, Doctor?"

"It is not. On the contrary, it is quite rare."

"What indicating marks are to be found on the body of one who has taken it in a lethal dose?"

"So far as I know there are no outward signs by which one may distinguish nicotin from other swift poisons as an agent of death."

"That is all," said the Assistant State's Attorney. And Dr. McNamara left the stand.

DR. EDWARD HALPERIN, the coroner's chemist, was the next witness. He remained on the stand only long enough to convince the irritated Mr. Gloph that he was not yet ready to make a report

"You had all night to analyze the vitals of these here remains, didn't you?" inquired the coroner indignantly.

"Let us be precise," returned the doctor. "I was called to the laboratory at two o'clock this morning and I began the customary analyses at that time. I was called away at ten o'clock to testify here. It will take days to complete all the tests for alkaloids alone."

"You could make the tests for nicotin-poison in eight hours, couldn't you?"

"Possibly."

"Well, then, why didn't you?"

Dr. Halperin looked singularly out of place in the company of the coroner and his satellites. He was a lean whip of a man with sunken eyes. A mass of unkempt white hair straggled across a high forehead. He seemed just what his testimony had shown him to be, a man of science whose life was in his laboratory.

Sands had heard him testify in a score of cases, and he had always proceeded clearly and definitely to the essential points of his report. Now, however, he turned on the coroner with an expression of contempt.

"Why on earth should I have started to look for nicotin?" he demanded. "Why not ptomain or prussic acid or wood-alcohol?"

"Well, the deceased died of nicotin-poison, didn't he?" returned Mr Gloph. "Ain't all you docs agreed about that?"

Dr. Halperin shook his head.

"I heard some speculation about the cause of death," he said. "But I have been a chemist attached to the coroner's office for twenty-five years, and in all that time it never was suggested to me that I was there to prove anybody's theories. Maybe this man died of nicotin-poisoning, maybe not."

"I want to warn this witness that there are penalties for contempt of this court," blustered Mr. Gloph.

"I have nothing but the deepest of respect for the court," replied Dr. Halperin "And this is as intelligent a body of men as I ever saw at a coroner's inquest. But surely the honorable court would not wish me to testify save as to what I know to be the truth."

Dr. Halperin was dismissed hastily. Sands grinned at him as he passed down the aisle. Whereupon the chemist opened one eye wide and shut it ponderously. Some of the spectators may have suspected that he had winked, but one would as soon accuse the sphinx of levity.

Another doctor followed him—Frederick Cottrill, M D., the coroner's physician.

Dr. Cottrill was not inclined to be quarrelsome. He was a carefully dressed little man with well-slicked grayish hair, dark eyebrows, brown eyes, and a trace of brown mustache. He identified himself, and stated that he had conducted the examination of the body of Cyrus Bradley after its removal from the house in Hardy Street. His testimony agreed with that of Dr. McNamara concerning the probable time of death and the position of the corpse as found by the police.

"I conducted an examination in association with Dr. McNamara, Dr. Halperin, and Dr. Perry," he said. "The body was removed from the house at Number 37 Hardy Street to Morton's undertaking rooms, adjoining the station. It is there at present. I discovered contusions on

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the scalp above the right eye I should judge that they were made recently—possibly a short time before death. They might have been caused by the decedent himself and were of a very minor nature. They could not possibly have caused death.

"Wrists and ankles were chafed as if the decedent had struggled to free himself from the rope with which he was bound. In addition to that there were bruises about the chin, shoulders, and throat."

"What was the significance of the marks on the throat?"

"It is my opinion, and I am qualified to say the opinion of the doctors present with me at the examination, that they were caused by a hand which seized Mr. Bradley under the chin. The pressure, apparently, had been sufficient to bruise the flesh, but the marks were too low to indicate that the decedent might have been strangled. Moreover, strangulation would have caused certain definite indications in the face which were absent when the body was discovered."

"Was there anything in the appearance of deceased which could lead you to form an opinion about how he died?"

"The inside of the mouth was inflamed. It seemed likely that he had swallowed some virulent poison. The lungs were congested as in asphyxia or poisoning by certain alkaloids. As to that, however, little can be said pending the conclusion of the chemical analysis."

Mr. Gloph paused in his questioning, and it appeared that Dr. Cottrill was about to be dismissed, when Assistant State's Attorney West arose once more and repeated the queries that had puzzled the crowd during the testimony of Dr. McNamara.

"Did you decide after a superficial examination of the body of Cyrus Bradley that nicotin-poisoning had killed him?"

"Not immediately—no."

"And afterward you came to that conclusion?"

"I agreed with my colleagues that it was a drug to be suspected. You must realize, however, that any theory of this sort can be only a theory until the chemical analysis proves or disproves it."

"What gave you the idea that nicotin was to be suspected in this case?"

"I couldn't really say. I believe that when I was called one of the police sergeants told me the man had been killed by nicotin, and inasmuch as there was nothing in the appearance of the corpse incompatible with that conclusion I accepted the information for what it was worth."

"You didn't tell any one that Mr. Bradley had died of this poison?"

"I didn't have to. It seemed to be the consensus of all present."

Then he, too, was dismissed, but he left the stand reluctantly.

"This ought to finish the session," Sands whispered to Crewe. "Gloph was relying on the evidence of his chemist and now he's out on a limb. I'll meet you in your office an hour after adjournment."

BUT the expected recess did not come just then. Instead Coroner Gloph held a subdued conversation with one of his assistants, looked at a sheaf of notes on the table before him, and called the name of Theodore Burmeister.

"Who's this bird?" Sands demanded of Crewe.

The chief of detectives looked about the room.

"I think he represents some of the relatives of Bradley. He's a lawyer. I know him by sight, and it just occurred to me that he might be sitting with some of his clients."

At that moment Mr. Burmeister emerged from a rear room and took his place in the witness-chair. He was a stout man and he wheezed when he talked. He gave his name, address, and business for the purposes of record, and then announced that he had handled Mr. Bradley's personal and financial affairs for a number of years.

"You can tell us then was this man well fixed?" inquired the coroner.

"From what I know of his property I should estimate that he leaves an estate of something more than $200,000," said the lawyer.

The spectators gasped significantly at this, and a number of reporters left hastily to telephone their papers.

"Was there anything in the life of Cyrus Bradley that might have made anybody want to kill him?"

"There was not. I knew Cyrus Bradley ever since he took up his residence in this city fifteen years ago. I knew his wife, who is now dead. I know his son and daughter. He was a simple, kindly soul who was more than just in his dealings. And as far as I know without an enemy."

"Did he have any reason for taking his own life?"

"None. There are large balances to his credit in at least two down-town banks, he owned the home in which he lived, he was a large stockholder in a number of paying corporations, he was happy in his own little pursuits, and he was in excellent health. He celebrated his fiftieth birthday two weeks ago, and he told me then that he had never felt better in his life."

"He was all alone, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but until about a week ago he had a man servant who used to come in and cook his meals—a colored man who had been with him a long time."

The coroner leaped at this possible clue.

"He was on good terms with this colored man, was he?"

"On the best of terms. The man had been with him for nearly ten years."

"Then why did he quit?"

"The man died at the Shore Hospital—myocarditis."

Mr. Gloph grunted.

"Were there any women friendly with the deceased?" he asked.

Sands came instantly to attention in the belief that some one else had discovered the clue of the powder-puff, but a glance at Mr. Gloph's face convinced him that the question was just one of the usual shop-worn stock.

"THE only woman in the life of Mr. Bradley was his daughter. He lived the life of an anchorite after the death of his wife. I doubt if any woman save his daughter ever set foot in his home."

"Where is this daughter?"

"She was singing in one of the principal parts in a musical show somewhere in the East the last I heard of her. I think it was Philadelphia, but I have been unable to get in touch with her."

"Had she talent?"

"Not so much actress as singer. She has been quite successful in musical comedy during the past five years."

"Can you produce this woman?" Mr. Gloph demanded.

"I think there will be no difficulty about that once I locate her. I called her last address by long-distance last night, but failed to reach her. I know that once she sees the newspapers she will come here immediately."

"Didn't you say Bradley had a son?"

"Yes The son's name is Evans, and I believe he is with a railroad signal engineering crew somewhere in Ohio."

"Family seems to be a bit scattered, doesn't it?"

"For the moment it is divided," Burmeister admitted. "But it was not often that either the son or the daughter was out of touch with Mr. Bradley, altho both of them were in professions that caused them to travel a great deal."

"Humph!" commented Mr. Gloph. "Well, I want this woman here in this court, see?" Resenting the complacence of family lawyers, the sneering superiority of chemists, and the unaccountable interference of assistant State's attorneys, he proceeded to dismiss the court.

"This inquest will stand adjourned until Monday morning at 10:30 A. M.," he announced and stamped out of the room, followed by his bewildered jury. The crowd stood hesitant for a moment and then sought the exits. Crewe, West, and Sands stood discussing the evidence.

"I wanted you to make that point about the nicotin because I'm not straight about where the theory came from," Sands said. "Everybody seems to have accepted that idea from the very first and I'd like to know where it originated."

"I'd like to know anything you find out about it," said West. "And I'd like to know something about this actress daughter in Philadelphia."

"She isn't in Philadelphia," stated Crewe. "I looked her up. Her show closed two days ago."

"I'd like more than ever to know something about her," declared the Assistant State's Attorney with greater emphasis. "I'll work with you, if you don't mind. Gloph and his mob don't seem to know much except that Bradley is dead and they're not sure of that. Give me a jingle this afternoon."

He gathered up his note-books and hurried out. Sands and Crewe walked slowly through the thinning crowd. They were almost at the door when Sergeant Mooney came pushing through the door, escorting a girl in furs.

"This is Miss Esther Bradley, Chief," he said in a whisper. "We picked her up just as she got off the train."

ESTHER BRADLEY had obviously passed a sleepless night. There were dark shadows under her eyes, and her blond hair had been carelessly tucked under a tight-fitting felt hat. But in spite of a hasty toilet she was very beautiful.

"I don't understand this," she said. "Am I under arrest?"

"Decidedly not—at the present moment," Crewe assured her. "We sympathize deeply with you, Miss Bradley, and we are doing everything in our power to help you. Our men were detailed to watch all railroad-stations to bring you here. You certainly are entitled to be present at the inquest, but it is possible that they exceeded their instructions. Won't you sit down for a moment, please?"

The girl dropped weakly into a chair. Crewe took Sergeant Mooney to the opposite side of the room.

"What's the dope on this?" he inquired in a low voice. "How did you identify her?"

"She identified herself," answered Mooney. "There was a cop on the station platform, Sergeant Tom Collins of the bureau. He hadn't any idea of how this dame was goin' to look, when all of a sudden she busts out of the crowd, tells him who she is, an' wants to know what they have done with her father.

"He says he'll take her, an' she says she'll go along, an' he says he doesn't think she will. He tells me afterward that there was no rough stuff, but maybe there was. He calls me, an' I bring her down here in a cab, an' that's all there is to it."

Sands in the meantime was going over the details of a new puzzle.

If this girl had come from the East on the train that the detectives had met, she must have started before her father's death. But why had she come? And when had she learned of the mystery of Hardy Street?

Crewe started to question the girl on these points as soon as he returned to her side.

"We hardly expected you in from the East this morning, Miss Bradley," he told her. "We thought that the news would come to you through the newspapers, but you seem to have started before the newspapers could have reached you. Unless of course you started at some point between here and the Atlantic seaboard——"

The girl opened her hand-bag and extracted a yellow telegraph form.

"This is what brought me," she said. "Delivery was delayed or I might have been here sooner." And she handed him the message, which Sands read over his shoulder

"Come home at once Something has happened I must see you Father."

Crewe looked up with eager interest.

"He expected it, then," he said. "That is something to work on anyway."

"It's dated four days back," observed Sands. The girl looked at him with hostility.

"I said the message was delayed in delivery," she said. "Is the address correct?" he inquired. "The Albemarle Hotel, Philadelphia?"

"It was when the message was sent," she told him. "I was getting ready to go to New York. The show was closing. I had leased an apartment at the Albemarle and the lease expired four days ago. Naturally I did not wish to renew it, so I moved. I wrote to my father about my change of address, but I don't suppose he ever got the letter."

SANDS lighted a cigaret. Crewe sat down, facing the girl, and deftly put her through a cross-examination.

"We have been considerably handicapped in our investigation of this case, Miss Bradley," he said quietly, "because we have been unable to discover much about your father's antecedents. The usual motives that lead to crimes of violence seem to be lacking whether he took his own life or was killed."

"He never killed himself," declared Esther Bradley. "There was no reason for such a thing. Why, he had everything. And he loved us."

"How did you first learn of his death?"

"I bought a newspaper on the train this morning. It was the first thing I saw. I shan't ever forget it." She began to tremble violently.

"I am sorry to have to ask you these questions, Miss Bradley," Crewe told her. "This is the hardest job a policeman has to do."

"I know that. You are very kind to me."

"What interpretation did you put on the message you have just let us see?"

"I don't know. It was plain that my father was in some sort of trouble. It was the first message of that kind I had ever received from him. And I knew I must get here at once."

"Do you know of any one in your father's life who might have hated him enough to take his life?"

"You never knew my father or you wouldn't ask me that."

"You mistake my meaning. I was thinking that he might have crossed some one unwittingly——"

"It's preposterous," declared Miss Bradley. "If he had been in business he might have made enemies; but how on earth can a man arouse a fiendish hatred living among his books and his memories and working in his garden?"

"Tell me something about yourself, Miss Bradley," Crewe said kindly. "Where were you born? Where did you spend your childhood? When did your father start to make a success with his plays?"

"I was born in Midland, Ohio, twenty-seven years ago," she said. "My mother's name was Helen Griffin. She died eleven years ago. I don't remember much about our life in Ohio. When I was quite small my father got the notion of writing melodramas. He was working on a little weekly newspaper at the time. I don't know much about it, but I heard him say afterward that he had been writing plays ever since his father took him to see a show in Cleveland when he was a little boy.

"When we moved to New York he had no prospects whatever, only faith in himself. About the time I was born George Finkel, a manager with a string of outlying houses, gave him his chance. After that he had steady successes."

"What sort of things did he write?"

"I don't know much about them. I was sent away to

Continued on Page 66

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"'THESE ARE BABIES, AREN'T THEY?' SAYS MR. SMITH. 'MIGHT I LOOK?'"

MR. AND MRS. SMITH

By Dorothy Aldis

Illustration by Warren Baumgartner

FOR Heaven's sake, Driver," says Mr. Smith, "drive more carefully!"

They are on their way to the hospital. The city should be prosecuted for letting the streets get into such condition. The taxicab people ought to be shot for trusting that idiot with a car. D—— that policeman, anyway. Can't he *see*——

The hospital when reached seems singularly calm. There is no one to meet them at the door. And the faces at the desk down-stairs are cheerful and unlined.

"Whose patient?" they ask in bright, brisk tones.

"Dr. Wells's? All right. Maternity, third floor. We'll let him know."

And they go up in the elevator with a stretcher patient, Mr. Smith carrying the suitcase and trying not to breathe.

Here a buoyant creature takes charge of Mrs. Smith. And Mr. Smith is left alone.

He sits down on a bench and continues resisting smells. There is a sign on the wall which says, "*Quiet is requested for the good of the patients.*" Well, if quiet's what they want, he reflects after fifteen minutes or so, they should be getting along fine.

At this moment a nurse comes bounding down the hall, her shoes making a hollow sound on the rubber matting. Mr. Smith rises. "My wife," he says, "is in there. When do you suppose I can see her?"

"I'm sure I don't know," says the nurse. "I'm on private duty."

"She's having a baby," whispers Mr. Smith, remembering the sign. "How long do you suppose it will be? She went in about five minutes ago."

"I'm sure I don't know," says the nurse. "I'm on private duty. Some time to-morrow morning, I expect," she adds kindly.

To-morrow morn · six o'clock in the evening and to-morrow morn— Oh, no—she must be wrong. Six to seven, seven to eight, eight to nine, nine to ten, ten to——

He jumps up and starts walking up and down. Perhaps he can find another nurse to talk to. Perhaps she's had the baby already. Perhaps this very minute he's a parent. Lax of them not to have told him. Supposing he ran his business the way they ran this hospital! Supposing——

Aha! he *knew* this was an inefficient place. Why put a sign like that up in the hall if you can't enforce quiet? He supposes they think *that's* quiet—those noises he is hearing now. Darndest noises he has ever heard. Seem to be coming from that cart effect. Two nurses are wheeling it toward him. Now they've stopped and are unloading.

Well, he'll be d——. Why, the little devils—he'll be d——!

"Look out, please," says one of the nurses. "You're touching the cart."

"These are babies, aren't they?" says Mr. Smith, turning to her with his first smile of the evening.

"They are," she replies.

"Might I look?"

"Yes, only don't come so near. Hungry, baby boy Brown?" she asks of a yapping bit as she tucks him up over her shoulder. "Well, it woo-oont be loo-ong now. It woo-oont be loo-oong."

"The little devils!" says Mr. Smith. "All going to be fed. The screeching little devils! Well, I'll be d——," says Mr. Smith.

Soon he'll let them ride his child around on a cart like that! Only perhaps his would rather be carried. By him. Yes, that would be better! He would carry his round to be fed. To the office maybe on a nice sunny day.

He looks at his watch. Six-twenty. Surely by this time *something*——

"My wife," he says to the nurse, who has come back to gather up another protester, "my wife is in there having a baby. She's been in there twenty minutes. How long do you suppose——"

"First?" she asks briefly.

Mr. Smith flushes. He wants to say no.

"Fourth," he wants to say. "We have three big boys at home, so we're hoping for a little girl this trip."

But then he remembers certain facts in Dr. Wells's possession which he might not think to keep to himself. So he nods his head.

"Yes, first," he says as quietly as possible.

Both nurses smile.

"When do you think—?" he asks again.

"Well, it's hard to tell," says the red-haired one. "After I've dumped this child I'll go in and see what goes on. But don't get your hopes up," she adds. "It won't be till morning."

Six-twenty-three and it won't be till morning. Six-twenty-three and it won't be till morning. Round and round in Mr. Smith's head in a neat little groove: Six-twenty-three and it won't be till morning. In the meantime——

Continued on Page 84

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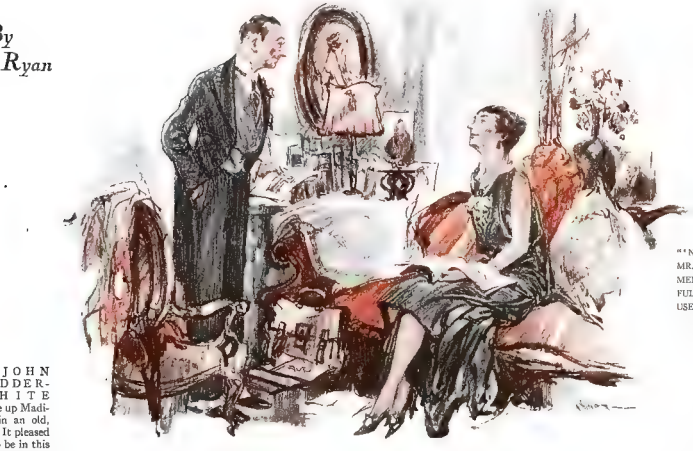
MARCELLA AND HER SPANIARD

By Stella Ryan

Illustrations by R. F. James



"'NOW, THIS ONE,' SAID MR. SADDERWHITE, 'I REMEMBER HOW BEAUTIFULLY BOTTLE-GREEN USED TO SET OFF YOUR COMPLEXION!'"

MR. JOHN SADDERWHITE rode up Madison Avenue in an old, dirty taxicab. It pleased him hugely to be in this dilapidated and laboring vehicle because early the next morning he intended buying for himself a beautiful and expensive limousine.

Under his arm he had a brief-case bursting with booklets and pamphlets showing long, sleek cars. He had samples of whip-cord, of twill, of covert for the uniform that would adorn some stalwart chauffeur. There were especially two square inches of a deep rich fuchsia broadcloth that conjured up before Mr. Sadderwhite lovely ladies driving on this same avenue, looking at him from over the flounces and berthas of their wide-spread Summer dresses, lifting their ruffled parasols to bow to him as they drifted past in victorias and wide barouches.

There could be no doubt that a rich yet tasteful livery set off beautiful women to great advantage. Footmen in tight white knee-breeches. For himself absurd. Still he did hope to find a car that would allow the chauffeur that fine rich fuchsia.

The taxi stopped, waiting to turn into the side street. At the end of a row of red sandstone houses, all exactly alike, Mr. Sadderwhite could see the house where in a minute he would be knocking at the door. Like its elbowing neighbors, it was carved, all about the bay window and the door and along the coping that guarded the basement areaway, with lotus-flowers that grew two at a time from the wide mouths of fat-cheeked Cupids. But in one respect the last house differed, for when the carver had come to the end of his carving, he had conceived a spite against the fat-cheeked Cupids and made them look like gargoyles by turning in and crossing horribly their eyes.

Mr. Sadderwhite recalled that the Dempsters had bought the house without discovering their Cupids were cross-eyed. But what a to-do when the sharp eyes of Mrs. Dempster found it out! There had been a suit at law with the builders, and the court had ruled that one dollar was to be allowed for every squint. The builders had refunded seventy-two dollars, but Mrs. Dempster insisted that as each eye squinted there were one hundred and forty-four squints, and in the end it was one hundred and forty-four dollars that were paid back.

As he waited for the cross-town traffic to commence, Mr. Sadderwhite thought how pleasant had been his lifelong friendship with the Dempster girls. They were, of course, years older than he. He remembered when he was quite, oh, quite a little boy, they had come romping down upon him in this very street and taken his hoople and rolled it almost to Fifth Avenue. Their mother had reproved them, because when he was a little boy, oh, a very little boy indeed, the Dempster girls were young ladies. The day they rolled his hoople they had worn long taffeta dresses of blue-and-red plaids looped back over high bustles. Charming dresses! Charming girls!

They had married well, and altho he hadn't a penny in those days, they had always remembered to invite him to their fashionable evening parties. Oyster suppers. Where were the parties these days to compare with those oyster suppers? In those days, too, they had flirted with him in a nice, discreet way. Of course they could afford to. He was just a boy then, and they were matrons, young to be sure, but matrons.

He had never cared particularly for their husbands. It had not surprized him at all when the venture they merged in failed. It seemed that Goodhouse came out of it rather better than Hewitt, and that had caused a breach between the sisters. Of course, he, John Sadderwhite, had never taken sides, but it had been a relief (you could hardly call it a relief, yet what else could you call it?) when the husbands had died one bad Winter, each of pleurisy.

The sisters had been glad, in spite of their quarrel, to move back into the old house which their father had left them jointly. For he had never dreamed they would quarrel. Who would have believed when they were girls that Mamie and Susie Dempster would ever come to the point where they passed each other on the street, looking intently each above the other's hat?

Mr. Sadderwhite alighted nimbly from the taxi, and to alight in that quick, sure manner was proof of his neat, slim figure. He tipped the driver forty cents. As he went up the steps he recalled how, when the Dempster girls came into widowhood and genteel poverty, his father's business was just beginning to flourish. He had been able then to show the sisters every manner of delicate attention. Oh, yes, indeed. And he could afford to do it without causing the slightest comment, for he was then a young man in the thirties, and they had moved up into the tight, stodgy zone of middle age.

Naturally no one could question the telegrams he used to send, and the books by messenger, and the cables from Europe. He kept up a little flurry of communication because he thought there was nothing so humiliating to ladies who had known the swirl of the fashionable world as to suddenly lack messenger-boys running up and down their front stoops. He was sure that a telegram from Hot Springs or Saratoga, or a cable from London or Venice put a glowing face upon shabby clothes and made up for the lack of a carriage. Not that the Dempster girls altogether lacked a carriage. He used to send his brougham to await their pleasure, Mamie's on Tuesday, Susie's on Thursday, at half past three o'clock in the afternoon.

THINGS had gone on like that for years. Then had come the terrible lasting War, and the business he and his brother Josiah had inherited from their father had sharply declined. In those awful War days he had seen very little of the sisters. It had been too humiliating to think how little he could do for them. But even before the pinch of poverty had actually nipped him he had stopped sending the brougham. Marcella had laughed at it.

Marcella, it seemed, had grown overnight from a little girl with bright hair jouncing on her shoulders as she came prettily to be kissed, into a young lady with her hair in a wad on her neck, standing in the bay window and saying to a young man who could have been nothing other than a suitor, "Poor old thing, it comes rumbling up every Tuesday and Thursday. It's the quaintest thing in New York." It was actually his brougham she meant, and she had laughed. That very night he had written the sisters that the exigencies of the period prevented him from keeping the brougham and that he was sending the horse up to a farm in Connecticut.

But the War had ended, and people, coming to their senses, had begun to paper their walls again with the beautiful Sadderwhite wall-papers. Then business had grown fat and flowed with the old golden current. It had seemed a pity not to hunt up the Dempster girls once more. Already he had been to visit them several times, and now he was going to give them the great pleasure of selecting for him a limousine.

HE FOUND Mamie Dempster Hewitt in the front parlor, sitting on a small sofa and knitting a white sweater for Marcella. It was remarkable how she had kept her beauty. She didn't look a day over fifty. She didn't look fifty. And she was his senior. He recalled his splendid nimbleness in getting out of the taxi. He supposed he didn't look a day over forty. Certainly not over forty-two or -three.

He felt a rush of giddiness. He said, "We ought to go to some delightful place and have tea. On a day like this we ought to be doing something exhilarating. We ought to go somewhere and dance."

"What an idea!" gasped Mamie Dempster.

He was annoyed. "Now don't pretend," said he firmly, "that on a day like this you aren't longing to dance." He was giving her her cue, beseeching her to act up to his fine spirits and her own good looks.

But she only sighed. "The spirit," said she, "is willing, but the knees are weak."

He was as shocked as tho she had slipped a piece of ice down his back. He said, "Oh, come, come! It doesn't do to fall behind. Not before you have to."

"Oh, but you're such a boy," she told him. "You forget that I was a woman grown when you were in your cradle. And remember that I have Marcella to remind me of the years."

His good spirits came back. What delicate, pretty fingers Mamie Dempster had! He wondered if her gloves were still size five. He must send her a dozen pairs and some handkerchiefs. For he believed that in conversation a lady could maintain her poise only by the prettily protruded display of a small real lace handkerchief.

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"I really want to have a good talk with you, John," went on Mrs. Hewitt. "You noticed that Susan's colored maid let you in? Well, that means I've put my foot down at last. The two top floors and allowing Julia to answer *only two* rings at the door! So I wrote Susan a note on Friday. I said that, considering that Jim Goodhouse left her the money he should have used to rescue the business (for no one can say that my poor husband didn't come to the rescue of the business with all he possessed, even his dress-studs and poor little Marcella's silver mug)—so I said that, considering the circumstances, she should have offered years ago to share her maid with me.

"I did in my note, 'Since you are neither generous enough, I won't say scrupulous enough, lacking the same things of which there was such a shortage in Jim Goodhouse—' (and, goodness knows, when she was a girl she was generosity itself; she must have caught his meanness) —I wrote, 'I am simply forced to make a demand on you. Hereafter kindly see that Julia answers *one* ring at the door as well as *two*.'"

"That is a very small request, I'm sure," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"I made it very plain I wanted none of her money. I wouldn't touch her money with a ten-foot pole. But it did seem that she might have saved me the humiliation of having to answer my own door-bell, especially when so many people come begging. She knows very well it's hard enough for me to deny the unworthy, but you've no idea how many people come begging for such worthy causes like orphan asylums and hospitals and even churches.

"Why, there was a man here last week with a letter from no less a person than a bishop. And when you believe in such things you simply can't think of any reason to refuse. And it would be insulting, I'm sure, to offer a man from a bishop anything less than a dollar. It would be such a dead give-away as to the state of your own pocketbook. And it's that way with so many other people who come. It seemed I was handing out at the door all the money poor Marcella earns at the bank. So I just demanded a share in Julia. Now, Julia gets rid of these people by saying that I'm abroad. That is what we always said in the old days, and it's still very effective. Besides it sounds so nice, as tho you really might be traveling."

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed," agreed Mr. Sadderwhite. "You mentioned Marcella's work at the bank. Exactly what does Marcella do down there?"

"Oh, I don't pretend to understand it, John, but, whatever it is, Marcella does it all. I mean she's supposed to assist some man, but she carries the whole burden on her shoulders. He gets all the credit. They tell me it's always like that where a girl assists a man."

"Not in our business," said Mr. Sadderwhite. "But then in our business no girl has ever shown herself capable of assisting a man, except Miss Bower."

"Of course I will say, in justice to this man Marcella works with, that he tries to make up to her by taking her out to dinner and the theater. But I don't like that. He's a Spaniard. I say to Marcella, 'There's no use working for him like a slave from nine to five and then treating him like a friend from six to eleven.' I say to her, 'That's robbing Peter to pay Paul.' I suppose I should say 'heaping coals of fire.' I always get those two mixed. But whatever it is, she shouldn't do it. Of course other people take her out to dinner too. She's very much admired.

"It's such a blessing that long necks have come into style. In my day they were not admired at all. It used to worry me so while Marcella was growing up, because there's nothing you can do for a long neck. And her hair, too. I used to worry so about her hair, because you can't deny that it's very red. But people seem to admire it, for they do take her out places. But between you and me, John, she's getting simply nowhere with her salary. I suppose the bank thinks that if they take a girl to dinner and the theater the salary is added to. But I keep saying to Marcella, 'You would be much more in pocket if they gave it to you in dollars and cents.' For I've counted up.

"SHE gets thirty dollars a week, and I'm sure if you were to add the theater tickets and the dinners it would bring it up to fifty or sixty. I never hear of banks offering men their salaries in the form of cigars and, I suppose, cocktails. Men would have sense enough to refuse. But you see they take advantage of a girl. It does seem such an unfair system."

"We've nothing like that in our business," said Mr. Sadderwhite. "There's Miss Bower, who's been with us sixteen years. She's a remarkable woman. We pay her six thousand per annum. Of course we prize her. She takes a great interest in the business generally."

"How old is she, John?"

"Really, I couldn't say. Thirty-five, forty, forty-five."

"She'd be too old for you," said Mrs. Hewitt.

"But I assure you——"

"Oh, yes, on *your* part, John. But you can not tell what *she* may be hoping."

"Why, the woman never speaks to me. Never! She helps Josiah in the financial end, and, as you know, I have nothing whatever to do with the financial end."

"Yes, I know, John, but you are just the right age to marry, and I would so like to see you with a young wife. If you marry a woman your own age, why, in a few years she'll look like your grandmother. A woman of thirty would just about suit you. You ought not to marry a woman one day over thirty. In fact I think a girl of twenty-seven. Twenty-seven would just suit you, John."

How charming, after all, was Mamie Dempster!

"And speaking of Marcella reminds me, John. I do wish you'd take her out to dinner sometimes. It would be doing her a great favor. She needs the companionship of a man of the world who at the same time is a gentleman. The people she meets at that bank seem to be neither. Her language since she's been there! She says, 'busted,' and she calls going to the theater 'seeing a show.' I wish you'd talk to her, John. She's never had the influence of a brilliant conversationalist."

It was then that Mr. Sadderwhite brought out the booklets and the catalogs and asked Mamie Dempster to select his car. "Now, I was thinking of this one," said Mr. Sadderwhite, "only I would like it finished in bottle-green. I remember how beautifully bottle-green used to set off your complexion." He had only that instant remembered, and a small voice within him was asking, "But what of the deep rich fuchsia?" He knew he would later want to kick himself for remembering how handsome Mamie Dempster used to look in bottle-green.

"Oh, you flatter me," Mamie Dempster was saying.

"Not at all. I remember you had a bottle-green coat with three capes. It became you splendidly. I was quite a little boy when you wore that coat, oh, quite a little boy."

"Yes," said Mamie Dempster, "I can see you running about on your dear little legs." She sighed. "They say this is an age of youth. I envy you, John, being still young and able to enjoy it."

And so it was decided that Mr. John Sadderwhite would buy a bottle-green car. Then with his booklets all neat again and back in the brief-case, he said good-by to Mamie Dempster Hewitt and went up-stairs to call on Susan Dempster Goodhouse.

He found Mrs. Goodhouse reading through a stack of old paper-bound French novels. "I bought all these," she said, "the year Jim and I went to Paris. I thought they'd improve my French. But I never got through one of them even with the help of a dictionary. Now I've forgotten everything, and I can't find the dictionary. I must have lost it."

"I'll bring you one the next time I come," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"No, please don't. I don't really want one. I just like to pretend that if I had a dictionary I'd be energetic enough to get through these. But the truth is I'm not up to it. I'm getting old, John."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mr. Sadderwhite, and then abruptly, to change the subject, he said, "It's very kind of you, I'm sure, to lend Julia down-stairs."

"Lend her? My dear John, I've given her away. Do you know, I've come to the conclusion that Mamie's a deep, scheming woman. Now wait a minute. Let me explain. Do you know she owes me over sixteen thousand dollars without counting interest? You'd never dream it to look at her. Sometimes I can't believe it myself. I think, did she or didn't she agree to pay me rent? For that's how she owes it. She got me to buy her share of the house. Of course she doesn't speak to me, but she kept sending me notes, and finally I bought her out. I paid her cold cash, and she was to stay here paying rent. Well, I've never seen a penny of it. I never say anything. After all I have the house. But it does make me wild, simply wild, the calm way she ignores the whole thing."

"Oh, believe me," said Mr. Sadderwhite, "she's forgotten all about it. She's most impractical. Most good, sweet women are."

Mrs. Goodhouse made a sound that has long since

Continued on Page 85

"'WHAT KIND OF JOKE ARE YOU TELLING? LOOK AT HIM! IN TWO YEARS HE WILL BE WALKING WITH A CANE! IN FIVE YOU WILL HAVE TO WHEEL HIM!'"

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"WILLIAM OPENED HIS BRIEF-CASE AND ITS CONTENTS CASCADED OUT. 'COUNT IT, SIR,' HE SAID"

Illustrations by Corinne Dillon

HIS BIG DAY

Final instalment of this lively and amusing two-part story

BY RICHARD CONNELL

PART TWO

THE new Bellanger Building shoots up forty-four stories in the business zone around Forty-second Street At the very top of it J. K. P. Bellanger has his spacious office, and as the elevator rocketed skyward William Dutton, recalling tales of the turbulent temper of the czar of transportation, hoped he would not be dropped out of the window.

Daphne brushed aside the guardians at the outer portals and towed William into the presence of the great man.

"He's a lamb, really," were the last words she whispered to William.

Mr. Bellanger did not even remotely resemble a lamb or any member of the sheep family. He had been a bull in the market so long that he had come to look like one. He was a solid, florid mass of man and he gave his daughter a bass smack on the brow and stuck out a concrete hand to William Dutton, when Daphne said, fairly calmly:

"Father, this is William Dutton."

"How do?" said Mr. Bellanger to William. Then to Daphne, "Well?"

"Father," said Daphne, and her voice quavered, "I'm going to marry Bill."

Mr. Bellanger raised his eyebrows and turned down the corner of his lips. He had lived too long and too thoroughly to be startled by anything, particularly by anything his daughter might do. All he said was: "Since when?"

"Since about twenty-five minutes ago."

"What about Boris?" asked Mr. Bellanger, pleasantly.

"I don't love Boris."

"And presumably you love this young man——"

"Yes, Father."

"You're quite sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Well," said Mr. Bellanger, "you know your own mind on that point, I suppose. He looks all right. But you know what I've said, Daphne: I've set a certain standard for my son-in-law, and by the Lord Harry he's going to have to meet that standard. My mind's made up about that."

He shut his mouth like a steel trap, and William Dutton had a strong feeling that when J. K. P Bellanger made up his mind it was a tremendous and final performance. Mr. Bellanger bent on William a long appraising glare.

"Young man," he rumbled, "how old are you?"

"Twenty-five, sir," said William.

"At twenty five," stated Mr. Bellanger, "I had made two million dollars. Have you?"

"No, sir."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Bellanger, "I was above the average. Have you made one million dollars?"

"No, sir."

Displeasure darkened Mr. Bellanger's brow.

"The man," he declared, "who can not make a million by the time he is twenty-five in these times and in this country is probably a fool—and I'm not going to have a fool in my family. That's final. You want to marry Daphne?"

"Yes, sir. Very much."

"Then make a million," said Mr. Bellanger. He scowled. "And until you have don't you dare to marry her," he said. "Understand?"

He thrust his very masterful face within a quarter of an inch of William's.

Now, William Dutton, what with not having slept much on the train coming down from Wemsley, and with all the excitement attendant on his arrival in New York, and with the many stirring things which had happened to him, and finally on account of Daphne, was in a mental state which is more customarily induced by the liberal use of spirituous liquors. He was, in truth, light-headed, giddy, and in a bright-pink fog. Also in his veins flowed the blood of the Green Mountain boys, those hardy citizens who never fancied being put upon by persons of a tyrannical nature. So he found himself saying in a sharp, defiant voice:

"Very well, Mr. Bellanger. I haven't a million at the moment—but I'll get it."

"When and how?" Mr. Bellanger shot at him.

Again William, from out his pink fog, spoke in assured accents:

"When? To-night. How? That's my business."

"Good," said Mr. Bellanger casually, as one to whom the feat of getting a million dollars in an afternoon does not come under the head of difficult achievements. "Come to my house to-night and bring your million."

"I will, sir," said William Dutton, and at that precise second he meant it.

That point settled, Mr. Bellanger permitted himself a certain weighty affability.

"That's the sort of talk I like to hear," he said. "Not that I'm going to be satisfied with talk. Now, don't let me detain you, Mr. Dutton, if that's your name. No doubt you want to get started."

"Good day, sir," said William.

Daphne started to follow him from the office.

"No," said her father. "Daphne, you stay here and have lunch with me."

"But, Father," she began to protest.

"It's all right, Daphne," said William grandly. "I'll be busy all afternoon. Good-by, dear."

He kissed her.

Mr Bellanger, in the role of ever so slightly benevolent prospective father-in-law, held open his office door so William could go through it.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Dutton," he boomed, and his voice echoed through the outer office. "Good luck. Remember, I expect you to bring it to my house to-night."

"I will, sir," said William, and gave the concrete hand a pump and departed.

The bright-pink fog was thick about him. He did not see the rotund man with the silk hat who was in the outer office. William bumped into him, and the rotund man emitted an "Oooooooff!"

"I'm sorry," mumbled William.

The rotund man in the silk hat did not glower; he beamed.

"Quite all right, Mr. Dutton," he said. "No harm done. See you later, eh?"

William looked at him blankly. He was sure that never before in his life had he laid eyes on the rotund man, and he was at a loss to know why he should see him later, but he was beyond coherent thinking now. His tongue seemed remote from his brain, detached, almost. The simplest thing to do was to say:

"Oh, yes. Surely. Later," and to hurry on The next thing William knew he had shot down in the elevator and been whirled into the street by the gurgitating crowd. A semilucid moment came to him. He began to realize things. One thing was that he was hungry; another was that he had behaved like an idiot.

What had happened to his common sense? He wondered if in this mad city he had gone mad. How else could he account for his grand gesture before Mr. Bellanger and

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Daphne? It was fantastic. A million dollars by night! And he was not able, as he stood there, to buy a half interest in a second-hand doughnut.

He must make one desperate effort to collect himself, to shake that bright-pink fog out of his brain. Some quiet corner where he could sit down and think was indicated, and the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street hardly comes under that heading. So William Dutton turned into the nearest hotel—the New Acropolis—and oblivious of the grandeur of its solid silver and rosewood lounge, he sank down into a great soft purple chair, gripped his chin, and thought.

His train of thought didn't take him far. It kept running off the track. He tried to buck himself up by reminding himself that anything can happen in New York. Plenty of remarkable things had already happened. There was Daphne, for example. She was marvelous! Oh, if he only could—

"Ah, Mr. Dutton, there you are!"

William let go of his chin and looked up. It was the rotund man with the silk hat, and he was incandescent with cordiality.

"Yes," said William, "here I am."

"That's dandy," said the rotund man, rubbing his hands. "We're in the Assyrian room, you know. Follow me."

It didn't matter much to William Dutton where he went just then. He had a passing notion that the rotund man might be some sort of high-toned confidence man, and, he reflected, he, William Dutton, was probably the poorest prospect for the sale of a gold brick in the entire history of that ancient art. In any event, William decided, he could lose nothing by going to the Assyrian room, whatever that was, with the rotund man. So he went.

The Assyrian room, which they presently entered, turned out to be a small and highly ornate private dining-room, with a table laid for six. Four men were there, keen-looking, prosperous-looking, mature men, nibbling almonds. The rotund man presented William to them

"Gentlemen, this is Mr. William Dutton. Mr. Dutton, meet Mr. Gatchell, Mr. Wing, Mr. Prince, and Mr. Hatch."

They shook hands. If they were wolves, thought William, they were affable wolves.

"I guess," remarked the rotund man, with a wink, "I don't need to tell you whom Mr. Dutton represents."

"No," said Mr. Hatch, and William thought he spoke sadly, "I think we all have a pretty shrewd suspicion, Mr. Coakley."

So the rotund man's name, or alias, was Coakley. The soup was brought in, and William sipped it, and waited for the dirty work to begin.

"Where's H. C.?" inquired Mr. Wing.

"Not coming," said Mr. Coakley.

"No?" said Mr. Wing. "Laying off, is he?"

"Looks that way," said Mr. Coakley, and added slyly, "Perhaps the presence of Mr. Dutton has something to do with it."

Mr. Dutton thought it wise to eat steadily the very excellent lunch and say as little as possible, to play the stern, silent man, and keep his eyes open. The talk during lunch was innocuous enough, about golf mostly, but with the coming of the coffee a serious atmosphere settled on the gathering. Mr. Coakley addressed them.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "I see no reason for lingering over this business on such a good day for golf. You have had ample time to go into the situation thoroughly. You know what you want to do. It comes down to a simple question: Which of you wants it?"

Mr. Prince cleared his throat. "Five," he said.

"Five and a quarter," said Mr. Wing promptly.

"Tops me," said Mr. Gatchell.

"I pass," said Mr. Hatch.

"Five and three-quarters," said Mr. Prince, "and that's the limit."

"Can't see it," said Mr. Wing.

Mr. Coakley turned to William Dutton. "Come now, Mr. Dutton," he said coaxingly, "say 'six.'"

It was such an innocent request, so pleasantly put, that William could see no harm or danger in obliging.

"Six," he said.

It might be some sort of game, he thought.

Mr. Coakley smiled broadly.

"Well, gentlemen?" he interrogated.

"Oh, what's the use?" said Mr. Prince.

"A good little man can't lick a good big one," observed Mr. Wing.

"I take it," said Mr. Coakley, "that six it is."

Six it seemed to be

"I'll send round the papers later," said Mr. Coakley to William.

"By all means," said William. It seemed pointless to disagree.

"Funny," remarked Mr. Coakley, puffing at a cigar, and showing signs of pleasure, "that old H. C. got cold feet. He was quite hot about it last week. If he had been here he'd have given you a battle, eh, Mr. Dutton?"

WILLIAM gave a stern, silent nod. He was glad old H. C. hadn't been there. He had troubles enough without a battle. His problem now was to ease out gracefully. The game, whatever it was, was too deep for him. The four men, having shaken hands elaborately all round, filed out, leaving William, wedged in a corner, with Mr. Coakley, between him and the exit

"Have another cup of coffee, Mr. Dutton," suggested Mr. Coakley. William, wary of knock-out drops, declined.

"I guess," remarked Mr. Coakley, pouring himself a third cup, "this will start something in the street, eh, Mr. Dutton?"

What would be started in what street William did not know, so again he nodded.

"It'll break a hundred," said Mr. Coakley.

"You never can tell," said William cagily.

"Anything can happen in these crazy days," said Mr. Coakley, looking profound.

William nodded. That was one sentiment he could agree to whole-heartedly, anyhow. When, he wondered, would Mr. Coakley begin to unwrap his gold brick?

"HIS PROBLEM NOW WAS TO EASE OUT GRACEFULLY. THE GAME, WHATEVER IT WAS, WAS TOO DEEP FOR HIM"

"It was rather a surprize, your coming," said that gentleman. "I didn't know that——"

His sentence was cut short by the violent flinging open of the door to the Assyrian room, and an excited, elderly man in shabby clothes, who looked like an old-time cabdriver, stood there, brandishing an umbrella, greened by age, and sputtering. Mr. Coakley looked startled. "Why, Mr. Wittingham!" he exclaimed.

"Pup!" said Mr. Wittingham distinctly.

"Why, Mr. Wittingham!" repeated Mr. Coakley.

"I've been hornswoggled," screamed the old man. "I met Hatch in the lobby, and he told me what happened."

"But I thought," said Mr. Coakley, in a contrite tone, "that you weren't coming, so I went ahead."

"You thought?" barked the elderly man. "What with? I did let a report get out that I wasn't coming, but that was strategy. I sent word this morning I'd be here——"

"I never received it," said Mr. Coakley. "I'm sorry, Mr. Wittingham, but I never did. Of course, had I known——"

"Bah!" snorted Mr. Wittingham. "Apologies butter no parsnips It's too late now."

He wheeled on William Dutton, a silent and wholly puzzled witness of the scene

"So you're the smart young cub, eh?" said Mr. Wittingham. "Think you're pretty cute, don't you, bamboozling poor old decrepit H. C. Wittingham? Well, we'll see. Maybe the old wreck has a few shots left in his locker——"

Altho William's brain was not functioning any too well, he recalled that he had heard the name "Wittingham," and he wondered if this could be the famous eccentric financier in the flesh, old Hard Cash Wittingham himself.

"Sit down, young man," snapped Mr. Wittingham. William, who had risen, thinking to slide out, sat down.

"Look here," said Mr. Wittingham, "just what is the old beef-eater up to now?"

William said nothing. Out of the jumble in his mind, he plucked one thought, and it was that "the old beef-eater" was a name sometimes applied, tho never openly, to the man he hoped to make his father-in-law.

Mr. Wittingham, it seemed, had hardly expected an answer to his question. He went on, in an irate treble:

"I know. He's done this just to devil me. He hasn't a bit of use in the world for the Green Moon, and he knows I have. Well, spilled milk is spilled milk. Squawking won't turn it into cream. I'll pay the old brigand his ransom and take it out of his hide some other way later on. You might tell him that."

He fixed William Dutton with the eyes of a venerable buzzard. "What's the figure?" he growled.

William Dutton pursed his lips, meditating a suitable reply to a question that was so much Afghanistanese to him.

Mr. Wittingham waited perhaps five seconds before he boiled over again.

"Trying to guess just how much of a gyp I'll stand for, eh?" he snarled. "Well, I'll tell you. It's worth six and a half to me, and not a solitary dime more. Take your choice, young man. Six and a half, or you can go and stand on the flagpole of the Bellanger Building and twiddle your ears till it rains diamonds."

William contracted his brow.

"I," he began, and paused. He was going to say, "I don't know what all this is about."

"Six and a half?" cut in Mr. Wittingham. "Yes or no?"

As he had got into no trouble so far by agreeing, William nodded.

"Robbery!" cried Mr. Wittingham. "Sheer robbery! But I'll get it back, mark my words."

He opened the dog-eared satchel he was carrying, took out a pair of battered carpet slippers, two bananas, and some papers, and fished up from the bottom an enormous wad of bank-notes William had never seen a ten-thousand-dollar bill, had never indeed been aware that they existed. Now he saw fifty of them, skimmed off rapidly by Mr. Wittingham's skinny fingers.

"You're a witness, Coakley," said Mr. Wittingham. "Now let's go to your office and sign the papers."

He snapped his satchel shut, caught up his umbrella,

Continued on Page 33

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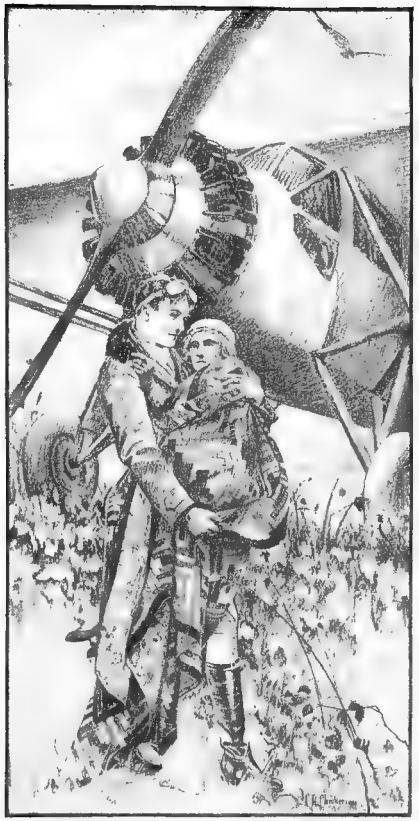

"HE CARRIED HER AS EASILY AS JOHN HAD CARRIED HER. 'YOU AREN'T SCARED?' 'NO,' SHE SAID. 'I AIN'T A BIT SCARED'"

FLIGHT

Grandma Brenn undertakes a journey which will delight all who have an understanding heart

By
MILDRED CRAM

Illustrations by C. R. Chickering

THIS was the day of the Benevolent Picnic.

John and Ellen and William were up at dawn to make sure that it was not going to rain. And hurrah! It was a golden dawn, and the birds sang with full throats, and the air was still, soft, sweet. A warm, fine day!

The great-grandchildren tumbled down-stairs, slammed through the kitchen-screen into the yard.

"*Sshh! Don't wake gran'ma!*"

But grandma was already awake. When you are a hundred and five years old sleep is a prodigal waste of hoarded hours. Very old people prefer to stay awake, listening to the silence, or watching the dark, or, as on this day, feeling the warm, noisy dawn slip up over the rim of the earth.

"Yes, sir. Born in eighteen twenty-three. Monroe was President. And John Adams was still alive. Got all her faculties, too. Like to step inside and talk to her?"

"None of this to-day," Grandma Brenn thought. "They'll all be gone, and I can sit in peace on the back porch."

"You awake, Gran'ma?"

"Yes. Been awake an hour."

"Well, I guess I'll dress you. Willie's going to stay with you."

"I don't need any one——"

Bess, the strapping granddaughter, lifted the very small, old woman out of bed, and with strong, capable, somewhat ruthless hands divested her of her nightgown.

"Nonsense, Gran'ma; we won't leave you alone!"

"Willie don't need to stay."

"Here. You duck you head. Lift your arms. That's it. I guess I won't bother to brush your hair to-day, seeing as we're all so busy."

"Let me have the brush."

"You can't brush your own hair."

"Yes, I can."

She began to unbraid the thin plait of white hair. In her youth it had been dark red, lustrous, and heavy, so heavy that it had seemed to weight her small head, to pull it back. Her fine, wrinkled fingers were stiff now, and she made slow work of it, yet she persisted because she disliked her granddaughter's domination. The sensation of unbraiding her own hair was pleasant: it awoke in her dim memories of the sweet madness of her husband's first caress, when he had buried his face in her red hair, closing his eyes, sniffing, burrowing like a puppy in new-mown hay.

"Guess I can brush my own hair. I ain't so old I can't brush my own hair."

"Here's the brush, then. Be careful."

Bess knelt to draw on the old woman's stockings and shoes. Buxom, deep-breasted, with sun-tanned arms and the downy cheeks of a ripe peach, she was the youngest of twelve grandchildren, herself the mother of three.

Grandma Brenn lived with Bess, Bess's husband, Nate, and the three great-grandchildren. She was their ward and their chief stock in trade. "Yes, Mam," Nate would say to motorists who paused before the fruit-and-vegetable stand at the gate, "we have the oldest woman in the United States living right here. One hundred and five years old last February. Fact! Maybe you'd like to step in and see her? Got all her faculties, too."

Grandma Brenn held court on the back porch, where it was sunny and sheltered from the wind. Screened in Summer, glassed in Winter, the porch faced west, so that she never missed a sunset. From her chair she looked across a pale splendor of wheat, acres of rippling, whishing grain.

She saw the crop planted and garnered. First the plow's black trail, then the green of new blades, the sturdy, young growth, the full fruition, the fall, the stacking, the final harvesting. Then, for a while, the fields were bare in the hot Autumn sun. Smooth, shining fields, divested of their glory, resting, waiting, dreaming under the bland skies. Smooth, flat fields as far as the eye could see. The chattering threshers silent, the golden dust-showers settled, the soft swell, the gentle contours of the earth at last revealed.

To-day, an Autumn day, the day of the picnic, was like this.

Horses stood idle in pasture, hens scratched undisturbed on lawns, and a cloud of dust hovered over the slow-moving caravan of cars that climbed Knob Hill to the picnic-grounds. Old and young, starched and fine, with holiday faces. There was something pagan in this yearly celebration, something ritualistic. The harvesters feasted and danced in the grove above the barren fields as in primitive days they feasted and danced in honor of the gods of plenty.

There was speech-making, of course, by local preachers and politicians, to which no one listened but the older people, the pioneers who had dreamed of this day and who heard now, with deep, hidden, passionate gratification, that their dream had come true. They sat, hands folded, a curious patience in their eyes, drinking in the cheap eulogy. A little group, weathered, disciplined, silent, creators of this place, followers of Grandma Brenn, whose husband had felled the first tree and had built the first crude cabin seventy-five years ago.

THE younger people wouldn't listen. They didn't care. As soon as the speeches were over they swarmed up on the platform to dance. And the old people sat watching them, smiling troubled, uncertain smiles, their eyes a little dim with unaccustomed tears.

While Bess buttoned Grandma Brenn's cotton dress and pinned the braid into place again, she talked of the picnic.

"Going to be a big crowd. What with the automobile and all, it ain't the home gathering it used to be. People all the way from Elizabethtown coming to-day. So they say. A jazz-band for dancing. It'll be a fine picnic."

"You take Willie with you."

Bess did not answer. Lifting the old woman easily in her strong arms, she carried her to the porch and put her down in her chair. "There you are! Don't you try to get up now! Willie'll bring you your glass of milk and a piece of bread. I told him to stay in the yard." She went to the screen and called, "Willie! Oh, Willie!"

William Schaeffer answered reluctantly. He came, scuffling on bare, dusty feet, dragging himself toward this hateful duty.

"You watch gran'ma. And if you leave her I'll see that your father whales you when we get home!"

"Yes'm."

Bess departed, clucking to her brood, her starched skirts making a crisp rustle. Presently the preliminary explosions of the car were heard in the road. The dog barked. A frightened hen flew squawking into the kitchen-yard.

"Well," William said, "they're gone."

His lips quivered. With a dirty hand he dragged a tear across his cheek, leaving a track of smudge. He looked at his great-grandmother with somber, childish distaste. She held him here, a prisoner, because she was a hundred and five years old, a curiosity, a withered mummy on exhibition. People came to stare at her, and remained to buy fruit and vegetables of Nate Schaeffer Strangers stopped at the Schaeffer gate who would never have stopped otherwise, way off here in the country

Grandma's birthdays always drew a crowd. They brought gifts, took snap-shots, and asked a million questions. They put her picture in the papers. "Oldest white woman in the world!" An ancient, hobbling, frail woman in immense spectacles, upheld by buxom Bess and grinning Nate, the exhibitors. William Schaeffer hated it. He hated being his great-grandmother's keeper.

"They've gone," he said.

"You go, too," grandma said.

"I can't. It's fifteen miles."

"Can't the neighbors take you?"

"They've gone, too."

Grandma Brenn stirred a little in her knitted-shawl wrappings. She felt suddenly cold. She was afraid of William's distaste, his impatience, his hot tears. Dislike

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and criticism frightened her because for thirty years she had been a burden to others. It was not until she passed the century-mark that she had achieved importance. The seventies, the eighties, the nineties had been passed in the wistful hope that God would see fit to carry her off, lifting the weight of her years from young, reluctant shoulders.

She had been "taken" by her five children in turn, had seen them die, had buried them, and had then begun the unhappy journey from grandchild to grandchild. "The room off the kitchen for gramma." "The room in the attic." "Gramma's an awful trouble." "Gramma's too old to work." Ninety-six. Ninety-seven. Ninety-eight. Hated. Slighted. Scolded. Alone.

Nothing was left except her "pretties," salvage of her swift youth and her desolate maturity: a daguerreotype of her husband, a string of coral beads, her wedding-slippers, and the Bible in which she had recorded the births and the deaths of her children, her grandchildren, her great-grandchildren. These things she kept in a cardboard shoe-box tied with a red ribbon. For three years now she had not opened it.

"You run along," she said now. She had a small, thin voice, the shadow of a voice. "I don't need a thing, little William."

He hung there, embarrassed. A lusty boy, brown and ripe like his mother. His bare toes curled. "Ma said I'd get whaled—" His blue eyes slid around toward the door. "It's awful lonesome here. Say, Gramma, can I go just for an hour——"

"You go. Only get me my box."

"Sure! Where is it?"

"In the bureau. Top drawer. Careful."

He was gone like a puppy, slamming doors. She heard his bare feet on the stairs, heard him whistling.

"He's glad to go."

Youth is always glad to run away from age, to shift the responsibility of the fact of age. To a boy of twelve a woman of a hundred and five is already dead, like a broken-backed horse at pasture or an ancient dog condemned to the pound for the sin of its years. Grandma Brenn understood. When he came back with the box she said, "Good boy."

William crashed through the screen door without a backward glance, whooping. He streaked it along the fence to the crossroads, dived down the bank to the path under the willows, and sought the swimming-hole. Naked, scowling with delight, he gave himself to the voluptuous depths of the forbidden spring. He forgot grandma. He forgot the picnic. His fat, brown body flickered in the leafy shadow, wavered in the green water, baked luxuriously in the tangled grass on the bank. Hours passed.

GRANDMA BRENN had her box. At first she held it between her hands with delicate care, as if it were perishable and might crumble at her touch. She had not been alone like this for five years, not since Nate and Bess had "taken" her, not since she had justified her existence by being a hundred years old.

They were glad to have her now because she brought people to the farm. There had even been a motion-picture cameraman and a reporter from Cleveland. And on her hundred and fourth birthday they had driven her into the city so that she might broadcast a little speech: "Dear fellow countrymen and countrywomen – I, a pioneer, greet you to-night——"

They took care of her now. She was no longer an irksome old woman who had outlived her strength: she was a museum-piece, valuable and rare. Yet she was tired of being stared at, tired of questions.

There were strange, dim places in her memory. She could remember Garfield and had forgotten McKinley. Lincoln was more real to her than Roosevelt. When they asked her about Lincoln she could tell them that she had seen him, had heard him speak, had stood close to him in a crowd while her husband lifted her up to see. She wanted to be truthful. She could not remember his face. All that remained was a curious, bashful, ugly smile, slow and unwilling, the smile of a gangling countryman.

Now, holding the precious box of "pretties," she tried to remember further back, way, way back to the beginning. It did not make her sad to look back, because the things that had happened to her might have happened to some one else. She could not believe, for instance, that she had ever been a child. It was too long ago: that little, bright-maned child in a black pinafore, rolling a hoop along a garden path, a hundred years ago! It was as if this child had always been, yet had never been. One morning she would waken knowing that her last day had come; the child who had twinkled in black-silk slippers along a garden path.

She paused on the threshold of fear.

Life had become so much a habit, so accepted, so unchanging, that she had stopped thinking of death.

"We all die. Even I must die."

She steadied her hands and opened the box.

Bess had not disturbed the contents. Everything was in its place. At the bottom, wrapped in a yellowed-silk handkerchief, the daguerreotype. She unwrapped it, carefully, carefully. Her hands shook and her head felt too heavy. But at last she was looking at her husband's face, into his eyes. In all her life she had loved only one human being. For others she had had affection. John Brenn she had loved.

In her heart for sixty years there had been the weight of loneliness and the secret, immense, passionate fact of possession. He was gone, but she had not lost him. The living who bandied her about and complained of her were not as real to her as the big, quiet man at whose side she had fought the wilderness, whose children she had borne, who had not been seen for over sixty years.

His voice was more real to her now than the high, bragging whinny of Nate Schaeffer. "Yes, *Mam!* The oldest woman in the U-nited States!" Grandma Brenn did not listen. By shutting off her attention she could hear John Brenn saying, "Well, Mary, it's another fine day and we're still together!" As he had said it every morning, rain or shine, for twenty-five years. No one remembered now that her name was Mary. To the living, who looked upon her with a half-shamed, half-mocking curiosity, she was Gran'ma or Gramma or old Mrs. Brenn, over a hundred.

"She can't last much longer."

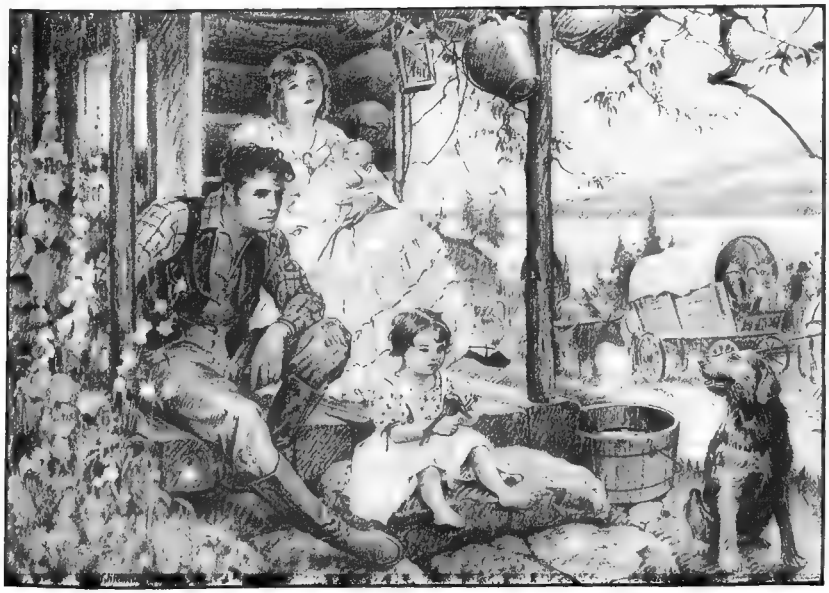
And every one yelled at her, as if her mind were far away, down a corridor. Yet she could hear every cricket-chirp, every faint leaf-rustle, every bird-note. She could hear the distant, brazen shouting of cocks at dawn. She could hear John Brenn's voice across the tumult of the years. "Well, Mary——"

If only they wouldn't yell at her!

"How do you feel to-day, Mrs. Brenn?"

Born in Louisiana, she had married John Brenn in eighteen forty-three, when they were both twenty years old. He was a big, strong boy who seldom smiled, whose eyes were steady, like unflickering fire. He had dreams of conquest. He was always looking beyond, and his spirit strained to be going somewhere. The wilderness of plain and forest called him. She went with him West. It was enough to be near him.

Stedfast, serious, afraid of nothing, deeply in love, he cut a way for both of them into new country. He should have had wings. The slow plodding was irksome; he wanted to be over the mountains, across the plains. He wanted



"HE SHOULD HAVE HAD WINGS. THE SLOW PLODDING WAS IRKSOME; HE WANTED TO BE OVER THE MOUNTAINS, ACROSS THE PLAINS"

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to fly. He used to stand, with his head thrown back, watching the easy planing of hawks and buzzards, envious almost of their imperious freedom.

Her first child was born in a lean-to on a night of bitter storm, with no help save what John Brenn could give and the crude ministering of an Indian woman. Her second was born in a log cabin. Her third in a frame house, her house, built for her by John when he saw that he could not take her farther West. He stayed. He plowed and planted, hunted, trapped. They were alone, save for a thin stream of immigrants, ten years. John Brenn watched the others come and go. "Some day we'll follow to Oregon or California." But he never followed. His wings were clipped.

When he was forty-five, sixty years ago, he started out in a blizzard to hunt for a strayed horse. Mary Brenn did not try to stop him. She had never tried. She wanted him to be free. He went out on the plain, head lifted, eyes steady, making a path for himself in the drifts. He never came back, and they never found his body. He had taken flight.

Grandma Brenn stared down at the picture of her husband with a curious sensation of triumph. After all, he had belonged to her. The people who pitied her—could they have known——

Once, when she fell and broke her hip, he had carried her five miles to the doctor, holding her gently, easily, meeting every angry throb of pain with a murmur of pity and encouragement. Never afterward could she walk upright, and for nearly a year she had lain abed, helpless. So she had clipped his wings again, had held him back from California.

He had not complained. He was not the sort to complain. But, sitting by her bed through the long evenings, he had talked to her of that far, fair land where the sea was warm and gentle, where fruit and flowers grew in profusion, where the song of a myriad humming-birds was like a fine, unearthly piping, strange, triumphant, and full of ecstasy. He talked of the great, bare hills, the sweet sage, the sunlight. But most of all he repeated travelers' tales of the great crossings. He would have gone had it not been for her. He loved her, and for her sake he stayed. He doted on her little nose, her soft cheeks, her warm, brown eyes, and the pretty coral of her ears. These things were more to him than the land of his dreams.

"But, oh, I should have let him go," she thought now.

There was a weight of regret about her heart together with that triumphant pride.

The last thing he said to her was almost an absolution. "I don't like snow," he had said. "It never snows in California! But we've been happy, Mary. Happy. We've had a good life."

He never came back.

Gone forever his big, golden presence, the bass boom of his voice, his strong arms. Gone his laughter. Forever.

She had watched the door patiently for six months. She would not sleep. She drove them to search the mountainous drifts. Neither horse nor man returned.

AT LAST they took her away, over a hundred miles, to her son's homestead on the Ohio. They said it was queer she felt it so. But what did they know? How could they know of the bond between them, the things they had said and done that had made them irrevocably one?

A year. Two years. Watching the door. Her son's wife had scolded. "Woman forty-seven years old. Pity she can't forget her dead. Work for her keep. This is hard country. Let her work."

The complaining whine at last penetrated the closed doors of her grief.

She worked.

First at Lem's, then at Chloe's. Washing. Baking. Spinning. Minding the children. Always with her attention fixed on the door in case he should come back. A dozen times every night she would wake with a start, a cry, to stretch out her arms in the dark, searching the bed for him. The dark. The strange, silent room. "What's gramma crying about? Why don't she go to sleep? I declare, it's a pity she can't content herself."

She could not content herself. A whole half of her, soul and body, was gone.

And then, one day, she knew that she must go on alone.

She had gone into the pasture one noon for berries. Even now, fifty-five years later, she could see herself, a little, twisted, lame figure, carrying a pail, limping across the fields, stooping, gathering.

The berries fell steadily. The sun blazed. The air was still and hot; it smelled of fern and dried moss and cowdung. At last the pail was full. She put it down carefully and sat on a broad shelf of rock. Overhead a hawk hung motionless, banking, slipping, then floating again, immeasurably suspended. Way up above the earth like that it seemed to dwarf her grief. Happy bird. Free. Free to come and go or to swing between heaven and earth, beyond reach.

She said aloud, "He will not come back."

And as if released, the hawk suddenly dropped toward the ground. Then with a powerful downward thrust of its great wings it straightened out, swept up, and sailed out of sight, away.

"He will not come back."

Now she sat with the faded daguerreotype in her trembling hands.

One-half of the proud young face had been obliterated by mildew: speckles on the glazed metal. The eyes remained, the tumbled forelock of molasses-colored hair. And, in one corner, a hand. His hand.

When she knew that he had gone for good, it was somehow worse, because then it was hopeless to watch the door. She came back to the people about her.

THERE were always new babies: Clem's, Chloe's, Nan's, Belle's. Land to be claimed, cleared, planted. The wilderness fell before the ax and the plow. There were deaths, too. Accidents. Epidemics, swift, cruel, inexorable. The marching years. Towns springing up where there had been forests. Orchards growing. Church steeples and schools. And she, with her empty heart, her twisted back, growing older and older until at last she had to give in.

"Gramma's too old to work; we can't keep her any longer." She became an object of contention. "Seems to me it's Nan's turn to take gramma. We've had her two years." Eighty-five. Eighty-eight. Ninety-five. Ninety-eight. And she couldn't die. Not that she didn't want to! Often and often she'd hold her breath—you'd have thought the empty heart would have stopped altogether. But it went on thumping. She'd hear it against the pillow, regular as a noisy clock, *thump—thump—thump.*

"I guess Gran'ma Brenn's going to live forever."

She outlived her children.

She outlived her friends.

She outlived her time.

After a while the circle was completed; she came to Bess and Nate, to the county Brenn, called after John. He was the first white man, she the first white woman, to set foot on this soil. She could no longer recall the day of their coming, or why they had paused, here on the rolling plain, for the last time. She remembered a log house. A clearing. Wild animals and furtive Indians. It had seemed a wider, finer country, then. No roads. No fences. No barriers. Just blowing grass and scattered woods and space. Tall skies. It was something to have stood shoulder to shoulder with your man, looking off at such a great expanse of earth and calling it your own because you had dared to come and take it.

Brenn County.

She had worn hand-woven garments, crude, rough, ill-fashioned. Her babies had been cradled in scooped-out logs set on hand-hewn rockers.

"Give Millie's old black Sunday silk to Gramma."

Cast-off clothes for thirty years.

Until, at a hundred and one, Nate had dressed her up. "With people coming in to see her she'd better have a new dress. It don't look right to have her ragged." Nate was kind, but he could never seem to remember that Grandma Brenn was alive and that she could understand what he said even when, in a burst of delicacy, he whispered. Bess was kind. Grandma Brenn had seen a look of pity in her mild, brown eyes: the pity of the strong for the weak, the young for the old. She was rough because she was like a puppy or an overgrown child. "Eat your soup, Gran'ma. Don't spill it. I declare, you need a bib. It's all over your chin!"

"I'd like my teeth back again."

"You've got your eyes!"

Yes, she had her eyes.

She put the daguerreotype down and stared over her spectacles into the distance.

How much time had passed since William ran off and left her blessedly alone? The sun was high. The golden fields had a harsh, metallic brightness in the steady, streaming rays of noon. She felt a little dizzy. Bessie had forgotten to give her any breakfast, and William was not here to bring her a glass of milk or a piece of bread and butter.

THE hens were asleep in the sparse shadow of the lilac-bush near the steps. They murmured lazily. The farm dog trotted by, tail down, nose to the ground, hunting for the family. It was so still you could hear the insects crawling up the screen. And something else: a droning, a humming sound. Her heart, perhaps.

"I'm too old."

Tired. Tired. A great wave of pity for life and for the living filled her. She was too old for tears. She envied John, gone so long ago to his dream. And she wished that she might die, now, alone, in decent privacy, before Nate and Bess and the children returned.

Her heart. Droning. Like a great bee.

Then she saw.

Above the middle hill, low down, a drifting speck. As she watched, it developed a great spread of wings. An aeroplane! Drifting down over the fields, straight toward the house, it seemed to drop delicately, surely, from air-level to air-level until it sped over the surface of the earth. The wheels touched, the great throbbing drive ceased, there was a racketing whir, a clatter, an immense column of yellow dust that twisted and whirled and slowly settled.

Out of it, striding along easily, a young man appeared. He vaulted the fence, spoke to the dog, and came to the screened door.

"Any one here?" he asked.

"Yes," Grandma Brenn said, "I'm here."

He was wearing a helmet, a sleeveless leather jacket over a shirt, oil-stained trousers tucked into worn boots. He jerked off the helmet and she saw his hair: molasses-colored. His eyes! a curious slate-blue. John's eyes. John's quick, shy smile.

"Can I come in? I've got indigestion. Honest. I want some hot water and soda in the worst way."

"In the kitchen," Grandma Brenn said, "you'll find the kettle on the stove. Soda on the shelf. I can't walk——"

"That's all right. Just you sit still. I'll help myself."

He went into the kitchen. She heard him stirring about in there. Presently he came out again with a cupful of steaming water held fast between both big hands.

He was pale. There was moisture on his lips, his forehead.

"Gosh, I was sick. Hit me half an hour ago. A pain like a knife. Here. I'm flying alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes. I came from California."

"Sit down. Sip it slowly. You'll feel better."

He sipped obediently, his eyes fixed on her amazing oldness. It was not the impudent stare of the pitiless curiosity-seeker; there was in his steady regard the most curious admiration and enthusiasm and astonishment.

"You here alone?" he asked.

"The family's gone to a picnic."

"Bet you enjoyed being alone! And here I am—barging in with a stomachache!"

"I was thinking——"

"I'll bet you've got lots to think about."

"I'm a hundred and five years old."

She spoke with a note of challenge, expecting, dreading, the usual rejoinder.

The young flier whistled slowly.

"Say! You had a good engine, didn't you? I hope I'm alive eighty years from now! Some people have all the luck!" He smiled at her, John Brenn's smile. "Think what you've seen already! Gosh! And think what's coming! Think of the *next* eighty years!" He set the cup aside. "I feel better. That was a *pain!* It was starting to work on me. I'd have come down nose first in another ten minutes. Mind if I smoke?"

"John smoked."

The steady, quizzical eyes regarded her for an instant. "Oh! He did?"

"John was my husband. You look like him."

The youngster's smile vanished. He had now a well-cut, sober mouth, sensitive, firm. "That so?"

"I thought—just for a minute—he had come back. He died sixty years ago, trying to get to California."

Why had she said that? It wasn't so. It was too late to unsay it.

The aviator lighted a cigaret.

"CALIFORNIA'S a good place. I come from there. A big place. Too bad he didn't get there. Why, you ought to go some time. When I come back I'll take you"

"Come back?"

"Yes. I'm thinking of flying to Paris. I'm planning to. It's my aim."

"Across—across—"

Her mind could not accept what he said.

"But suppose——"

"Don't you worry. You've come a long way. You know it's easy, after it's done. If I don't get there, no one will be surprized. If I do, it will be great. Either way, it's worth doing."

"Yes," she said, "it's worth doing." Funny how clear her mind was. All the fogging memories had focused on this hour; it was as if a shutter narrowed down to revealing pin-point. "John always wanted to fly," she said. "He used to watch the birds—hawks, cranes, and buzzards, eagles and crows. He had a queer way of foreseeing things. He used to say that some day men would fly."

She opened the leather case that contained the daguerreotype. "That's John."

The boy gazed with serious eyes at the faded image.

"Looks like me, doesn't he? Maybe I flatter myself."

Suddenly he lifted his head.

"You'd better let me have this for a mascot. I may sound foolish—but I'm going to need stronger wings than I've got. Canvas and wood aren't always enough."

She nodded. "Take it."

"I'll bring it back, sure."

"I won't be here," she said, "when you come."

"What d'you mean?"

"I'm too old. I've lived too long."

He considered this. He had a calm, ingratiating earnestness. His youth seemed a bright, shining disguise. Behind

Continued on Page 64

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FIELD OF HONOR

By DONN BYRNE

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

Final instalment of the most colorful and romantic novel of a great Irish genius

"'THAT SOUNDS LIKE BLACKMAIL, MY LORD.' 'WHAT AN UGLY WORD!' CASTLEREAGH SAID WRYLY"

THE violated city was stunned, and through the Seine, through the little churches of the city, through the great cathedral, through the very stones of Paris, a shudder went. Paris, the capital of France, had been taken. The shimmering city that had been the pride of France was soiled now by the tramp of Cossack and Prussian and Austrian. True, she had been spared something. The Emperor of all the Russias had wanted to burn the Tuileries in revenge for Moscow, but he had been persuaded from his design.

The English, who had brought this about, now stood aloof from it all. Austrians with waisted uniforms sauntered through the Tuileries; Cossacks with Mongolian faces pushed aside the rare wines of France and demanded potato-whisky; Prussians monopolized the tables of Parisian restaurants and called for sauerkraut. England, so the city was informed, was sending over a new king in place of the Emperor Napoleon.

Cold gusts of wind swept through the streets. In intervals rain poured, and very sullenly the Seine rolled, muddy, moody, on its way toward the sea. Such weather occurred, it is true, every year at this time, but the violated city felt that this year it was symbolic. She felt that herself was sobbing in the searching wind, weeping with the hopeless rain. She was old, as cities went, having seen so much life and history. She had seen so much of life that she was tolerant.

She remembered when she was a ragged girl in the days of the Gaulish kings, when the Winter wolves howled at her gates. And later she had been a young woman full of mysticism, when the philosophers of the schools argued with logic keen as swords. And she had been a roistering girl when she was Villon's love, and she had been a very stately lady for kings who themselves were stately. She had had so many lovers.

And yet to none of them had she given so much as to this turbulent Corsican soldier. She had at first disliked him. He was so un-French, so uncouth, and she such a great lady, but he had forced himself upon her, taken her for granted, fought for her. Brought her treasures from afar, pictures out of Italy, bronze horses from Venice, manuscripts from the Vatican. He had lavished them all on her. He had adorned her with fountains and bridges, which are the jewels of cities. She remembered out of her Gaulish girlhood what a work of piety it is to build a bridge.

She thought: if only her stones could have spoken, and told him what treachery was afoot! But the Great Architect which had fashioned her had given her no tongue. A city must suffer and be dumb.

Some traitors could be understood, the city thought. The little citizen in his shop—his weak muscles, his dim eyes, his tired feet were not built for heroism. And the old generals of sixty and more—tho they did not fear death, yet they feared the remaining years of life. And there were men who all their lives had hated the Emperor in secret—one could forgive them. But those to whom he had given his love the city could not forgive—Josephine, who even now was receiving Alexander; the Empress Marie Louise; his brothers, who had detested him; his old comrade Ney.

The winds from Fontainebleau had told the city something of the last days. At Fontainebleau, surrounded by the last of his troops, he had waited until treachery and defection had broken his heart. Then he had written the instrument of abdication, in a hand that was hardly legible "*Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'Empereur Napoléon . . .* - the allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy."

That would have been enough for them, but the old spirit flamed out. "*Il n'est aucun sacrifice, même celui de la vie . . .*" he had added—"There is no sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make in the interests of France."

The city had too often seen the Emperor compose proclamations for the people not to know when he was in earnest, and those words of abdication were written in his heart's blood, with the cruel point of his own sword. The last cry for France sounded theatrical, but the city knew it was sincere, for the France of the Emperor was a France he had built up himself. It was his own child, this France, and that a father should lay down his life for his own child was natural. The acid of misfortune and treachery and defeat had cut away all that hid the real man. The real man was alive now, a tragic, burning soul.

The children of the city, coming back from Fontainebleau, had spoken of his farewell to his guard. And more majestic than any review in the Champ de Mars had the city found that crushing farewell. The Imperial Guard was drawn up as he went to the carriage that was to take him into exile. For an instant the Emperor had hesitated. Then he stepped into the square.

"Generals, officers, subalterns, and soldiers of my old guard," he said slowly, "I bid you farewell. For twenty years I have been pleased with you; I have always found you on the road to glory . . . I can not embrace you all, but I will embrace your general. Come, General." And

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he held his arms out to General Petit. "Let them bring me the eagle." And he kissed the colors. "Farewell, my children." The Emperor's tears were falling now "My wishes will always be with you, retain me in your memories."

They had not allowed him to say good-by to Paris, the city mourned. And so he had gone. And here was Spring. The great, little, childish man had always loved Spring in Paris, the city thought. Each Spring meant that another of Cæsar's years had dawned for him. The small grass showed in the Bois de Boulogne, and small daisies and primroses speckled the grass. The fishermen with their rods and baskets moved out to the adventure of the river, and the restaurants put out tables on the pavement that their clients might enjoy the air.

He had loved all this, the little man who was part Cæsar, part *père de famille* Paris knew every look in his face, from the keen look of Scipio to the pleased look of the village mayor. He had loved Paris in Springtime. And Paris had loved him. And Spring was here, and he was gone.

THE Secretary for Foreign Affairs looked impassive as the Sphinx, but there was a glint in his eyes.

"You sent for me, my lord," Garrett announced himself.

"I sent for you, Garrett, to go on a mission."

"Abroad, sir? I'm afraid my department is not so arranged that I can leave."

"Not abroad," Lord Castlereagh smiled. "There." He scribbled an address on a sheet of paper "Please do not read it aloud," he said. "Dr. Bankhead's house, Shere, Surrey," was the address. "The mission is so confidential that there is none in the world that I would entrust with it but yourself."

Garrett looked at him in wonder.

"How confidential it is you will understand when I tell you that of the existence of this secret, only three people in England know."

"I see, sir," Garrett nodded. "What are your instructions?"

"You will take a small detachment from the Horse Guards with you, and go to this address. I am afraid you had better go armed."

"Yes?"

"There will be no fighting, of course," the Foreign Secretary smiled blandly, "but in case of a certain event you are better in a position——"

"I am still in the dark, sir. Can not you explain?"

"You will understand immediately, my dear Garrett. You are going to that address to see a patient of—our friend's." Garrett knew he was alluding to Dr. Bankhead.

"I wish you to ask the patient if he knows who he is, and if he answers that he does know who he is, you will ask him if he has considered the suggestions made him by the doctor——"

"Just a moment, sir, until I get that exact in my mind. I understand."

"And if he says he has considered them and will act on them, bring him back here. If he says he does not know who he is, or will not act on the suggestions, you will leave him there. Your discretion will tell you what to do."

"My lord, I don't yet see the point of going armed and taking a guard."

"My dear Garrett, should our friend decide to act on the suggestions, and make a successful escape on the way here, it would be very unfortunate for His Majesty's Government and most unfortunate for the allied powers."

"My lord, am I to understand that I am to kill this man to prevent his escape?"

"That is putting it with unnecessary brutality, my dear Garrett."

"I am afraid, my lord, you will have to get some one else. I shall send you a man of the utmost discretion to follow out whatever instructions you care to give him. Myself I can neither act on nor give instructions of that kind." Garrett grew very cold.

"But you must go." Lord Castlereagh was annoyed. "There is none other I can send And you must remember that what action you take is not for yourself, but for the state."

"A reason which will satisfy the common hangman, my dear lord." Garrett replied coolly, "but not me. I have no liking for butcher's business."

"You are very fatiguing, Garrett," Lord Castlereagh said. "However, have your own way. I don't suppose the wretch can escape from a closed carriage, and if he does the officer of the guard will have his instructions. But it must be you who will interview him."

"Very good, sir."

He drove down along the Thames and over Putney Heath and through Kingston on the dull February day, with the rain dropping from the black heavens The gay uniforms of the six guardsmen who trotted with him were soaked, and their mounts looked miserable. The heath, the Surrey landscape, was hopeless in its barrenness. The chill damp of February, biting as acid, made his injured shoulder and leg ache, so that the officer in charge, glancing into the carriage, saw his thin face twisted in pain. He was only thirty, and there was so much gray in his hair. He knew Garrett well by reputation. No dissipation there. It must be work that did it.

As a matter of hard fact, Garrett could not find enough work to do, altho as Chief of the Communications Department and King's Messengers at this time there was enough work for two men. He took work as a drug to keep him from thinking, for more and more as he thought of it, it seemed to him that his life was wasted. Since he had come back to Lord Castlereagh he had found the statesman to be less and less in need of him personally. Garrett felt he was to him now nothing more than the efficient chief of the most important mechanism of his department.

The war was all but over. There was not much reason for his remaining on, except his pride in his own organization, and his knowledge that once he left it, his trusted officers would be kicked out and the good-for-nothing scions of political families put in their places. Small as his department was, there would be an orgy of patronage there when he was gone. Also he had no place to go. He should never have left Ballinderry, he said bitterly, but now, having left it, he could not go back Jocelyn! —he swore bitterly.

At the pretty Surrey village, now sodden with February rain, a yokel was taken to show Garrett's coachman where Dr. Bankhead's house lay.

GARRETT left the coach alongside the hedges with the guard in charge and knocked at the cottage door. An ample English serving-woman with hard eyes answered his knock. In the background was a man in dull black, some sort of other servant. The ample housekeeper looked at Garrett askance.

"Dr. Bankhead does not live 'ere," she said, and was for shutting the door.

"I am on His Majesty's service," Garrett told her. He took his badge from his pocket. She still looked at him suspiciously.

"You'll be wanting to see the patient, sir?"

"Yes," Garrett said. "I want to see the patient."

"You'll understand 'ow careful we 'as to be, sir," the big woman went on confidentially. But Garrett said nothing. The house was small, clean, very English. In the background the other servant lurked. "This way, sir. 'E's at his carpentering, 'e is, sir. Very nice pastime, too, sir." She led him to a door past which he could hear the hissing of an adz. She pushed open a door, and said with loud cheerfulness, "A gentleman from London to see you" Garrett walked in. The ample woman followed; put her back to the door.

The man bending over the carpenter's vise straightened up and turned around. He was a heavy man, with gray hair, but Garrett had an idea he was not much older than himself. Surely somewhere before he had seen that heavy chin and lip, those mournful gray eyes, that flat forehead. Or had he seen somebody who resembled this man?

"You can go now," Garrett told the big woman.

"I'm very sorry, sir," she said, "but I always stay here when a gentleman comes to see the gentleman Those are Dr. Bankhead's orders, sir."

"I see," Garrett nodded. The heavy young man smiled, but left the room.

He knocked chips from his carpenter's apron. He looked with a mild curiosity at Garrett.

"My name is Dillon," Garrett nodded. "I am from the Foreign Office."

The gray-haired man nodded. He looked critically at his adz.

"His Majesty's principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs," Garrett was puzzled, "has deputed me to ask you two questions. May I?"

"You may always ask," the carpenter smiled, "and if I am disposed to, I shall answer."

"Well, then, the first question is, Do you know who you are?"

"I am not very likely to forget it," said the gray-haired man. "I am the King of France."

There was a moment's pause. Garrett's face, he flattered himself, showed no surprize. He looked at the woman keeper of the house and watched her expression. It was a queer mixture. There was a superficial smile on her face that said, "See how mad the poor gentleman is. Thinks himself King of France, he does."

"Well, then, sir, certain proposals have been set before you. Have you considered them, and will you agree to them?"

"I have considered them, and I will not agree to them," the gray-haired man went on quietly. He reached for a stone to whet his adz.

"Those are the two categorical questions I was to ask you, sir. Is there anything you would care to say to me?"

THE amateur carpenter's brow furrowed, and he did not speak. Garrett felt he wished to say something. He turned to the woman at the door.

"Leave us, my good woman," he said.

"I 'ave my orders from Dr. Bankhead," she insisted.

"You have now your orders from me to leave this room."

"And who are you?" she began, very hoity-toity. But Garrett moved a step toward her.

"I am the gentleman accompanied by those troops you have seen outside. I propose having you put under arrest by them and flung into Guildford jail. The prospect will please me immensely, Madam, because I think a little confinement may teach you manners, but it will be very unpleasant for you." He drew a whistle from his pocket.

"Dr. Bankhead shall hear of this," she said darkly,

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"SHE LOOKED UP TO SEE A MAN IN THE MACNEILL TARTAN. 'YOU ARE MADAM DILLON. I HAVE A LETTER FOR YOU,' HE SMILED"

The carpenter removed his apron, smoothed his gray hair. "That woman is very fatiguing," he said with the ghost of a smile.

"Did you wish to say anything, sir?" Garrett asked.

"I think the English Foreign Office should know this," the carpenter said quietly: "that I am not to be made a weapon in any Continental intrigue. I am told that my uncle accepts the conditions imposed by His Britannic Majesty's Government. Very good; that is his affair. But as for myself I am unwilling that a King of France should place his country's safety or honor below his own life or liberty. My martyred father would be with me in this, I am certain. It will rather surprize you, Monsieur, but I am a fervent admirer of General Bonaparte. He has made the name of Frenchman synonymous with hero. You will pardon my national selfishness, but I am Frenchman first and king second.

"You will also please inform the minister that I will at no time be a party to civil war in France. If my uncle is given the throne, and at any time acts against British policy, I am not to be set up as rival king. Indeed, I should be sorry to do so," he smiled, "but I will insist that the boy handed over by Simon to Mr. Pitt's agents was an impostor and that the real dauphin died in the temple. I am assured that His Britannic Majesty's Government is very sensitive to ridicule and that such a disclosure would be unpleasant."

"WHAT you say, sir, will be faithfully reported to Lord Castlereagh." Garrett hesitated. "Is there anything you lack that I might be able to obtain for you?"

"Yes," the carpenter smiled. "You might get me a new saw. Dr. Bankhead does not see how important a trifle like this is to a—man lacking freedom. You know, Monsieur," he smiled quietly, "I am very interested in this trade. If it should ever be the will of God that I should achieve liberty, I should like to spend my life making cradles for children, and boats for fishermen, and carts for horses. I should be quite happy at that."

"Anything else, sir?"

"There is another thing," the carpenter answered; "with which you may not be in sympathy. I have done nothing but think for so long, and many of these thoughts I should like to talk over with one whose affair is spiritual things. I told Dr. Bankhead of my wish, and he introduced me, in my character of mild and cultured lunatic, to a jovial clergyman. But his standpoint was foreign to me. My family is of the Church of Rome."

"I think that can be arranged, sir. Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all."

Garrett's heels came together with a click. His hand flashed up in salute

"*À l'anglaise, plutôt,*" the carpenter smiled, and put out his hand. "And thank you for having been so patient and sympathetic."

Garrett never heard of the carpenter again.

"THE man might have saved his heroics," said Lord Castlereagh, "for it never occurred to me to put him—in a certain position. One does not spend money, as we have been spending it, on a distinguished guest not to get a return for it. By the way," he said, "Louis le Désiré is to leave in the royal yacht for his kingdom. Dr. Bankhead's patient will serve as a brake on his future policies. The King need not know he refuses to be a party to national dissension."

"That sounds uncommonly like blackmail, my lord."

"What an ugly word!" Lord Castlereagh said wryly. "People are either subtle or stupid. Those who are not subtle are not successes. They are just the hacks of countries."

"I am convinced, my lord, that Dr. Bankhead's patient is both honest and sincere."

"Well, there's an end to him, anyway!" cried Lord Castlereagh.

There was an air of tension between them such as Garrett had never known before. The Foreign Secretary seemed vastly irritated by Garrett's insistence on the carpenter's honesty. Garrett felt shocked by the whole affair. He rose to go.

"My lord," he said, "a small detail. Dr. Bankhead's patient," he smiled, "requires a new saw."

"The grant provided for the care of this man is sufficient for every circumstance which might arise."

"May I send him a saw?"

"If you wish to be sentimental," said Lord Castlereagh coldly.

"There is one more thing, sir," Garrett said. "Dr. Bankhead's patient asked if he might see a minister of his own religion."

Lord Castlereagh's face was whiter than usual.

"No," he said, "that is impossible."

"My lord," said Garrett quietly, "you shock me."

"I had not suspected you," Lord Castlereagh went from white to gray, "of sympathy with Rome."

"Nor have I, my lord. To each man's temperament his religion. But this unfortunate man is entitled, I think, to spiritual advice of his own cult."

"It is impossible. The Church of England," Lord Castlereagh said, "is good enough for His Majesty and for me. It should be sufficient for this wretched man."

"It does not follow, my lord."

"Then I don't choose he should see one of his priests," Lord Castlereagh said finally.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for insisting. That of course finishes it. My lord, I wish to be relieved of my duties as soon as possible."

Lord Castlereagh looked at him coldly.

"Your sympathy for Dr. Bankhead's patient carries you to great lengths."

"My decision, my lord, is of some months' standing. The sight of Dr. Bankhead's patient is only an added reason."

There was a malignant, baffled look in the Foreign Secretary's face.

"I take it," he said, "you have arrived at the conclusion that high politics is no career for a gentleman."

"I should prefer to put it, sir, that high politics are for politicians, and that neither by temperament nor education am I a politician. I am only an Irish squire."

"I have bought so many Irish squires!" Castlereagh cried.

It took a full minute before Garrett Dillon could speak quietly. "My lord," he said, "words like these provoke duels. It should be unthinkable that our association should end in such a manner. It would provoke scandal which you can ill afford. Also, my lord, I look upon an encounter of the sort as a deadly business. Years ago I decided that if ever I should challenge or be challenged, the matter would be so grave that only death could settle it."

"Then you wish to be relieved of your duties."

"If you please."

"Of course you understand that with peace conferences in sight your department is of the utmost importance. Will you wait until a more opportune time?"

"I should like to get away as soon as possible, my lord."

"Lord Yarmouth has a young friend who might take your place if you wish to go immediately."

It was sheer blackmail. Garrett knew that his department would be ruined if he went now. The men he had trained would be used and kicked out into the street. He decided it was better to remain and to tell each of them privately that he was going.

"I understand," he said. "I shall remain."

"You will, of course," smiled Lord Castlereagh blandly, "do exactly as you wish."

THE preparations for the Congress of Vienna went on apace. New messengers were needed, and Garrett found himself fighting furiously to keep his department clean. He knew that the moment he left his own men would be turned out to starve, and for every new man allowed in he drove a hard bargain for special appointments for those who would be released when the articles of peace were signed. An orgy of entertaining seized London for the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. Neither potentate was very comfortable during his visit, as it was made the occasion of a bitter quarrel between the Prince Regent and the Princess of Wales. The Regent turned up at Lady Salisbury's reception to the Emperor and King beastly drunk, and made a scene of undignified jealousy when the

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Emperor waltzed with Lady Jersey. The populace on every occasion possible hooted the Prince to the dismay of the visitors. The visitors were very much relieved when the receptions were over.

Amid the celebrations, bland, austere, inscrutable, Lord Castlereagh moved. Lady Castlereagh, like some blowzy doll, moved through the revels, her face a little fallen, her hard eyes harder than ever, her husband's orders, including the Garter, worn conspicuously in bosom and hair.

There had never been resumed between Castlereagh and Garrett the early friendly relationship. Garrett's remark that he cared little for politics seems to have rankled in the Foreign Secretary's soul. In childish ways Castlereagh brought it up. When Garrett drove a hard bargain for one of his men, as for Mr. Ross to be an official in Jamaica, Lord Castlereagh mentioned he had thought Garrett despised politics.

"And so I do, my lord."

"Yet you practise the art rather well."

"One learns, my lord."

Garrett began to feel that the Foreign Secretary hated him, and that Lady Castlereagh's dislike to him had turned into bitter hatred. He could never understand the relationship of the two, for how they seemed very close, firm allies and friends. They were seen smiling and bowing together in Paris. But her eyes looked at Garrett bitterly. He wondered if in some queer way they did not love each other. Lady Castlereagh seemed to hate him for his mental defection from the minister.

THE Foreign Secretary went to Vienna in September, and all through the Winter Garrett acted as an assistant under-secretary, delegating his own office to Mr. Ross. Lord Castlereagh was seeking to uphold the Bourbon on the throne and checkmate Russia. But the new French King was making no effort to help England. He was cashiering officers for being remiss in religious attendance. The old *noblesse* were recalled. The French *émigrés* were suddenly showing a dislike to their English friends.

In Castlereagh's letters Garrett found a note of fear. He had been wrong to allow Bonaparte the title of Emperor and a refuge in Elba. Lord Castlereagh was fighting the Czar as stubbornly as he had ever fought the Emperor. He sought to restore the German federation, and the Kingdom of Poland, and to annex Norway to Sweden. But the Czar was offering more. He occupied Poland while the congress was sitting, and handed over Saxony to the King of Prussia.

Panic was evident in Lord Castlereagh's dispatches. The faint trumpets of war began to sound. Lord Castlereagh's instructions to the British commissioners were to make peace at any reasonable price with the American envoys to Ghent. Garrett was surprized to find that Castlereagh had negotiated an offensive and defensive treaty with France and Austria for Great Britain. His heart jumped. Here was a war with Russia. He would not be cheated out of war this time.

London emptied. It seemed to Garrett that every one was either at Brussels or Paris. Never were there such balls as he had accounts of from the returning messengers, never such lavish spending of money. Gold medals were struck in London for the powers at the congress by the order of the Prince Regent. Very cleverly Lord Castlereagh had killed the proposal of the Emperor of Russia to effect a marriage between the Grand Duchess Anne, his sister, and the Duke of Berry, the heir presumptive to the French throne. A dispatch from Lord Castlereagh stated he was leaving Vienna for Paris, and a letter was enclosed for Lady Castlereagh.

Garrett had, by bad luck, promised to go to a reception at the Clancartys' on one blustering February evening. He would much rather have gone to Brooke's and spent the evening quietly, but some of the O'Neill girls were there, and tho he had put all thought of home out of his mind, yet some passion for Ulster speech and the possibility of some news of Derrymore drove him. He had hardly entered when he saw the Marchioness of Hertford and Lady Castlereagh speaking together. Lady Castlereagh motioned him toward her. As he went forward he was aware of a terrible cruelty in the women's eyes.

"Where have you been hiding yourself, Mr. Dillon?" said Lady Castlereagh. "We see so little of you now."

"I've been working very hard," he said.

"These statesmen work so hard, Isabella," Lady Castlereagh said, "that they neglect their wives. My lord neglects me terribly, and Mr. Dillon neglects his young wife."

"You find plenty of consolation in other quarters, Emily," Lady Hertford said. "Let us hope Mr. Dillon's wife is equally fortunate."

Garrett wondered what understanding was between these two, who were looking at him with amused malevolence. It occurred to Garrett how much more evil evil women were than evil men.

"Mr. Dillon's wife," Lady Castlereagh explained to her friend, "is an exquisite creature, a romantic, delicious girl."

"Considering that you have never seen her," Garrett bowed, "your description is accurate."

"Oh, but I know all about her," and Lady Castlereagh smiled.

Garrett noticed that Lady Hertford was watching every shade of his expression on his face.

"We know all about her sylvan retreat." Lady Castlereagh emphasized 'all'—"and all about her neighbor and very good friend, an old man, but a monstrous, handsome man, Mr. Dillon."

She stopped. He bowed quietly. But he knew she was not through yet.

"And all about their child," she delivered.

He laughed, relieved. "I am afraid your informant," Garrett laughed, "whose life, by the way, is in considerable jeopardy, has thought more of bringing you a good story than of telling the truth."

"Mr. Dillon," she tapped his shoulder with her fan, "I have never hidden a great dislike for you. Do you think I should risk anything but a very complete triumph? I assure you that what I am telling you is quite true."

"Yes," Lady Hertford laughed, "it is quite true."

"You will then please tell me," he said hoarsely, "who the man is and where they are."

"Dear Mr. Dillon," Lady Castlereagh laughed, "there is nothing that arouses sympathy so much as two lovers, and arouses so much merriment as an injured husband. Of course we shall not have this idyl interrupted. You must take it in good part."

"If my wife was another man," Garrett said, "it is because he is a better man than I am."

"Oh, you needn't be tragic about it, Mr. Dillon. There are many reasons why a little lady might get reckless on occasion."

"I am certain," he said savagely, "that my wife has not given herself to any man for either political or pecuniary profit."

They both ignored his insult.

"Confess that it hurts," said Lady Castlereagh slyly.

"I should be disbelieved if I said it did not." Garrett uttered. "Of course it hurts." He turned abruptly and left them, and as he went he could hear the quiet, cutting laughter of Lady Hertford and the animal laughter of Lady Castlereagh. He left the house without coat or hat and wandered in the streets made dreary by February mist. "It hurts!" he cried. "My God! It hurts!" He wandered along through the empty streets, looking for some place where he could throw himself down in agony, some place by the dark shores of an Irish lake, on the breast of Ireland, but beneath him were only the hard, gray pavements of an alien city.

POLITE WARNING

WHEN "The Disappearance of Mary Young" was running in Pictorial Review the magazine sold so rapidly that letters poured in to us from those who could not secure copies on the newsstand. Beginning on Page 9 in this issue is a fascinating and baffling mystery serial that is going to create just as great a sensation. It is called "The Secret of 37 Hardy Street," by Robert J. Casey. In order not to risk missing a single instalment we advise you to subscribe now or leave a standing order with your dealer.

Send one dollar for a whole year to The Pictorial Review Company, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

THE little group of flower-cutters, road-menders, and fishermen watched a brig and five small vessels maneuver into Golfe Juan. First one vessel came close to shore, rounding into the breeze, and there seemed to be unloading. A clumsy unloading, as if not done by sailor-folk. Then the brig came into the wind, and a small barge set off from it. Others already on shore, handling the cannon and baggage, stopped at their work to watch the barge come ashore. They seemed keen with impatience. They hurried up and down the beach. They helped bring the boat up the graveled shore in the clumsy manner of soldiers.

All day long the harsh and cutting mistral had blown from the northwest, and, with the wind and the powerful overhead sun, had made the sky a cruel blue, the sea indigo flecked with foam. The hills were harsh as steel. The white roads hurt the eyes. But the unloading on the shore went on. And the old folk remembered that once before the English had held Toulon. Could the English have come again? If one were to go and see——

The sun was dropping toward the Estérel. The isles of the Lérins began to take on their air of blue unreality, like mirages seen in the Sahara. Toward La Napoule the blue shadows of the mountains became darker in the water, and Le Suquet, the little Moorish suburb of Cannes, was bathed in fire from the setting sun. More and more men disembarked on the beach. Great, broad shouldered men heaved at gun-carriages, and tall men lurched with lances and saddles and no horses. There came to the ears of the peasants the barking of underofficers as they formed the men into columns of four.

The peasants moved down the shore toward where the Mediterranean sobbed in little waves. They were not at all sure they should go, but they felt they ought to know the worst. They had their property to protect—their peach-orchards, their olive-garths, their flower-gardens, their small, thin cattle. If these were the *Anglaches* they would pay for what they took. If they were that devil Murat's troops, well, they must drive everything into the mountains—and then? That Murat was a Frenchman *ah, quelle saleté!* What a dirtiness!

A bugle-note rang out as the peasants moved along undecidedly, and an old soldier of the army of Italy, who led them, seemed to change with the brazen call. His shoulders stiffened, and his cat's mustaches seemed to bristle out, and instead of shuffling along, his heels began to come down hard on the ground. The soldiers hauled at gun-carriages with "heads and backs," and the smell of leather came from the lancers' saddles. But the peasantry could make nothing of them. The lancers spoke in a tongue they did not know. A slight figure with a limp passed toward the shore.

"But that," said one peasant who had been a sailor, "is Drouot. I took him to Egypt. I who speak to you, in my own ship."

"Name of a dog!" another swore. "I see Cambronne, the old grenadier."

The peasants looked at one another stupidly. What were these old heroes doing on the shore of Cannes? Had each man been alone, he should have thought himself dreaming, or seeing ghosts. But ghosts only appeared to one person at a time.

A small figure came toward them. They saw the olive face beneath the hat with the tricolor cockade, a face unshaven, with fatigue written all over it. It was not possible—they gaped. There was a stunned question in their eyes.

"Yes," said the man with the tricolor cockade. "Yes, it is I, the Emperor!"

The old soldier who had been with the army in Italy was leaning forward, with his mouth agape. Suddenly he sprang into the air like a horse touched with the spur. His clicking heels spurted the shingle from under him. Twenty years seemed to drop from his shoulders as his hand flashed upward in salute, and his voice roared from his chest, electrifying the resting soldiers, calling like a challenge to the villages perched like eagles in the hills. "Live the Emperor!" he cried.

THO Summer had come to the Hebrides in a burst of sun and of linnets' songs, it found Jocelyn in revolt. The island on the edge of the world seemed to her like a prison for all its beauty. The sea was bluer than the sky, and the gold of the sands was more golden than the gorse's self, that was like gold spilled from great leathern sacks. The other islands were hung, as if from the heavens, in the mingled blue of sky and sea. One could see the little white houses, sweet as the hives of bees in the distance, and catch in the salt air the odor of the burning peats. There was also the perfume of birch-leaves, and the faint echo in the air of the honey of the red heather.

The purple-sailed fishing-boats dropped their nets in the west to encircle the shoals of codling; and from the garden Jocelyn could hear her little son learning to walk from the Highland nurse. There would be a few hesitant steps on the sanded path, that were like the uncertain movements of birds, settling in the trees, and then a rush, and perhaps a fall, but no whimper. And the nurse would cry, "Rise, little hero! Rise, store of my heart!" And Jocelyn could hear the child's soft laughter.

Tho she had had so little to do with children, being herself an only child and married so young, yet she knew herself he was a beauty, so sturdy, and, for a year old, so magnificently masculine. Each servant about the estate adored him, and already he had a bold, searching eye.

Continued on Page 29

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NATURE'S MASTERPIECE

PAINTED BY T. HUING

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Jocelyn's heart was a little hurt that he looked so much like Garrett. There seemed to be little of her in him.

As to the child, she felt very guilty. She felt she ought to have written to Garrett about him, seeing he was his first-born and heir to Derrymore. But she was afraid that because he was heir to Derrymore, Garrett might have taken him from her, and she possessed so little. She had only her little island in the sea. Garrett would have given her the world, she knew, if only wealth counted, but men were queer when it came to a little son. So she kept her child as a secret thing.

She felt she was a remiss mother, for her little son did not utterly fill up her life, nor did her small estate. She had done everything humanly possible for both, and yet when she looked out to the west she had a sense of frustrated emptiness. Very quietly she would hold imaginary long conversations with the Irish saint who had been exiled here, as some young lady of quality of the day might with an old philosopher.

"But, holy father, you had everything here—your work, your church, your friends, your disciples. Except for the heart-break for Ireland, you should have been happy. I have the heart-break for Ireland, but outside a house, which every one must have, and a little son, which I feel I have stolen, I have nothing."

"God is everywhere, my daughter," she imagined the old saint replying.

"Dear father, this will shock you, I know, but it is a long time since I have felt God."

She would imagine the old monk worried, and saying, "I know. I know." And then she would spring up and say, "Father, I am a woman of despicable character. Please forgive me." They would both smile, herself and the imagined ghost.

She had his old shrine on the island repaired with care and reverence; the well cleaned out. It was like crystal, and from it a small stream flowed with a sound as of far-away prayer. A huge green frog of philosophic aspect inhabited the cool depths. It seemed to Jocelyn like the familiar spirit of the place.

The Roman Catholic clergyman who visited the island once a month from Scotland came and thanked her. He was an Irishman from Kerry who had studied in Spain. "It was very thoughtful of you, very kind," he said. "You are Irish also."

"But from the North," Jocelyn warned him.

"Then it was even more kind. I wish I could do something to thank you."

"You can say a prayer for me now and then."

"But I do that every day," he told her. Then she understood he knew who she was. But he said no more, nor did she.

BUT in spite of all she was not at peace. Something in her battled against her self-elected imprisonment. And the great life-giving breeze of the Atlantic only nurtured her rebellion. She heard a step close to her where she sat watching the sea, and she looked up to see a man in the MacNeill tartan standing above her.

"You are Madam Dillon," he smiled. "I have a letter for you from MacNeill's factor, Mr. Angus Menzies."

She remembered Mr. Menzies as the middle-aged business man who had accompanied the old chief on his first visit. The letter seemed large.

"I write you in considerable perturbation, dear madam," the letter went, "and after a long conversation with the MacNeill. We are intruding on the domain of your private affairs, but our tradition of Scots loyalty toward our friends seems to us a sufficing warrant. We have information from London that within the week a young gentleman in whom you are most interested has had a quarrel with a noble lord on a matter of national policy, and has in the most high-handed manner broken off all engagements with the same noble lord. And, further, that this young gentleman has on his own account, and out of a sense of chivalry, gone to see the chief of a foreign power whom it is indelicate for him to see. More than this I can not say.

"It would be futile to deny that your young friend is in no inconsiderable peril. If you should feel inclined to join him, and we urge you to do so, the messenger who brings this letter, which you will please destroy, will see you to the mainland, where transport to Edinburgh is ready for you. We have already apprized friends in Edinburgh of your coming, and they will have ready for you a vessel from a home port to a foreign port. There will be always some one to advise and help you.

"I am enclosing two letters from friends. One to Sir Jonah Barrington in Paris, one of His Majesty's counsel, learned in the law, and formerly Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland. Sir Jonah will prove a true friend and counselor to you. There is also a letter to Lieutenant-general Arthur O'Connor from a gentleman to whom he was under certain obligations when a prisoner in Scotland in '99. I am certain you can rely upon these two men.

"I am also sending you by this messenger five hundred pounds in gold, knowing that in your agitation you may forget to visit your bankers. We will arrange all accounts in happier days, which we trust will be most soon. And now, my dear, from both your old friends: God bless you! You will find a way to let us have news of you."

She trembled suddenly from head to foot. Her pounding heart drained her face of blood. The messenger looked at her keenly. "Is it death?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "Can you—can you go at once?"

"The barge and oarsmen are at the Point of Seals," he said. "They only await the word to give way."

She went swiftly into her house and called her head maid. "In three weeks or four weeks I shall be back," she said, "and meanwhile you shall have news of me. Hurry, Maiden, some underlinen in a bag, and all the stockings you can find, and a comb, and my great cloak." She went to the garden, where the child was. Above the banks of color in the clear air of the Hebrides she noticed the new moon, silver as a bride. "Before it comes again," she told the child, "I shall be here, Garreteen."

He seemed to understand, and smiled on her. A gillie was waiting with her bags, and they went down the causeway to the boat. MacNeill's messenger held her cloak. Then he grasped the tiller and barked a command. Eight oars hovered for an instant, then cut into the water. The barge was shot forward as from a catapult. The stroke broke into the quivering Islay chantey. In the east Scotland lay dimly on the waters like a brown, folded gull.

GARRETT had walked from Whitehall down toward the Thames on the brilliant June evening. There was still work to be done, but his leg was paining him, as tho there were rain in the air, and he felt a walk along the Embankment would help the hurt muscles. He paused for an instant, looking at the Surrey side of the river. On a Summer evening there was a quality of enchantment in the air that made London a magical city. For perhaps six days in the year it had this sense of being something conjured into being. On all other days London was—just London. As he stopped and looked Garrett had a sense of being watched himself.

"Don't look around," somebody said huskily. "It's all right, but don't look around."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw a flashy figure of a man a few yards away. He had a pockmarked, sallow face and hard eyes.

"You're Mr. Dillon," he said. "I recognize you."

"Who the deuce are you?" Garrett asked. "I don't recognize you."

"That's all right." The man might have been made of stone. "I'm being followed. I've got to get across to Southwark."

"Well, what do I care?" Garrett observed.

"Give Lord Castlereagh this message," the strange man said.

"I won't."

"Yes, you will. Tell him the black horse doesn't run."

Garrett laughed. "Somebody's been fooling you," he said. "Don't you know Lord Castlereagh knows nothing of racing?"

"Here!" the man said, "tell Lord Castlereagh."

But as he turned to curse the man for his impudence he was gone. Garrett noticed him strolling toward the slums of Westminster. As he looked toward the other side, all he could see was a military-looking foreigner strolling along—some French refugee who had not the price of his conveyance home. Garrett laughed again. But the man's words, manner, voice had left an impression on him. When he returned he went into the chief's bureau.

"I say, sir," he said, "some wretched tout gave me a message for you. I don't think it's for you, tho. But he mentioned your name. He said he was being followed."

"Oh," the Secretary at War looked interested, "what was it?"

"He said, Tell Lord Castlereagh that the black horse does not run. I wonder for whom the message could have been."

"Oh, the message was for me."

"Since when have you become interested in racing, my lord?" Garrett smiled. Lord Castlereagh did not answer.

HE HAD been pale and worried for days, sitting tense and concentrated at his desk. There was so much at stake of money and men and prestige now that Napoleon was back and at the head of his grand army. By the potent conjuration of his name, the returned Emperor had been able to raise over half a million men, and was on the point of leaving Paris for the Belgian frontier. And tho Lord Castlereagh had succeeded in extracting vast sums from Parliament for the equipment of a British army, including five million sterling in subsidies for the foreign powers, he was uncertain of success.

One hundred and fifty thousand Austrians were advancing on the route of Switzerland. Another equally strong Austrian contingent was threatening the upper Rhine. Two hundred thousand Russians were marching on Alsace. One hundred and fifty thousand Prussians were in Flanders, in conjunction with a force of eighty thousand Dutch, Belgian, Hanoverian, and British. Of the British troops, numbering thirty thousand, one-third had seen action before.

By dint of organization and by subsidies, Lord Castlereagh had under his command one million and eleven thousand men. And yet he was afraid of the fat and disillusioned little man. If the little man won— But a few days ago Lord Castlereagh had been mobbed in the streets by his own people, who wanted peace. And tho he had immense physical courage, there was something about the growling of the mob that chilled him.

But his face cleared in the golden June light. The lines of force and study went from it.

"So even the mameluke can be bought," he said. And there was a tone in his voice as tho he regretted it.

Garrett turned cold and terrified where he stood.

"My lord, there is but one man I know who has a mameluke for his servant, and sleeps before his tent door."

"Yes?" said Lord Castlereagh.

"And that is the Emperor Napoleon."

"You jump to conclusions very rapidly, my dear young friend," Castlereagh purred.

"Very well, my lord, I do jump to conclusions. Remember, I have in my mind the attempt made on his life by that wretched colonel last year."

"Surely you don't think I should instigate an attempt on Napoleon's life. I beg of you," he said coldly, "to consider this."

"My lord," Garrett said bluntly, "I don't know whether it is you or some French organization. But I do know this, you have knowledge of it. I ask you to remember, my lord, that when Mr. Fox was in power, and England at war with France, when knowledge of a plot against the Emperor's life came to Mr. Fox, he considered it his duty to acquaint the Emperor through the Prince of Benevento, then M. Talleyrand."

"WHEN I consider it," Lord Castlereagh spoke academically, "I wonder if it would not be better—I am sure it would be better if Bonaparte were to die by the hand of a disaffected countryman than to have France ravaged by foreign enemies. Indeed it would be better for himself, for when he is defeated, as he must be, the island of Elba will not be his home, but the loneliest island on the loneliest ocean. Believe me, it would be much better."

"My lord," Garrett pleaded, "the citizen in the exchange and the yokel on the farm have their exact ideas of fair play, and the country gentry of England, if not the

Continued on Page 51

A CLOUD AT SUNSET

By Minna Irving

The sun has dropped behind the hills,
But still the ruddy light
Slants upward to an evening cloud
Of soft and pearly white,
And turns its glowing edges pink
And crimson's deepest dye,
As if a reveler had flung
His roses to the sky.

Perhaps a gray old gardener
Looks down from paradise
And sees his roses far below
With fondly yearning eyes,
And some kind angel freights a cloud
With roses starred with dew,
And sends it sailing up to him
Across the gulf of blue.

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NEW DESIGNS FOR FLOORS

Modern art is transforming floors by rugs, carpets, and linoleums of charming colors and designs

By
ELSIE DREW KENNEDY

FLOOR-COVERINGS have an altogether new importance in interior decoration, thanks to the refreshing novelty of design and distinction of color which the spirit of modernism has given them. Decorative in themselves, they are most satisfactory when used with plain walls and solid-color furniture, as shown at the right. The geometrical modern design of this inexpensive felt-base rug is carried out in tan, green, blue, rust, cream, and black

MOLDED inlaid linoleum, having a modernistic design in soft reds and grays, forms an interesting foundation for furniture of the popular French Provençal style, as shown above.

ALLOVER carpet is much used to-day because of its warmth, dignity, and richness, and also its gratifying response to prevailing tastes in decoration. A lovely combination of rust, sand, and taupe develops the modernistic design of the new worsted Wilton carpet pictured above.

INLAID linoleum provides a colorful floor in the sun-room shown at the right. The boldly diagonal design is formed by contrasting blocks, marbleized in black, cream, red, and yellow, accented by plain bands of gray. Quite apart from its design, linoleum is in complete accord with modernism in decoration, since it is an essentially modern material.

A WELL-CHOSEN rug has the power to bind together all the other elements in an interior scheme, as instanced by the modernistic ensemble shown above. The attractively designed seamless worsted Wilton rug combines violet, red, blue, green, and taupe on a sand background.

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In summer especially you need the invigoration of soup!

MANY a time in summer you sit down at the table with a listless, indifferent appetite. Warm days have a way of sapping your energy and your interest in your food. Nothing but the cold foods seem to have any appeal.

But try this. Include a bracing, hot soup with the meal. See how it revives and invigorates you. Notice how it gives a new relish to the cold foods—how much more you enjoy them!

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Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the twenty-one Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

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Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
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Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

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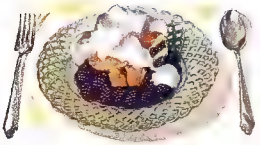
Summer desserts – old and new



BLACKBERRY ROLY-POLY

Since Shakespeare's time the roly-poly has added enjoyment to countless meals as well as a word to the English language —for ever-indulgence in this favored dessert was wont to make the consumer "roly-poly."

This is another quick Crisco recipe and can be made by the most inexperienced cook. For Crisco combines easily and smoothly with the other ingredients of a recipe and lends its own delightfully fresh flavor to the foods cooked with it.

2 cups flour — 5 tablespoons Crisco
½ teaspoon salt — ½ cup milk — 1 egg beaten
2 tablespoons sugar — 3 teaspoons baking powder

Sift dry ingredients. Cut in Crisco until mealy in appearance. Add beaten egg and milk and blend. Toss on floured board and roll out about ¼" thick. Brush with melted Crisco.

3 cups blackberries — ¾ cup sugar — ½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt — 2 tablespoons Crisco

Spread dough with berries which have been mixed with sugar and spices. Dot with Crisco. Roll up as for jelly roll. Place in Crisconed pan and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes. Serve with favorite pudding sauce.

PEACH COBBLER

Cobbler is a strange name for a dessert! Dictionaries throw no light on its origin as applied to food. But the phrase "to cobble" was an early Americanism meaning to concoct hurriedly. Perhaps some housewife said proudly of the dish long ago, "Oh, it's something I've just cobbled up"—and thence the name cobbler came down through generations.

This Crisco peach cobbler is rich enough to satisfy grown-up appetites and simple enough for the children, too. No shortening could be better for children's foods than Crisco. One taste will tell you how pure and sweet and fresh Crisco is. And Crisco stays fresh through the hottest August without ice-box help.

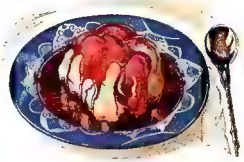
1 egg, beaten — ¼ cup sugar — 1 cup flour
½ cup milk — 2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons melted Crisco — ½ teaspoon salt

Beat egg light, add sugar, Crisco and milk. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add to first mixture. Beat thoroughly.

6 peaches, pared and sliced — ⅔ cup sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Half fill Crisconed baking dish with peaches blended with sugar and spice. Cover with batter and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 30 minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream. This recipe will serve from 6 to 8 people. Canned peaches may be substituted for fresh fruit.

You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco -then any other shortening . . . . Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your



APPLE DUMPLING

A ripe, sweet apple encased in rich, sweet pastry baked to golden crispness and oozing fragrant juice! That's a Crisco apple dumpling! An apple dumpling made with Crisco—a shortening so pure and sweet that it tastes sweet and fresh just as it comes from the can.

6 medium apples (peeled and cored) — ½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup granulated sugar — ½ cup raisins

Use the same pastry as for blackberry roly-poly. Roll to ¼" thickness. Brush with Crisco and cut into six squares. Mix sugar and nutmeg. Place apple on each square of pastry. Fill wells with raisins and sugar mixture. Enclose apple with pastry and bake in Crisconed pan in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 minutes or until apple is done. Serve with favorite pudding sauce.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

CHANTILLY

Invited to an afternoon party and company coming to your house for dinner! Here's an emergency Crisco dessert. It can be prepared in the morning, chilled while you're away in the afternoon and served at the peak of its suave perfection for dinner. And it's an entirely new dessert—apricots, prunes, nuts (nature's health foods) blended in a mound of cool delight and combined with Crisco, a shortening so fresh-flavored that it tastes sweet and pure all by itself—and so improves the flavor of things you make with it.

1 tablespoon gelatin — ½ cup Crisco
½ cup water — 1 cup powdered sugar
2 cups apricot juice — ½ cup pecans chopped
1 square of chocolate (unsweetened) — 3 egg whites beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup prune pulp — ½ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup sugar — 3 egg yolks (beaten)

Soak gelatin in cold water for 10 minutes, then set over hot water until melted. Add juice drained from cooked, dried apricots. Stir until thick, pour into chilled mold, and turn until jelly coats the entire surface. In the meantime melt chocolate over hot water. Add prune pulp, sugar, the well-beaten yolks of eggs. Cook till very thick, then chill. Cream Crisco, add gradually sifted powdered sugar and salt. Beat till creamy, add cold prune mixture and pecans. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and add vanilla. Pour into mold. Chill until thoroughly set. Unmold on a layer of sponge cake. Garnish with stuffed prunes.

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199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail me the coupon.

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IN ITS NEW AIRTIGHT CAN AS FRESH AND SWEET AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE

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HIS BIG DAY

Continued from Page 19

and without another look at William Dutton, stalked out of the room.

"Good work," said Mr. Coakley to William, and followed.

William sat there, dazed. There was the money, real and tangible, lying on the table in front of him. He groped for clues to what had happened. Was the money his? He couldn't be certain. There it was, anyhow. To get it he had not ashamed, or lied, or made false representations. He'd take care of it anyway—and—his eyes widened—he could use it in his impending interview with Mr. Bellanger.

THEN another thought, not so roseate, struck him. It was a lot of money, five hundred thousand dollars, but it was only half of what he had to have. Mr. Bellanger was the sort of man who, when he said a million, meant just that. William was better off than he had been, but he was still remote from his goal. A chasm, five hundred thousand feet wide, still separated him from Daphne. How could he possibly bridge it?

In a very vague way he began to be able to fathom what had happened, and, he reflected, it isn't every day that a young man, with neither cash nor credit, can sell something to Hard Cash Wittingham, and make a profit of half a million by the sale, and what, incidentally, was the Green Moon. Had he fallen among madmen, who bought and sold moons for millions with as little ceremony as cheeses were bought and sold back in Wemsley? Yet the money looked real enough.

As neither Mr. Coakley nor Mr. Wittingham nor any of the other actors in the weird play returned to shout "April fool!" William decided to take charge of the money. He must be very careful of it. So he opened his bag, and took from it the book he had brought to read on the train, an old favorite of his, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Between the pages of the book he inserted ten-thousand-dollar bills, fifty of them, and placed around the book an elastic band. It was his theory that nobody would steal a copy of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," even in New York. He replaced the book in his brief-case, fastened the straps securely, and went out into the lobby, his mind full of pinwheels and eiderdown.

On a chair lay a discarded, abandoned paper—a late evening edition published at noon.

He picked it up, for it occurred to him that he might get some hint from it that would help him answer the largest question he ever faced: How to make half a million turn into a whole million. He scanned the financial pages, and altho he was accustomed enough to figures, these figures did mean much to him. Then his eye stopped on familiar words—"Green Moon." He read the paragraph:

Arthur M. Coakley, receiver for the Green Moon Line, consisting of twenty freight-steamers, forty-two tugs, three ferry-boats, and docks in New York, Havana, and Vera Cruz, will sell a controlling interest in the line at a meeting of prominent shipping men to-day. There has been a report of late in Wall Street that Hubert C. Wittingham is interested in Green Moon and may add it to his other transportation holdings.

So that was it! For five minutes he, William Dutton, formerly of Wemsley, had been, in a manner of speaking, the owner of twenty freight-steamers, forty-two tugs, three ferry-boats, and docks in New York, Havana, and Vera Cruz. And they had thought that he was acting for J. K. P. Bellanger, who was known to buy steamship-lines as offhandedly as lesser men buy neckties.

It might be supposed that a young man of extremely modest means who has suddenly come into the possession of fifty ten-thousand-dollar bills would wear on his face an expression of elation, if not one of downright jubilation. But William Dutton, as he sat there, staring at the newspaper, in the New Acropolis, did not look especially elated. His face was twisted up in thought. By his watch it had cost two dollars three years before —he noted that it was five minutes to two.

The question he was pondering was: How does a man with some capital turn it, swiftly, into more capital in that amazing city? The only answer he could think of was "Wall Street," and that was distressingly vague. He pushed away the bright-pink fog a little. What had Mr. Coakley said about something breaking a hundred? He must mean Green Moon stock, of course. William searched the market quotations until he came to Green Moon, common, 46¾.

He leaped up from his seat. Why, if he could get to Wall Street and buy half a million dollars' worth of Green Moon, common, at 46¾ and it broke a hundred, the thing was done! Once the news spread in the street that the potent and resourceful H. C. Wittingham had taken over the line, its stock was bound to soar. About Wall Street and its ways William had only a fragmentary knowledge, but this—this seemed an a-b-c matter. On to Wall Street—before it closed! He ran out of the hotel.

The starter told him that the quickest way to get to Wall Street was by subway. Into a subway William Dutton dived.

The unyielding arm of the turnstile against his abdomen checked his rush and brought to him a sharp realization of a detail he had overlooked: He had no nickel. He dismissed, almost immediately, the idea of trying to get one of his ten-thousand-dollar bills changed at a ticket window. He dismissed, also, the idea of hunting up a bank. By the time he found one and got down-town the tickers would have quit ticking for the day. That Wall Street has offices up-town was a useful fact about the great city unknown to William Dutton.

He stood there, elbowed and bumped, driving his brain to think fast, and searching furiously for a way to surmount this new obstacle. On ordinary days William was not a particularly inspired young man, but this was no ordinary day. Inspiration visited him. He was still carrying over one arm the discarded newspaper he had picked up in the hotel lobby. Now he held it aloft and bawled as loudly as ever he could bawl:

"Extra! Extra! Big news in Wall Street!"

A man bustled up to him.

"Gimme it," he said, and held out three pennies.

"It's a nickel," said William harshly.

"Extra, see?"

"If you had a horse," remarked the man, "you could be a highway robber."

NEVERTHELESS, tho grumbling the while, he produced two more pennies.

William appeased the turnstile and popped downward and wedged himself in a seat in a down-town express. He was jammed tight against another man, also clutching a brief-case, a man with a face hacked out of flint, costly clothes, and a diamond ring. As the train sped a girl was catapulted into the laps of William and the flint-faced man, and, as she was a well-nourished girl, it took some time and effort to disentangle her and set her on her feet again. At the Wall Street stop the flint-faced man shot out of the door, with William Dutton not far behind. By then it was half past two.

To find a broker, that was the objective of William Dutton, and it proved not at all difficult in that region. He picked out one firm—Hamilton, Adams & Hamilton—because it had a good colonial American ring, and pushed into the crowded customers' room. The ticker was whirring and men were buzzing.

"Green Moon is showing signs of life," he heard one man remark. "Just hopped up two points. Wonder what ails it."

William smiled. He knew. The news of its purchase had just begun to spread. He must act quickly. He marched up to a sleek young man who could not have been anything but a stock-broker.

"I want to give you an order," said William Dutton.

"Right," said the young man.

"I want," said William, "some Green Moon, common. Can you get it?"

TO THE RESCUE

in a million difficult feeding cases

THERE'S one baby food that stands apart from all others in its remarkable digestibility. Over and over again, Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has come to the rescue of babies who were starving because they couldn't digest their food. Countless times this has happened—when all other foods have failed to agree, Eagle Brand has built up the frail, ill infant into a fine, sturdy specimen of childhood.

This has been going on for over 70 years. Each year the story is repeated in the many letters from grateful parents that are sent to the Borden Company, and in the photographs, of strong, lovely children whose lives, their parents say, have been saved by Eagle Brand. Today, Eagle Brand is the most widely used infant food in the world.

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The special process by which the sugar is added and the water removed changes the milk in such a way that, when taken into the infant's stomach, it forms very soft, fine curds, like the curds formed by mother's milk.

That is why a baby digests and assimilates Eagle Brand so easily and completely, and is so well nourished by the elements it contains. The sugar in Eagle Brand supplies carbohydrates, required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue building material and growth-promoting elements—the same elements found in pasteurized Grade A milk.

If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Mail the coupon below for a booklet containing practical feeding information and suggestions for the supplementary foods recommended by physicians.

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"What!! *a laxative for loveliness?*"

IT may seem strange to you—bringing this word "laxative" into a discussion of beauty! And—what, pray, has a laxative to do with creams and lotions, with fair complexions and young and supple skins?

It has a great deal to do with them! It is almost all-important! For, unless you keep clean internally, your skin is bound to suffer, and will always lack the clear, fresh bloom which every woman wants!

Those tiny blemishes which baffle the cleverest cosmetics *can be defeated by Sal Hepatica!* Women who know the saline method, who use salines as the family laxative, know how quickly they purify the bloodstream and bring color and translucence to the cheek.

On the continent they know this way to beauty

In Europe, the wonderful saline springs have for years been thronged with men and women sent there by their physicians to drink the saline waters for the sake of their complexions and their health.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of these saline springs. By cleansing your bloodstream, it clears your complexion. It rids the body of poisons and acidities. That is why its use is a great relief for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, constipation, digestion irregularities, troubles of the eliminatory organs, complexion disorders and many other ills.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is thorough and speedy in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to bring relief within 30 minutes!

Ask your physician about Sal Hepatica. Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica.

And send now the coupon for the booklet which tells in detail how Sal Hepatica keeps your skin fresh and free from blemishes and how it relieves many common family ills.

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At your druggist's 30c, 60c, and $1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

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71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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The broker gave him a look tinged with pity.

"Certainly—if you want it. Lots of it."

He took up an order-pad.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Oh," said William, feeling very big, "about half a million's worth."

The aplomb of the young man was shaken, but he quickly steadied it.

"Right," he said. "Got an account here?"

"No," said William, trying to speak in level tones, and not succeeding, "I'll pay cash."

"Oh," said the young man, his aplomb tottering again. "Got it with you?"

"I have," said William, a figure in one of his own dreams now. "Here it is."

He opened his brief-case. Then he opened his mouth. From it came a sound, a gasp of pure agony. There was no book in his brief-case. Instead there was a package wrapped in brown paper, a package about the same size as his copy of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." With feverish fingers, while the room rocked around him, he tore open the package. From it he took a string of six fat frankfurters.

The broker stopped writing in his order-book.

"I think," he said, and his voice was not unkind, "the best thing for you to do is to see a good doctor."

William stumbled out of the place. He acted precisely as a man acts who has been rapped vigorously on the head with a large, heavy club. And he felt that way, too.

On the steps of the Sub-Treasury he sank down and groaned. No one in the passing crowd paid any heed to him. In these days of lunatic markets, men sitting on the steps of the Sub-Treasury and groaning are no novelty. The scenario of his tragedy was not hard for him to follow.

The flint-faced man must have glanced into the Assyrian room while he was stowing the money in the book, and had followed him into the subway. Then, in the mix-up on the train—probably the well-nourished girl was an accomplice—the flint-faced man had substituted his brief-case for William's. Yes, the brief-case on which he was sitting was of real alligator-skin. William Dutton put all his emotions into a heartfelt groan. He did not groan long. What good did it do?

He tried to rally himself, like a game fighter trying to shake off the effects of a knock-down blow. After all, he had almost scaled the heights. He had plunged back into the abyss, but it had been exciting. The best thing to do, he concluded, was to pawn his watch—he could raise perhaps thirty cents on it—and write to his mother for money to come home to Wemsley. Daphne? He groaned again.

HE BEGAN to get to his feet when he saw in the passing crowd a face he knew—the face of flint. At exactly the same instant the flint-faced man saw him. William gathered himself to pounce on the man, but the man did not run away. Instead he pounced on William, and they both sat down heavily on the Sub-Treasury steps.

"Bit of luck, running into you," grunted the flint-faced man.

"Yes, isn't it?" said William, and his voice was as hard as the other's.

"I want to talk turkey," the man said.

"So do I," said William.

"I'm not going to waste time," the man said. "You've got me, and got me right. I'll play ball."

"You'll come across," said William fiercely.

"I'll have to," said the man. "Well, what do you want?"

"Five hundred thousand dollars," said William.

"Five hundred grand!"

The man whistled.

"Maybe you'd like the State of Texas, too."

"I said 'five hundred thousand dollars,'" repeated William, and was surprized to find that he could sound so tough, "and I mean to get every cent of it."

"Well," said the man, "you hold the cards. I haven't time to dicker with you. Come round to my office."

Keeping close to him, William followed him into Maiden Lane and into an office which surprized William by its sedate air. It didn't surprize him much, tho, for by now he was convinced that anything was possible in New York. The first thing William noticed in the office was his own brief-case, reposing on the desk. He was about to seize it, when the flint-faced man said:

"The money's in the bank. I'll have to send round for it."

He gave curt orders through his telephone. William stood with his back against the wall, a precaution against being sandbagged from the rear.

"How you got onto me beats me," remarked the flint-faced man. "I'd like to know."

William said nothing.

"I hardly expected you'd tell," the man said, and lit a cigar, and the conversation languished.

A YOUNGER man, also flinty of face, came in and drew from his pockets large packages of crisp bills. The other counted out five hundred one-thousand-dollar bills.

"I hope they choke you," he said to William. Then, "You get 'em when you hand over the stuff."

"You mean—this?" stammered the mystified William, pointing to the real alligator brief-case.

"And contents," said the man.

"Here it is," said William, pushing it across the desk. The man stared at him, then opened it hurriedly, and pulled out the package of frankfurters.

"Well, I'll be everlastingly hanged!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean you had this with you all the time, and didn't have it cached?"

"Sure," said William.

He grabbed his own brief-case, and stuffed the notes into it. The man was busy—examining the frankfurters.

William felt that it would be wise to get out of there just as quickly as he could. A man who showed so much joy at the sight of a string of frankfurters was probably a dangerous maniac. He moved toward the door.

"Just a second, there!" shouted the man, and William stopped because the second man was barring the door. "You're such a smart guy, I'm just going to check up."

William again faced the desk.

The flint-faced man began to perform an operation which made the eyes of William Dutton almost hop out of his head. The man took a penknife, and with great care slit open one of the frankfurters. Then he gave the skin a brisk shake, and out came cotton-wool and the largest, most brilliant diamonds William had ever seen. Swiftly the man slit open the other frankfurters and from each shook diamonds, until he had a considerable pile of them on his desk. He counted them, and gave a sigh of relief.

"All there," he announced. Then, to William, and there was a touch of cajolery in his manner:

"Say, you've got yours and I'm not kicking, but I certainly would like to know how you got wise to me. Come on, tell me. Was it the queen?"

"What queen?" asked William Dutton, convinced now that the man was out of his senses.

The man smiled sardonically.

"Save the low comedy," he said. "As if you didn't know! Why try to kid me? Well, if it wasn't the queen, was it that old eel Karaktos?"

"Who's he?" said William, hoping fervently that he could edge out before the man announced that he was Sitting Bull and started a massacre.

"Say," said the man, "you may look like a babe in the woods, but you haven't acted like one."

He spoke with mounting irritation.

"You know d—— well," he said, "that there were only three of us in it—the queen, Karaktos, and me. Where was the leak? That's what I want to know. The queen has too much sense, and I know I didn't spill any beans. So you might as well admit it was old Karaktos, altho I don't get his game at all. He knows perfectly well that if it gets out that the queen has sent the royal jewels to America to be sold, and is wearing phony ones in her crown, he'll be the first to catch hell."

Continued on Page 48

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Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Lady Violet Astor

Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday

The Duchesse de Gramont

DISTINGUISHED IN THE SOCIETY OF FIVE NATIONS . . . THEY TRUST THEIR BEAUTY TO THE SAME SURE CARE

The Duquesa de Alba

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The Countess Howe

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In our own America, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., says, "Even on our Nevada ranch I have my daily facial—with Pond's." A lovely, ivory-skinned bride, Mrs. Allan A. Ryan, Jr., uses Pond's "three times a day for charm" as the old rhyme goes. Charming Mrs. Adrian Iselin II, declares, "Pond's method makes daily treatment simple and practical."

In France, the chic Duchesse de Gramont attributes the velvety smoothness of her skin to these delightful aids. The fascinating Marquise de Polignac exclaims, "I have got the Pond's habit!"

A Viennese beauty, Mrs. Elizabeth Heymann Doubleday—says charmingly, "I like them so very much."

One of England's six most beautiful women, the Countess Howe, calls Pond's "a straightforward way of keeping fit." Lady Violet Astor declares, "Pond's has done a wonderful service to women." Lady Louis Mountbatten is another Pond's devotee.

In Spain, The Duquesa de Alba, patrician beauty, says, "No aid for my skin is more effective than Pond's."

SO, IN EUROPE AND AMERICA, and, indeed, all over the world, Pond's preparations are the favorite way to a lovely skin. This is how to use them:

First—for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck several times a day and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes; the pure oils sink into the pores and lift the dirt to the surface. *Then*—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. Repeat these two steps.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck to remove oiliness, close the pores, invigorate the skin. *Last*—smooth on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

At bedtime—thoroughly cleanse with cold cream, removing with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

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The Marquise de Polignac

Mrs. Adrian Iselin II

Pond's four preparations are the simplest, safest way to a lovely skin . . .

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LEISURELY BREAKFASTS

By Day Monroe

THE scene: Any morning; dew on the grass; sunlight without noonday heat; a table drawn to the window for air and a view of the garden; a breakfast-cloth of a gay, printed material with a wide, white border; a leisurely feeling and a wide-awakeness unusual in Winter.

This is the setting for a Summer morning breakfast. What is the menu? Never the same two mornings in succession, but always some variation of this popular theme: fruit, cereal, eggs and bacon, toast, coffee, and cocoa or milk instead of coffee for the children.

If you look back over the breakfasts which you have enjoyed most you will find that they have not strayed far from this pattern. Some courses may have been omitted; two may have been combined. The main course may have been eggs alone, or perhaps with bacon or ham, or a steak, chops, fish, or even fried chicken. Instead of toast you may have eaten some of the many hot breads, waffles, or griddle-cakes. But to be successful, changes in the pattern must leave us our breakfast "standbys."

Photos by Mayer-Kuck

By luncheon we are ready to adventure with canapés, gelatins, complicated salads, or perhaps Chinese or Hawaiian foods. Not so in the morning! Our tastes then are still simple.

The only difficulty in varying the fruit for breakfast is in deciding *which* of the many offerings of the market to buy. If they are very tempting we may crowd two into the menu some morning. The variety of fruits to be had at one time becomes greater each year as the dealers and growers learn more about their shipping and how to prevent deterioration en route. Berries, which formerly were in season only a short time when shipped from nearby, now are in the shops for several months, coming first from the South and later from the Northern gardens.

Iced fruit-juice as an appetizer is one of the best ways of commencing a Summer day. Why is it that many of us serve orange-juice in Winter, but in Summer seem to forget how refreshing that tart, cold drink was? Why not serve a mixed-fruit drink of juice from grapes and oranges, followed by a hot cereal with peaches and cream?

White-grape juice, now in the market, has a delicacy of flavor which makes it most acceptable for breakfast. The juice strained from crushed pineapple, mixed with that from fresh limes, and served with crushed mint and cracked ice, is a splendid first course after a night when the thermometer did not fall.

Melon is delicious if cold, but when lukewarm it will ruin an otherwise perfect meal. It should have been in the refrigerator overnight. Some persons hesitate to place a melon in the ice-box because they fear its fragrance will flavor the butter or cream. This can be prevented in a well-constructed refrigerator by placing such fruits as the melon near the warm-air outlet so that the characteristic odor is carried off by the current of air as it leaves. The melon should be so cold that it will not be necessary to fill the center cavity with cracked ice. The melting ice dilutes the melon-juice and takes away some of its delicacy of flavor. If you wish to use ice to suggest coolness, let the melon be embedded in it.

Berries, too, should be served cold. Pick strawberries over the day before, remove any which are crushed or moldy, and put the sound fruit in a shallow container so that the cool air of the refrigerator may circulate around the fruit. Do not wash the berries until morning, shortly before serving, as they deteriorate after washing.

Hot and cold cereals are both in order. If you have served an iced fruit-drink as an appetizer, and plan to omit the egg course, serve a hot cereal, with or without a second fruit.

Breakfast Menus

HONEY DEW MELON
EGGS IN NESTS BACON
BAKED ORANGES
BRAN MUFFINS
GRAPE JELLY
COFFEE COCOA

BAKED PEARS
HOT OR COLD CEREAL
HAM AND EGGS À LA COTTAGE
TOAST
COFFEE COCOA

WHITE-GRAPE JUICE, ICED
CEREAL WITH CREAM
PUFFY OMELET
WITH
SLICED PEACHES
TOAST MELBA
COFFEE COCOA

ORANGE-JUICE
RED RASPBERRIES WITH
CEREAL
BACON
BLUEBERRY BISCUITS
COFFEE COCOA

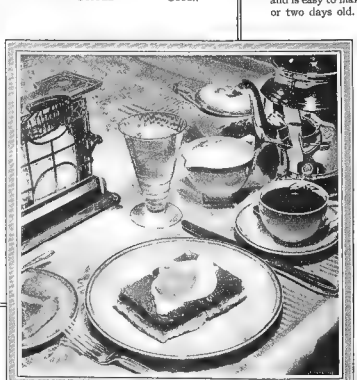

Table Settings by Stern Bros.

Your family may be an exception, but many persons feel better if they have only one cold meal a day in Summer. Since the sun is doing its worst at noon, they prefer to have luncheon cold, and serve at least one hot dish at each of the two other meals.

The cereal and fruit courses may be combined, as luscious berries with one of the cold, ready-to-serve breakfast foods. Such a first course may be followed by an omelet, or crisp bacon with hot muffins. The sad complaint of the housewife that the family is tired of some foods need never apply to cereals, for manufacturers have made it possible to vary them often, and the Summer fruits give the old, familiar ones a different aspect.

Then comes the main course—eggs alone or with bacon or ham, fish, or perhaps fried chicken if you come from certain sections of the country. As our breakfasts become lighter, eggs are served more frequently than the meats, with the exception of bacon. This is the season when eggs are relatively cheap, and since there are so many ways of cooking them they should be served often. Some good cooks do not know that an egg poached in cream, or top milk, and served, cream and all, on toasted whole-wheat bread, is several hundred per cent. better than an egg poached in water.

If you are lighting your oven to bake muffins or biscuits, why not bake eggs also? In a greased custard-cup containing 2 tablespoonfuls of top milk, or cream, place an egg. Season with salt and pepper and dot with butter. Place the custard-cups in a pan of hot water, cover, and bake until the eggs are of the desired hardness.

The term "toast" on the breakfast-menu pattern includes the entire array of hot breads which add so much to a morning meal. Melba toast is quite a favorite and is easy to make if the bread used is one or two days old. Cut in thin slices, not quite ¼ inch thick. Place in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) on a rack until it becomes crisp and light brown.

When blueberries or huckleberries are in season, serve them in biscuits occasionally.

Blueberry Biscuits

2 Cupfuls Flour
4 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
4 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
½ Cupful Milk
¾ Cupful Blueberries
3 Tablespoonfuls Sugar

SIFT together the flour, baking-powder, and salt; mix in the shortening with a fork; add the milk to make a soft dough—soft enough that the biscuits may be dropped. Slightly more milk than the ½ of a cupful may be needed, since flours vary. Wash the berries and drain them thoroughly. It is better if they are almost dry. Mix them with the sugar and sprinkle them with a little flour (less than a tablespoonful). Add to the biscuit dough, and mix thoroughly but quickly. Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking-sheets or in muffin-tins, and bake in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) for 10 minutes.

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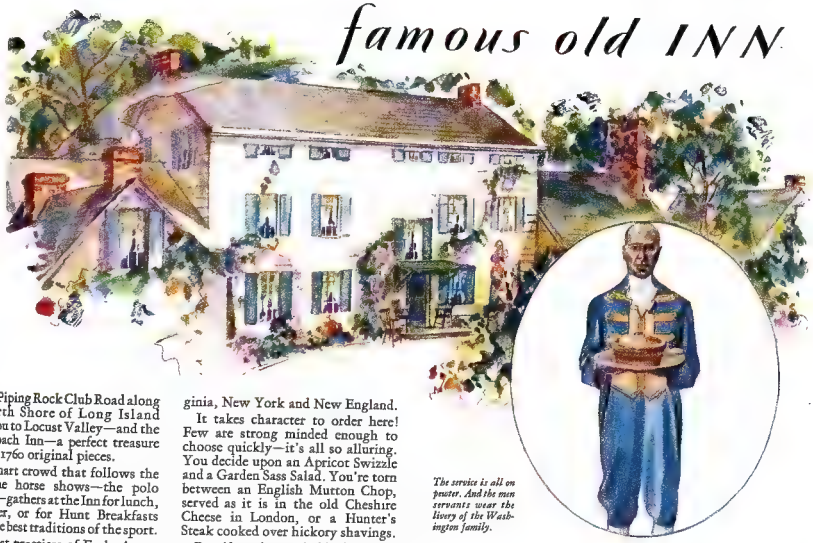
Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

After polo or the horse show . . . a meal at this famous old INN



The service is all on pewter. And the men servants wear the livery of the Washington family.

THE Piping Rock Club Road along the North Shore of Long Island brings you to Locust Valley—and the Stage Coach Inn—a perfect treasure trove of 1760 original pieces.

The smart crowd that follows the races—the horse shows—the polo matches—gathers at the Inn for lunch, for dinner, or for Hunt Breakfasts true to the best traditions of the sport.

The best practices of Early American Tavern keeping are observed—the service all on pewter, the men in the blue and buff, gold braided livery of the Washington family.

Dishes that tickled the palates of the Nation's founders are listed on the quaint old dinner scrolls. The high spots of a collection of old cook books from the best kitchens of Virginia, New York and New England.

It takes character to order here! Few are strong minded enough to choose quickly—it's all so alluring. You decide upon an Apricot Swizzle and a Garden Sass Salad. You're torn between an English Mutton Chop, served as it is in the old Cheshire Cheese in London, or a Hunter's Steak cooked over hickory shavings.

But if you're an habitué, you're pretty apt to bring up at the end with the same order—Beefsteak and Kidney Pie.

It has a history—this Pie. Samuel Johnson eulogized it in 1742. Lord Cornwallis owned the precious recipe and after his surrender at Yorktown graciously bestowed it upon Mrs. Fitzhugh of Fairfax County, Virginia.

The Stage Coach Inn's old mammy cook follows this prose poem faithfully. But she appreciates the advantage she has over the 18th century cooks. She is able to use for her crust a shortening that is unvarying in its sweetness and purity—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, rendered from choice pork fat.

"Silverleaf" makes a crust worthy of enclosing such a treasure. Only "Silverleaf" does justice to Mrs. Thomas Jefferson's Peach Jubuloo, Martha Washington's Doughnuts, or Dolly Madison's Deep Apple Pie.

Just as "Silverleaf" enhances these famous old recipes it adds new charm to other dishes. Good cooks the country over ask for "Silverleaf" by name. In the half pound and the one and two pound self-measuring cartons, and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

The Stage Coach Inn's *Beefsteak and Kidney Pie*

1¾ lbs. of tender raw sirloin steak and 5 veal kidneys diced and spiced and then placed in an earthen casserole together with wafer potatoes, pearl onions, young carrots, ripe tender celery, green pepper. Flavor with a tiny bit of crushed garlic, season with salt, pepper, thyme, sage, rosemary, and sherry wine flavor. Cook about 30 minutes. Cover with a good short pie crust made with "Silverleaf" and bake in a moderate hot oven till the crust shows a nice golden brown. (Enough for 5 people.)

The original kitchen—built in 1668. Here lard was tried out in the old days. Here "Silverleaf" is used today.

"Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

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How much sun can YOUR *skin stand without* SCORCHING ?

EVERYWHERE this sun-worshipping year, backs and legs and arms are exposed to the sun as never before—to say nothing of faces, necks and hands. But instead of the desired golden tan, sensitive skins when exposed have a way of becoming unhappily red and blistered.

If you have just such a sensitive skin you will want to know about Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. There are two ways in which this fragrant liquid cream can help you.

It will relieve your sunburn. Make your skin feel cool and fresh and comfortable again.

Hinds Cream will also help you to tan without going through that red, blistery stage.

And this is the way to do it—

FOR severe sunscorch, smooth on Hinds Cream just as soon after exposure as you can. Wonderful how it takes out the heat! That is an emergency use for Hinds Cream—but one that you'll find useful to remember.

The best way, of course, is to protect your skin from that violent sunscorch in the first place. You can do that by smoothing on Hinds Cream *before* exposing yourself to the sun. Smooth it on your neck, shoulders and back, on your arms and legs. Smooth it in well. Then you need never fear red, blistery sunburn. The Hinds Cream on your skin tempers the action of the sun just enough to permit you to acquire a glorious tan without the burn that usually follows exposure.

You see, sunburn — sunscorch — damages the skin. Under harsh exposure of this sort the skin actually shrivels. A few bad sunburns and it has definitely lost its freshness.

And that is tragic, because youth is judged by the skin that is seen. Once upon a time a little care of the face was all that was necessary. But now with necks, arms, shoulders, backs, hands and legs exposed, it is necessary to keep the skin all over the body silky smooth and lustrously young-looking. To do that you must protect it from day-by-day exposure.

Sunscorch is the chief thing to guard against in summer. But there are others, too. Wind, dust, dirt—these also help to make the skin old.

But that needn't happen. You can prevent it. Even better than that, if your skin is less lovely than it used to be, you can help it to become radiant again—with Hinds Cream.

Hinds Cream protects from all exposure

HINDS CREAM will keep your skin so fresh, it will never get a chance to wither. This fragrant, almond-scented liquid cream is so light, soft, thin, that it seeps gently into the skin and is absorbed gratefully—and it doesn't clog the pores. Also, if your skin is now roughened it will help revive it.

The secret is to use it often

SMOOTH on Hinds Cream always before going out into the glaring sunlight. Happily it is inexpensive, so you can use it with a free conscience. Smooth it generously on your arms, your neck, your knees. Smooth it on your back if you're wearing a low cut sun-tan frock or bathing suit. Hinds Cream won't prevent the tan but it *will* prevent the burn.

Smooth it on at night—to freshen your skin while you sleep. Try it as a powder base. You'll find it keeps the powder on—for hours. It's refreshing, too, as an after-the-bath rub.

Hinds Cream is especially good for hands. It will keep them smooth and lovely—young. A good many women always have Hinds Cream on the kitchen sink—to use after kitchen work. Also it's a good idea to keep a bottle of it on the bathroom shelf—to use every time you wash your hands. And on your dressing table—to use morning and night.

Send for a sample bottle

WHEN you have seen how quickly it relieves sunburn—how soft and supple it keeps your skin while it's acquiring a tan—how young your skin stays—you will use Hinds Cream always. Even after a few days' trial your skin will seem silkier, smoother and lovelier although, of course, it's the steady, persistent use that brings real results. The sample bottle is of generous size. You can get it by just sending the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company every Thursday at 7 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 6 p.m., Central Standard time.

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HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors, Dept. 109, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name .....

Address .....

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This coupon not good after August, 1930

LEHN & FINK, (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, 8

(Mail coupon to the *Bloomfield* address)

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SERVE THE EVENING MEAL BUFFET STYLE SO THAT EVERY ONE MAY PLAY A PART

Table Setting, Courtesy Stern Bros.

HIGH TEA AFTER SUMMER SPORTS

By Helen Law

SUMMER-TIME hostesses may well take their cue from their English friends and adopt the charming meal they have made famous—their delightful high tea. It is not difficult to explain the reason for high tea when you consider that the English are still addicted to heavy midday Sunday dinners, no matter to what point the temperature rises.

To offset this national habit, they have, for the third meal on Sundays, high tea, which must not be confused with afternoon tea. It is much more substantial and served quite a bit later; a meal that consists usually of cold roast beef, or ham, or whatever meat has appeared at dinner, and eggs in the simplest form beloved by the English, soft-boiled.

The English have never overcome their passion for an egg with high tea, and so it remains a traditional part of the English ritual. Then, of course, there is tea and dessert. Simplicity characterizes this meal not only in food, but in the service, and in Summer it is often served out-of-doors, either on the lawn or on the veranda.

It will be the wise hostess who makes high tea the evening meal on torrid Summer days. If she does there will be no need of her working in the kitchen all afternoon while her family are playing tennis or swimming. For there is a great deal less work behind those intriguing words, "high tea," than one might expect. This meal may be prepared early in the morning, or even part of it the day before, and needs only a few last-minute touches before it may be served quite casually in buffet fashion on the lawn, on the veranda, or in the dining-room.

Everything served should be appetizing and refreshing, the sort of food people like after playing strenuously, not so dainty that it will fail to satisfy the male guests, nor so heavy that it will not appeal to the ladies. And a family that is consistently late, or one that may be depended upon to produce half a dozen extra guests with no warning, need not be a bugbear.

An hour a week spent planning menus and food-orders will save much time in actual preparation. It is a simple matter at that time to plan menus so that food left from one meal may be used in a different form for another meal. Mayonnaise is less expensive if purchased in pint- or quart-sized jars. Enough French dressing for the week may be made and stored in a covered container in the refrigerator. Lettuce for several days' use may be prepared at once. Pickles, chives, cherries, capers, and other garnishes which add so much to the appearance of food, may also be kept in covered containers in the ice-box.

The menu should be planned so that no part of it will wilt after half an hour of waiting, and so that it may be increased at a moment's notice by a few additional things kept on hand for such an emergency. A table or two placed on the lawn or veranda, with everything laid out conveniently, no hustle or bustle, a hostess having as good a time as her guests, and high tea is quite sure to become an institution.

The following menus will serve 6 people. They may easily be doubled if you have more guests.

COLD CHICKEN WITH GRAPE JELLY
TOMATO-CHEESE SALAD ROLLS
CANTALOUP COMPOTE ICED TEA WITH MINT

COOK the chicken the day before. When you have time —as early as possible—prepare your salad. Slice 6 tomatoes, wash a head of lettuce, and leave on the ice to chill. Mix 1 package of cream cheese with half as much Roquefort cheese, moistening the mixture with cream until it is smooth. Season with salt and pepper, and leave to chill until needed.

The compote may also be prepared in advance. After removing the pulp and seeds of 3 cantaloups scoop out the centers and cut in small pieces. Add the juice of 2 limes, and chill.

When time for high tea, place 4 slices of tomato on lettuce leaves and a mound of cheese in the center. Garnish with mayonnaise and a dash of paprika. Garnish the compote with cherries or strawberries, and serve it on the table in a bowl. Serve the sliced chicken on a large platter, with mounds of jelly at either end set in lettuce-leaves.

COLD LAMB WITH MINT JELLY
STUFFED-EGG SALAD CHEESE AND CHIVE TITBITS
PEACHES AND CREAM ICED TEA WITH GINGER ALE

THE meat may be cooked in the morning or left from Sunday's roast, and the rest of the menu prepared as far in advance as you choose. Cook 6 eggs, or more, until hard. Cut in halves and scoop out the yolks. Moisten them with enough mayonnaise to make them easy to cream; add a dash of mustard, the contents of a small can of deviled ham or a tablespoonful of anchovy paste, and salt and pepper. Fill the whites with this mixture, and leave on the ice to chill. Prepare your lettuce at the same time. Then mix a package of cream cheese with enough cream to moisten. Add to this the green part of half a bunch of chives, cut in tiny pieces with the scissors. Leave this to chill also. The peaches may also be made ready and left to chill. Then, when it is high-tea time, slice the lamb very thin and arrange on a platter, and garnish with mint jelly. Put the eggs on lettuce-leaves with mayonnaise and paprika, and spread the cheese mixture on small half rolls.

COLD CUTS COMBINATION SALAD
FINGER-ROLLS NUT-BREAD AND WATERCRESS SANDWICHES
MACÉDOINE OF FRUIT
ICED COFFEE

THE meat ham, chicken, roast beef, lamb, or whatever you choose—may be cooked beforehand. The salad may be prepared well in advance. Slice 3 tomatoes, 1 cucumber, prepare a head of lettuce and several young onions, and place in the refrigerator to chill. Six eggs for the canapés may be hard-cooked whenever you have time. While still hot beat the yolks with enough mayonnaise to give them a soft, smooth consistency. Then add the whites, finely chopped, and leave on the ice.

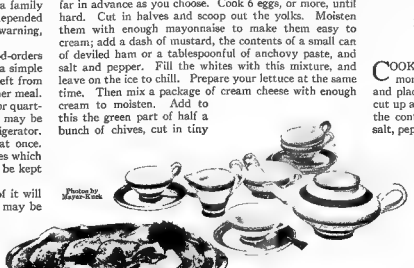
Likewise the fruit may be cut up early in the morning and chilled all day in the refrigerator. Three oranges, 3 bananas, a box of cherries, a bunch of white or red grapes, the juice of 2 limes, and sugar to taste will make a delicious macédoine. When ready for high tea marinate the vegetables with French dressing; place in a large decorative bowl; add 6 small sweet pickles, cut in slices, and garnish with mayonnaise.

Slice the meat thin, and garnish with parsley. Spread the egg mixture on half rolls, or slices of French bread, and top with half a sardine, a dash of lemon-juice, a sprinkling of paprika, and a sprig of parsley. Serve the fruit macédoine in a glass bowl garnished with whole cherries.

MEAT LOAF
HEARTS OF LETTUCE WITH SUPREME DRESSING
OLIVE CANAPÉS
HALF CANTALOUP WITH ICE-CREAM
ICED CHOCOLATE

COOK your meat loaf the day before, or early in the morning. At the latter time prepare your lettuce and place the cantaloup in the refrigerator to chill. Also cut up a large ripe tomato and 1 white onion and mix with the contents of a small jar of mayonnaise. Season with salt, pepper, celery-salt, and paprika. Leave in the ice-box with the lettuce to chill.

When time for high tea spread cream cheese (moistened with cream until smooth and easy to spread) on half rolls or French bread, and top with half a stuffed olive. Then put supreme dressing over the lettuce and sprinkle with paprika. Slice the meat loaf and arrange on a bed of lettuce-leaves on a silver platter. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked eggs. Cut the cantaloup, remove the seeds, and a slice from the bottom so that it will stand upright, and fill the centers with vanilla ice-cream, and leave in the refrigerator until time to serve.



Photos by Mayer-Kusk

THE MAIN DISH OF A HIGH TEA IS USUALLY COLD MEAT

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FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make

8 Bottles

(pint size) of delicious Root Beer.

Just mail the coupon.

Get Acquainted With HIRES ROOT BEER at our expense

A Luxury Beverage Amazingly Cheap

For 15c or 20c per bottle you can't buy a finer beverage than the Hires Root Beer you can make so easily at home for but 1½c per bottle!

. . . remember Hires Root Beer is as healthful as it is delicious—that it is free from habit-forming drugs, free from harmful coloring and flavoring.

. . . remember, too, it is rich in Vitamin B and Mineral Salts, so scarce in the modern refined diet.

To prove how easy it is to make root beer at home, to prove how delicious it is, we make this generous gift.

We send a free trial bottle of Hires Extract for making root beer at home, to all who mail the coupon.

To make cooling, refreshing root beer is simple. Just add water, sugar and yeast to Hires Extract—let it set for 2 days. You and your family will be delighted.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of root beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to the usual price of 15c to 25c for bottled beverages.

Thousands and thousands of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, luxurious beverage—and saving 90c out of every $1 formerly spent on beverages.

Hires created the original recipe and today it's better than ever. It is made of the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients.

Get this Free trial bottle of Hires Extract, together with simple directions, by mailing the coupon at once—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa. P.R. 8-9

Please send me sample of

Hires
Household Extract

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

THE TINKLE OF ICE IN A GLASS

By Frances Herrick

Photos by Meyer-Kusk Glass, courtesy Lord & Taylor

THIS PICTURE IS ENOUGH, TO MAKE ANY ONE THIRSTY

NO MATTER how unexpectedly you happen to call on a hot afternoon or evening, you find my most popular Summer hostess in the act of pouring a frosted, tempting drink. Under her imaginative hand, even the classic iced tea and lemonade become brand-new drinks. A raspberry or a nasturtium launched on a cube of ice transforms these old favorites to a thrilling newness. Another little trick of hers is to vary the glasses to suit her many drinks. Sometimes she uses a rosy pink, or a green or amber or translucent blue. If you remark about her wicked extravagance in this matter of glasses, she'll only laugh and say, "When we can buy all these gay colors for ten cents or ten dollars a variety is an indulgence that we can permit ourselves."

One Summer day, while I sipped a particularly comforting concoction through a long glass-straw, I asked my most popular Summer hostess to tell me her magic. She reminded me of a few important Don'ts, and added some new ideas that make Summer entertaining marvelously easy.

Don't expect sugar to dissolve in cold liquid. Instead bring two cupfuls of water and one of sugar to boil. Bottle and keep in the refrigerator.

Don't use stale tea or coffee; for a perfect result pour it while hot on chopped ice. Make them strong, as the ice dilutes them. Instantaneous coffee and cereal coffee are time-savers.

Don't add lemon peel before serving-time, as it becomes bitter. Lemon-juice keeps well several hours.

Don't use small pieces of ice in a punch-bowl nor larger ones in individual glasses.

Don't touch glasses as you fill them till frosted.

Don't place siphons directly on ice. They may explode.

MILK DRINKS PROPERLY CHILLED ARE INCREASINGLY POPULAR

Don't limit your repertoire by fearing to try new combinations. They arouse curiosity and turn the conversation from the irritating subject of the weather.

Have two or three of these "makings" in the refrigerator and change them frequently. Bottled fruit-juices include lime, grapefruit, orange, pineapple, both white and purple grape, and mint. Carbonated drinks are legion, tho the old favorites, root beer, ginger ale, and aerated water, are still leaders. Chocolate and malted combinations that require little preparation are nutritious as well as refreshing; especially to the romping kiddies. With fresh mint and fruit in our gardens our glasses should never be empty.

To tease the eye, my hostess rimmed her glasses by dipping the edge in lemon-juice or grenadine and then twirling this wet edge in granulated sugar. A red cherry wrapped in a lime-rind added color for garnish. A wafer-thin slice of watermelon formed a tulip or a heart; lemon slices became stars or fans. In ice-cube containers she froze ginger ale, root beer, and grape-juice; using them instead of ice in tea, adding mint-leaves for the festive touch.

Chocolate Sirup

2 Cupfuls Water
½ Cupful Cocoa
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
¼ Teaspoonful Salt

MIX cocoa and water, cook 2 minutes, then add sugar, salt, and boil 4 minutes. Add vanilla and bottle. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of this sirup to each glass. Combine with milk for a shake; ⅔ milk and ⅓ coffee for Russian chocolate; with 1 tablespoonful of ice-cream, ⅓ cupful of milk, and ¼ cupful aerated water for a chocolate ice-cream soda. This sirup is excellent for a sundae sauce.

Tomato Zest

¼ Cupful Chopped Ice
½ Cupful Water
½ Cupful Tomato Purée
Circles of Green Pepper
Dash Cloves
Dash Ginger
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
Nasturtium-flowers

MIX the first three ingredients, add the seasonings, stir. Top the filled glass with a pepper circle and place a nasturtium in its center. A 10-ounce can will serve 3 persons. This non-sweet drink is delicious with cheese sticks.

Moonlight

4 Tablespoonfuls Grape-fruit-juice
1 Teaspoonful Grenadine
2 Tablespoonfuls Sugar-sirup
Ginger Ale

POUR grapefruit-juice, canned or fresh, grenadine, and sirup on chopped ice in tall glasses. Fill with ginger ale and stir. Garnish with a cherry.

Cows, Black and Purple

PURPLE cows are the pet delight of Princeton men, while black ones are beloved at the University of Chicago. The method is the same. For the former shake 2 tablespoonfuls of cream with 1 cupful of purple grape-juice and chopped ice. The latter demand sarsaparilla and cream. A more festive drink results if you top the glass with whipped cream.

Maple Shake

3 Cupfuls Milk
½ Cupful Maple-sirup
1 Egg
1 Pint Ice-cream
3 Tablespoonfuls Malted Milk

SHAKE egg, malted milk, sirup, and 1 cupful milk thoroughly; add remaining milk. Pour in tall glass, add 1 tablespoonful of ice-cream to each. For grown-ups, a cup of strong coffee is an addition. Serves 6 persons.

Bridge Punch

½ Cupful Mint Jelly
2 Cupfuls Strong Tea
1 Cupful Lemon-juice
1 Cupful Orange-juice
1 No. 2 Can Crushed Pineapple
2 Cupfuls Grapefruit-juice
3 Cupfuls Sugar-sirup
1 Small Bottle Green Maraschino Cherries

MIX the ingredients well. Pour over a block of ice or ice-cubes in the bottom of a punch-bowl. Garnish with sprigs of mint. This makes 24 cupfuls.

REMEMBER TO KEEP BOTTLED DRINKS IN THE ICE-BOX FOR COMPANY

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Glowing lovely skin, eyes that sparkle, a radiant compelling smile — what are these but the mirrors of clean internal health? The fastidious, successful women of today know how to avoid the damaging effects of clogged intestines.

Copyright 1929, The Fleischmann Company

Millions *of active yeast plants* . . the simple way famous doctors recommend

TODAY'S swift competition leaves little room for the woman who permits intestinal poisons to cloud her brain and dull her beautiful vitality.

Doctors now estimate that fully nine out of ten of our common ills come from constipation. To combat constipation and its related ailments they urge a simple, natural *food*—fresh yeast.

Each cake of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast contains millions of tiny, active yeast plants. Daily, as these plants pass through your body, they successfully check the formation and spread of harmful intestinal poisons and purify your whole system.

The glow of your normal health and energy quickly returns when constipation is gone! Skin troubles, digestion troubles, headaches and "nerves" disappear. How wonderful just to be alive!

This is the simple modern way to vigor of body and clearness of mind—the way world-famous doctors recommend. Start today to eat yeast if you would know the happiness of boundless, beautiful health!

Regularly, every day, eat three cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, one before or between meals. Eat it plain or in water, cold or as hot as is pleasant to drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for booklet. Health Research Dept. A-67, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

• •

"Yeast relieves constipation by stimulating the intestine, not by irritating it," says DR. GEORGE PARRISH, *well-known physician and Health Officer of Los Angeles, California.*

Director of a famous Berlin hospital, DR. PAUL REYHER, *says, "Yeast stimulates the appetite, regulates metabolism and builds resistance"*

"Yeast regulates the intestines and is especially used in disorders of the skin," says DR. GASTON LYON *(above), Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of Paris.*

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Conducted by Marion Lambert

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

THERE certainly are plenty of fine people in this world. A whole lot of them are on our list of "good neighbors." I want to tell you just a few of the things that some of them have done recently.

A young woman studying medicine in a Western university had failed to find the Summer employment that she must have if she were to go back to school in the Autumn. I wrote to a "good neighbor" in Chicago who is a physician.

She promptly took the case in hand, and through personal and professional friends connected the student with just the right agencies to get her a job. Altho she is one of the busiest women in her city this physician found time to write me a gracious letter saying, "Thank you so much for letting me help with this."

A young and troubled girl from a small town in Wisconsin wanted to go to Chicago. Could I help her find a place to stay? The woman I wrote to was a busy school-teacher, in the midst of her season of final examinations. What did she do? She found a suitable home for the girl and arranged to meet her at the station. When the train came in the girl was frightened, homesick, almost in tears.

"Good neighbor" took one look at her and said, "I'm taking you home with me for to-night." And that busy teacher took that little country girl home with her and kept her for a whole week, showing her bits of the city, giving her a glimpse of how interesting and worth while life can be, building up her courage and confidence, so that at the end of the week she went to the home a different girl, with a whole new set of ideals and ambitions.

A girl in a sanitarium making a brave struggle for health had no family at all to visit or write her. Some of our "good neighbors" have been writing to her, and at the sanitarium they say this evidence of interest was a large factor in winning her fight against disease. When it was decided that the patient might leave in June if she had a suitable place to go, one of these women invited her to spend the Summer at her comfortable country home in Pennsylvania.

Most of us would feel rather virtuous if we did these things for our own families or our close friends. These women did it for *strangers!*

A shut-in out on the Middle West had never seen the sea. In a letter to me she expressed a wish to see some of the shells she had read about. "It seems as if they might bring a little bit of the shining waves and the singing sounds," she wrote. Out in California a "good neighbor" gathered a boxful of shells on one of the lovely beaches and sent them to this invalid.

In Florida an aged lady, all alone in the world, with an income so tiny that the purchase of a postage-stamp must be carefully considered, filled a large mailing-tube with pages of Pictorial Review paper dolls and sent them to me "For some orphan girlie."

Yesterday came a large envelop containing sixteen hand-colored pictures of birds. On the backs of these pictures were letters written by pupils of the Tomah Indian School in Wisconsin. My sight grew blurry as I read, "I am a Chippewa Indian girl. I hope my bird picture will make you feel happy." And "I am a Winnebago boy. I like it here and I hope you like it where you are." Blessed little overtures of good-will and friendship. I *hope* that we, as-a people, deserve them! Certainly the teacher who prompted these greetings has both wisdom and vision.

More than *four thousand* letters came in response to Top Sergeant's appeal. They came from men, women, and children. Many of them were from teachers, or from club leaders, or from Sunday-school superintendents, asking for lists of names. I was obliged to commandeer my whole family and some of the neighbors as helpers! Who says this country isn't interested in its ex-soldiers?

A great many women asked for the name of Top Sergeant, "and no other." We could do nothing for them. No semi-invalid can read and answer several thousand letters. The letters which came for him, in my care, numbered over three hundred, and they were forwarded. There is no doubt that they were appreciated and enjoyed, even if all of them could not be answered.

But a great many women and men said, "Send me the name of *any* soldier who needs good cheer," and we did send out thousands of these names. It was not possible to furnish information about age, color of eyes, taste for music, art, or literature, whether married or single, degree of education, or religious belief. Medical officers of hospitals are busy men. When they send out a list of names of four or five hundred men who need a bit of good cheer they do not have time to write each man's biography.

But no one need feel that anything sent to these men has been wasted. They received it. They are helped more than you can realize. They may not be physically able to write you a letter, but you have made a warm place in the heart of a man who needed to hear from you. If he had *not* needed it his name would not have been sent to me.

So much is said about the modern young miss who is high-handed and sophisticated, and goes her own way in defiance of her elders, that we are inclined to forget that all girls are not like that. You would be surprized to know how many letters similar to this one come to me:

Dear Marion Lambert: I am seventeen years old and the youngest of four children. The others are boys. My mother is so different from the mothers of most of my friends! She doesn't understand modern young people at all. She thinks all parties are alike, because she reads and hears of wild ones. She doesn't want me to go anywhere without her, and of course the boys won't ask me if I always have to take my mother.

I don't mean big, public parties. Just the little school affairs where there are always some of the teachers present, or the neighborhood movies, or a party at some girl's house. None of my crowd wants to be wild. If a girl wears short skirts and just a little rouge mother thinks she is indecent, when she really is a nice girl and dresses as all the others do. My school life is all slipping away without any pleasure in it. I can't have even the girls come in the evening, and I have to refuse every invitation. Please, can't you print something to help me?

Brownie.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

I wish I could help you, Brownie. But you see it is pretty hard for one who knows neither you nor your mother to answer your letter wisely. The real problem is not whether you shall be allowed to go to parties, but the lack of understanding between you and your mother. Are you sure you haven't done things to make mother distrust you? Have you tried to talk to her about all this? Could you get one of your teachers to talk to her, if you have tried and failed?

Mothers write me, too, asking how old a girl should be before she is allowed to go out with boys.

What do you personally *think, Marion Lambert, of high-school girls attending neighborhood movies with boys in their own classes? I am afraid to say yes to my fifteen-year-old daughter, lest it prove to be only an opening wedge for other liberties. One doesn't know when to begin nor where to stop.*

It *is* hard to know. Personally I can not remember when I began to "go" with boys. As far back as my memory extends, our house was full of both boys and girls after school and Sunday afternoons. We all played together, walked together, rode together. My adored mother, whom the whole crowd called "Momee," was always there, in the background, and there were always platters of cookies and pitchers of lemonade.

Sunday afternoon was the time for freezing ice-cream. Momee mixed it up, the boys turned the cranks on the freezers, the girls served it to the whole crowd, which usually included a good many parents on that day. As we grew older there wasn't much difference, only the crowd could come in the early evening for a while. Presently they were allowed to stay later, and the parties became a bit more grown up. Somewhere along the line we began to "pair off." Eventually there were weddings. Occasionally we all get together now, back in the little home town and spend a whole day asking, "Do you remember——?"

I'm sorry for the women and the men who haven't memories of such good times at home. I wonder how a girl who never has had these pleasant boy and girl friendships can be able to judge boys and to choose her friends wisely as she grows older. There must be many homes to-day where the young people gather for simple, wholesome good times. Why don't some of you girls write me about this? Give me your honest opinion about how old a girl should be when she begins to have what you all call "dates."

Never a mail comes in without bringing at least one letter from a girl or woman who wants me to tell her how to be "popular." I always try to help them, and I always am afraid that I have failed, tho frequently I do receive a letter which thanks me for having solved the problem. But you know recipes for popularity are much like cake recipes in the way they work out. Two girls may take the same recipe for angel-cake, and while one produces a fluffy mass of deliciousness, the other turns out a sodden chunk of something with a raw center and a burned crust. Yet both in the art of cooking and of making friends there are certain basic rules to be learned.

So I am very glad to be able to tell you that a young woman has sent me a long letter, all about how she learned to make and keep friends, both girls and boys. It is full of really practical and workable little hints. She says, "From a girl who never was asked to anything except the Sunday-school picnic, I have become a girl who has plenty of friends and dates—and I didn't have to smoke or drink or 'pet' in order to win out." If you will send me a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, you may have a copy of this letter.

And I mustn't close without telling you that the State which up to now appeared to have not one "good neighbor" has one at last! The letter just came to me. It is a nice, rather timid letter from a countrywoman who says she could not give anything but sympathy and love and motherly advice. As if those things were not the finest gifts of all! I am so glad to have this name—that of the only "good neighbor" in one of our largest States.

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Noted

Berlin beauty specialist

ELISE BOCK

sends America a 2-minute home beauty treatment...

All Middle Europe seeks the final refinements of beauty in this smart Berlin establishment, the elegant salon of Elise Bock, at 158 Kaerntnerstrasse. An air of Eighteenth Century Beauty marks Bock's distinguished salon

"Foundation cleansing—the daily elimination of all pore-clogging dust, powder and rouge—by one means and one means only, daily use of the soap blended of palm and olive oils—Palmolive! ...I urge all my clients to use it as well as my own Pasta Divina and Eber Cucumber Emulsion."

Elise Bock

BERLIN W. 158 KAERNTNERSTRASSE
ROME—PRAGUE—VIENNA—SANTIAGO

Retail Price
10c

4602

YOUR facial loveliness, according to the celebrated Elise Bock, depends upon "foundation cleansing." And foundation cleansing depends upon the daily use of a soap blended of palm and olive oils.

The smartest women of the Mid-European world take all their beauty problems to Elise Bock of Berlin. Madame Bock's salons de beauté in Rome, Prague, Vienna and Santiago are well known to travelled women of fashion, who consult her constantly.

Known throughout the world

Many of our own lovely women go to Vienna and hear from Pessl this same truth. Madame Jacobson, of *London;* Massé, of *Paris;* Attilio, of *Rome;* de Neuville, of *St. Moritz;* Lina Cavalieri, of *Paris*—these are just a few of the outstanding international beauty specialists who advise twice-a-day use of one soap—and one soap only—Palmolive! Leading American specialists have long agreed on the importance of palm and olive oils in cleansing.

These are the reasons why Madame Bock stresses the importance of "foundation cleansing." Powder and rouge gradually work their way into the pores. Only a part remains on the surface. The rest combines with dust, dirt and oil. And soon, tiny, stubbornly hard masses form. Unless one washes the face this special way morning and evening—blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes appear!

A famous 2-minute rule

This is the 2-minute home beauty treatment Elise Bock herself would give you in her select studio de beauté: make a fine, creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, massage it gently into the pores for about two minutes, so that the olive oil suds work their way into the pores. Then rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, gradually letting it get colder.

What Elise Bock tells her Mid-European patrons, Paris long has known, for today, in France—home of cosmetics, leader in soaps and elegant toiletries—Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps . . . it is first in the United States and 48 other countries!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Serve Color with your next meal

Here's a bright idea for that dull and dreary dining-room

Embossed Inlaid No. 5052

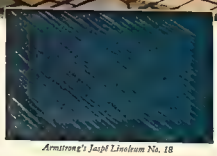
WOULD you like a simple recipe for adding new zest to the meals you spend so much time in preparing? It's easy, not costly, almost magical in its effect. Just serve color with each course—cheering color, color that perks up jaded nerves as well as jaded appetites.

First take a few moments next time you are shopping. Spend them in a good department, furniture, or linoleum store. There you will see the latest floor fashions in Armstrong's Linoleum—scores of them for every type of room.

Next select just the one you've always dreamed of having in your home—a textured flagstone, perhaps . . . or a soft-toned Jaspé . . . even a rich, regal marble effect.

Shortly after breakfast a few days later remove all the furniture from your dining-room. Take a last look at the old, time-worn floor. For by early afternoon, in plenty of time for the evening meal, that old floor will be out of sight and out of mind. And for keeps!

Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 55



Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum No. 18

Other decorative touches will suggest themselves once your new Armstrong Floor is in place—firmly cemented over builders' lining felt. In fact, you'll find your own good taste inspired to do many original things with walls, woodwork, and windows by the smart color and design of your new Armstrong Floor.

You'll make, too, many more happy discoveries. Your new floor is quiet, springy to the step, warm. And it's so easy to keep clean! Its surface, you see, is Accolac-Processed, made spot-proof, stain-proof. Dirt wipes right up. Light waxing and polishing keeps it gleaming. Even where floors may need washing (kitchens, baths, halls) care is simplified—just an occasional freshening up with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

"*New Ideas in Home Decoration*" brings you a bookful of rooms in all their natural colors. Its author, Hazel Dell Brown, tells you a clever yet simple way to plan your own color schemes, to know in advance just how each room will look. This helpful guide to home decoration will be sent for 10¢. Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 920 President Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . PRINTED . . ARABESQ *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Google

MODERN LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

By Margery Beem

IS LAUNDRY equipment expensive? How much does it really cost every year, every week, you use it? These are some of the questions whose answers we are all interested in. To find out take the initial cost, divide it by the number of years the equipment will last (this is generally conceded to average ten years), and add to this yearly cost the year's interest on the money you have invested, plus the probable service- and repair-charges per year. You can pay varying amounts for different kinds of washing-machines; but by applying the same cost-finding method as that used above you can figure out to a fair amount of accuracy just how much this laundry equipment is going to cost you every week.

If you buy your washing- and ironing-machines on time it will add to the cost, as the retailer must have interest on the money he has invested in the machines; but many women prefer to purchase them on this plan rather than go without them in the early days of home-making, when they need them so badly.

Which is the best washing machine? The only answer to this question is "best for whom?" For while there are many efficient washing-machines the one that is best for you is of course that which best solves your particular group of laundry problems, which might not at all be the best machine for some one else to buy. The place where you do your laundry, the amount of storage-space you have to spare, the size of your average weekly washing, the hardness of the water, the amount of hot or cold water you have on hand—all these particulars will help you decide which is the best machine for *you* to buy.

SOMETIMES the numbers and kinds of washing-machines on the market seem very confusing to the housewife anxious to purchase intelligently. The point to remember in this connection is that while no two makes of washing-machines are exactly alike, yet they all fall under four different kinds—the agitator or gyrator, the rotary or cylinder, the oscillating, and the vacuum-cup or suction type. Every one of these types has a long and honorable history. And

Washing-Machines, courtesy Home-Making Center, New York State Federated Women's Clubs

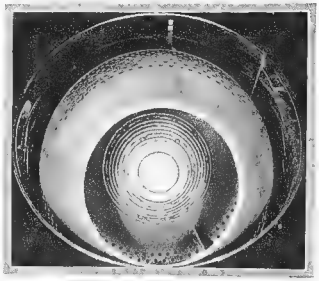
when they are manufactured by a reliable company you can be sure of getting your money's worth.

The agitator or gyrator type has a metal plate in the bottom of the tub on which are mounted several smooth metal paddles. The metal plate moves rapidly first in one direction, then in the other, catching the clothes, and swirling them back and forth through the soapy water until they are cleansed of dirt.

The rotary or cylinder type has a perforated metal or wooden cylinder inside the tub. This cylinder revolves first in one direction, then in the other, while strips of metal or wood fastened on the inside of the cylinder pick up the clothes and whirl them through the hot suds. This is the type oftenest used in commercial laundries.

The oscillating type is often the hardest to identify. It is usually a single metal container within the washing-machine which turns from side to side, the rocking of the tub causing sufficient motion to wash the clothes. In a number of them this metal container has a reverse action as well, and sometimes it is pitched at an angle.

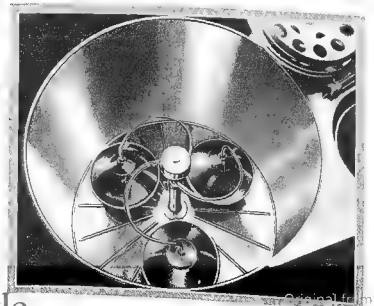
The vacuum-cup or suction type has a metal arm to which are attached two or three inverted cups or suction-bells. These cups, moving up and down, shift their position and force the soapy water through the clothes repeatedly.



THIS MACHINE REMOVES THE EXCESS WATER FROM THE WASHED CLOTHES BY RAPID REVOLUTIONS

Some of the foregoing types vary as to wringing methods too. A new form of drier is a centrifugal type, housed in a separate tub from the washing-machine. While one machine-load of clothes is washing in one tub, another machine-load (previously washed) is being whirled dry in the adjacent tub. It is a quick and easy way to dry clothes. On the other hand many women prefer the new soft-rubber, motor-driven wringers.

Ironing-machines have gone the way of



THE SMOOTH METAL PADDLES OF THIS MACHINE SWISH THE CLOTHES RAPIDLY TO RIGHT AND LEFT TO CLEANSE

THIS MACHINE HAS VACUUM-CUPS WHICH MOVE UP AND DOWN AND FORCE THE WATER THROUGH THE CLOTHES TO REMOVE THE DIRT

Photo by Mayer Kent

SITTING DOWN TO IRON IS NOT LAZINESS, BUT EFFICIENCY

most household equipment; they have become smaller and more compact, and the rolls of ironing-machines have grown shorter too. Whereas formerly they were 46 inches in length, some of them are now 36 inches, with a plentiful sprinkling of the 26-inch roll. This last size now comes in a portable model that will plug into any wall-socket. All you need do is to select the room where you wish to iron, carry your portable ironer to a convenient table, and start ironing. Remember that even these small 26-inch rolls have ten times the surface of the average flat-iron, that they operate from electric power instead of arm power, and that they allow you to sit down as you work.

In considering what length of roll to buy it is well to first make a survey of your average weekly ironing. What does it principally consist of—flat-work or garments? Are most of the bed-sheets single or double size? Do you use large table-cloths or squares for your table? If you use smaller sheets and smaller table-coverings, undoubtedly the 26-inch roll would be an economy both to buy and to use. Most of the ironing-machines to-day come with the open-end roll, so that not only flat work, but house-dresses, men's shirts and collars, ruffled curtains, and even children's clothes can be ironed on them with a little practise.

In that phrase "a little practise" lies the whole secret of getting the most out of your ironing-machine.

LEARNING to iron garments with an ironing-machine is not difficult, but it does take a little careful practise. One home economics teacher reports that she is able, in three days of training, to teach girls to iron a man's shirt in less than three minutes on the ironing-machine, whereas the average time taken by a skilled laundress to iron the same garment by hand is from ten to fifteen minutes. Be sure when using an ironing-machine that the roll and shoe of your laundry-machine have enough contact so that you get pressure and gloss when you iron damask.

One of the best ways to get the most out of your washing-machine is to let it do more work than is ordinarily allotted to it. This does not mean to overload the machine, as is far too frequently done. It means using extra washings, extra rinsings to give that extra shining cleanliness that makes washing an art instead of drudgery.

Soaking of clothes before washing them can be eliminated. Clothes can be made whiter by substituting a tepid wash in the machine for soaking. A quickly dissolving form of soap is especially good to use for this purpose, since it gives suds in lukewarm water. This tepid wash will soften and loosen the dirt or stains.

Following the tepid wash, wring the clothes out and put them

Continued on Page 62

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Original from THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Loveliness

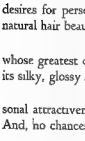
. . . . an amazing amount of personality and charm may be expressed through the hair . . . .

Out of the modern trend of feminine desires for personal loveliness has come a new realization of the importance of natural hair beauty . . . . and its manner of achievement.

You know how outstanding is the guest whose greatest charm may be her hair—its alluring rich lustre, its natural color, its silky, glossy sheen—brilliance that bespeaks utmost attention.

Women who depend much upon hair for personal attractiveness are deep in the understanding of what is best in methods. And, no chances are taken as to what results . . . . and effect . . . . may be.

These appreciative women advise you that if hair is to be sweet, clean and silky it must be rinsed with *fresh* Lemon Juice. Through its delicate acid Lemon Juice not only removes the soapy curds, but brings out true color, alluring lustre. *And, it aids retaining the wave!*



California Lemon Rinse gives an exhilarating sense of cleanliness. Insist that your beauty parlor give you this preferred rinse. Or rinse with fresh Lemon Juice at home:—First, the usual shampoo and plain water rinse. Then squeeze the juice of two Lemons in four quarts of water. *Now rinse thoroughly.* Again, rinse with *clear* water. And it is all done. Note the return of the hair's true color; feel its silkiness, see how the wave stays in. You will be delighted with the free booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," detailing many toilet uses of California Lemons.

© 1928 C F G E.

. . . . . MAIL THIS COUPON FOR THIS EVERY-DAY USEFUL FREE BOOKLET . . . . . .

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 408-a, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, Calif.
Please send me FREE book, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, manicuring, and beautifying the hair.

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

THE BABIES' ALMANAC

The normal baby between 21 and 24 months old

BY

DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

BABIES of 22 months weigh 26⅛ pounds and measure 33¾ inches in height; at 23 months the weight is given as 27 pounds and the height as 33¾ inches; at 24 months the weight is 27⅛ pounds and the height is 33¾ inches. As has been said in previous articles, these figures are only averages taken from the examination of a large number of babies and printed on a card circulated by the Children's Bureau, Washington, D. C.

There are several types of children, and what may be normal for one type is not so for another; hence mothers should not worry if their babies fall a little above or below the figures given here.

At 2 years of age the normal baby has 16 teeth, and the last 4 molars in the back part of the jaws are beginning to come in. They are usually through the gums by the time the baby is 2½ years of age. Great care should be taken of the first set of teeth as well as of the permanent set. They should be brushed twice daily with a soft tooth-brush dipped in a little moist precipitated chalk powder, and the mouth rinsed well with a little water to which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been added.

Any black marks on the teeth should be removed at once by twisting a little cotton on the end of a wooden toothpick or match and dipping this into moistened pumice-stone, and then rubbing the dark spots gently. If this fails to remove them, a dentist should be seen at once.

Twice yearly the child should be taken to a good dentist for a regular examination of the teeth. Many dentists now employ a dental hygienist to attend to the cleaning of the teeth, which is an excellent way to accustom a young child to visit a dentist and to understand the object of the call.

Often there will be no need of fillings if the teeth are kept absolutely clean by prophylactic dental work. Soft fillings in the first set of teeth are advised if any small cavities are found; these will preserve the first set, keeping them in place until it is time for the second set to appear, and thus prevent shrinking of the jaws. If the first set are neglected they will decay, drop out too soon or cause pain, and have to be extracted, thus causing the jaw to shrink and the crowding and overlapping of the second set when they come in. Straightening the teeth of the permanent set, which is a long and very expensive process, will have to be done if the first set do not receive the correct care.

The 2-year-old baby usually talks fairly well, being able to form short sentences and to repeat some short nursery rimes, etc.

If he does not talk at all by this age, his ears should be examined and also his mouth and throat. Possibly there may be some deafness present or a defect in his speech-organs.

Babies of this age should not be allowed to omit the daily nap; they should sleep at least 1 or 2 hours every day; usually from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M. is the best naptime, and 6:30 P. M. the best bedtime. They wake early as a rule, and require 13 or 14 hours of sleep out of the 24.

Do not give up the daily tub-bath just because the baby is 2 years old. Every well-cared-for baby and child needs a tub-bath every day unless he is ill in some way and the doctor forbids it. The tub-bath may be given before supper or just before the nap is taken if the mother is too busy to give it early in the morning before breakfast.

Babies of 2 years often feed themselves with a small fork or spoon fairly well, and should be taught to do this cleanly. It is wiser to have the baby's meals served separately from those of the grown-ups. If this is inconvenient the baby may come to the family table, but he should have his own set of meals and not be allowed "tastes" of food suitable only for adults.

Absolutely nothing but water or some unsweetened fruit-juice should be allowed between the regular three daily meals. Nibbling on crackers, etc., between meals is exceedingly harmful for both babies and children. At the end of a meal one or two crackers or cookies or a little simple cake is all right.

The question of candy for babies and young children often comes up. Candy is not at all necessary, but if one or two small pieces of molasses candy, peppermint, or pure sugar candy are given at the end of the dinner meal once or twice weekly they will usually not harm the child.

Our diet-list for the 2-year-old child gives 7 sets of meals in detail, which list will be mailed to any mother who will remember to enclose a stamped envelop, addressed to herself, with her request.

The little 2-year-old child should learn to amuse himself and not expect to be entertained all the time. If he is at the seashore he should be given sand-toys—pails, shovels, and sand-molds—and either the mother or an older child may show him how to make use of these at first.

He will love to dig "wells" into which real water may run, make "brown bread" with his sand-pail, cakes with his molds, etc.

It is wiser to let him invent little games and things to do than to constantly try to teach him; but when he accomplishes something by himself, admire it and sympathize with him. He will learn to be constructive if encouraged.

Playing with other children about the same age is good for the little 2-year-old child also. It makes him unselfish, and he will soon learn how to take turns with toys or anything else they may be doing.

He should not be allowed to become overtired or overstimulated, however, nor should rough play be permitted near bedtime. Picture-books or quiet stories are best at that hour.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Photo by Mayer-Kotz

VEGETABLE ENTRÉES FOR SUMMER

By Mrs. Penrose Lyly

REFRESHMENT and variety are essential to Summer meals. When the days grow hot we enjoy more delicate foods, particularly the fresh vegetables that are now so abundant.

A cup of hot soup and a vegetable entrée served with the meat or fish make a perfect Summer-time meal. Your grocer's hot-weather shelves can tease your imagination into simple menus that combine fresh garden vegetables with ready-to-use foods. He offers many canned soups, both meat and vegetable, which require only heating to be made deliciously palatable. Prepared sauces, spices, condiments, mushrooms, catchups, and cheeses suggest ways for varying your recipes. Also canned tuna-fish, salmon, tongue, chicken, ham, and many other delicious meats and fish are ready for serving with but slight preparation.

Altho fresh vegetables do not exactly cook themselves, they more than pay for the short preparation needed, with their fine flavor. Cook green vegetables rapidly in a small amount of boiling water, or use one of the waterless methods. Do not salt until the vegetables have cooked half of the required time. Cook cabbage and similar vegetables in a large quantity of boiling water with the lid off. When preparing to-day's entrée think of to-morrow and save out enough unbuttered vegetables to marinate in French dressing, and combine with lettuce, mayonnaise, and a garnish of sliced raw tomatoes, chopped peppers, or crisp celery to make a fresh salad for to-morrow's luncheon.

Summer is vegetable season, yet most of the entrées that seem appropriate in warm weather are just as good when snow whitens the ground. Modern canning methods insure the housekeeper a year-round supply of the garden vegetables that belong in every healthful diet.

Tempting Hot-weather Menus

Asparagus Soup in Cups
Vegetable Mounds on Lettuce
Sliced Tongue and Chicken
Sweet Pickles Ripe Olives
Finger-Rolls
Iced Chocolate

Split-Pea Soup
Shrimp Aspic in Molds
Asparagus Green Peas
Chutney Salted Almonds
Baking-Powder Biscuits
Grape Jelly
Ginger Ale

Chicken Broth in Cups
Grilled Bacon
Baked Onions with Spinach
Green Olives Sliced Tomatoes
Tart Jelly
Parker House Rolls
Iced Tea

Beef Broth in Cups
Cucumber Stuffed with Tuna-Fish, Tomato Sauce
Celery Stuffed with Peas
Whole-Wheat Bread
Gooseberry Jam
Iced Coffee

Shrimp Aspic

1 Large Can Shrimps or 1½ Cupful Cooked Fresh Shrimps
1 Large Bunch Watercress
2 Cupfuls Boiling Water
1 Package Lemon Gelatin
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar or Lemon-Juice

DISSOLVE the lemon-flavored gelatin in the liquid ingredients. Cool. Dip the crisp, dry watercress into the gelatin, and line individual molds which have been rinsed with cold water. Pour in a little gelatin, and when it begins to harden add layers of the shrimps, and watercress, until filled. Place in refrigerator to congeal. Turn out on lettuce, and accompany with cucumber sauce.

Baked Onion with Spinach

1 Large Onion for Each Person
Grated Cheese
Cooked Spinach, Fresh or Canned
Lemon-juice or Vinegar
1 Tablespoonful Butter
Seasoning

PEEL the onions and boil for 10 minutes in salted water. Drain and cool. Scoop out the centers, leaving thin onion-shells. Mix together the chopped, scooped-out onions, chopped spinach, and acid. Season with salt, pepper, and Cayenne. Add 1 tablespoonful of melted butter and 1 tablespoonful of acid for each cupful of the spinach-and-onion mixture. Stuff the onion-shells and dust the tops with grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes. Serve on rounds of buttered toast with crisp bacon.

Cucumber Stuffed with Tuna-Fish

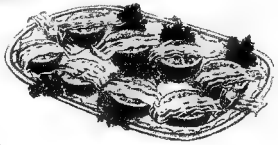
6 Large Firm Cucumbers
1 Tablespoonful Fat
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Chives
½ Teaspoonful Dry Mustard
1 Tablespoonful Flour
¾ Cupful Milk
1 Small Can Tuna-fish
½ Cupful Chopped Celery
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Green Pepper
2 Chopped Hard-cooked Eggs
Seasoning

PEEL the cucumbers and slice off the tops. Remove the seeds and scatter parts. Soak the shells in salted ice-water for ½ hour. Remove and rinse in fresh water. Cook in boiling water rapidly for 5 minutes and plunge immediately into ice-water. Drain. Melt the fat in a frying-pan. Brown the chopped chives. Stir in the flour and mustard. Cook for 2 minutes, then slowly add the milk. When well blended and smooth add the flaked tuna-fish and other ingredients. Season to taste. Stuff the cucumber-shells with this mixture. Lay strips of bacon on the bottom of a baking-pan. Arrange the stuffed cucumbers on top of the bacon. Bake in a hot oven for ½ hour. Serve with tomato sauce delicately seasoned.

There's a lot more to "STAR" Bacon *than using it with eggs for Breakfast*

"Star" Bacon is wonderful in many dishes for luncheon and dinner menus

Mexican Rice. *See page 13 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*



Star Bacon and Tomatoes. *See page 7 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

Star Bacon adds a richness to vegetables, meat loaves, cheese dishes—even salads—that no other ingredients can give. Cold crisp slices of Star Bacon crushed fine can be added to muffin batter with wonderful results.

Star Bacon has a wonderful uniform flavor and goodness. Mild! Savory! Evenly streaked with firm white fat and tender fine-grained lean.

In the Star Bacon cook-book, "Slices of Real Flavor," over thirty ways are given to use this savory meat at meals other than breakfast. Retail meat dealers everywhere will gladly sell you Star Bacon in pound and half-pound window-top cartons that let you *see the bacon you buy*. Or your dealer will slice Star Bacon from the original piece.

Star Bacon and Cabbage. *See page 10 of "Slices of Real Flavor."*

Star Bacon is packed in window-top cartons. See the bacon you buy!

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Armour and Company, Limited
London, England

Send the coupon for a free copy of "Slices of Real Flavor," the famous Star Bacon recipe book.

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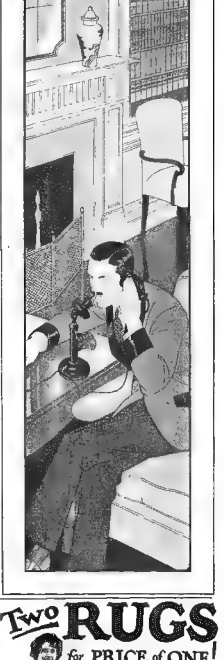
Summer scatters the Family . . . the Telephone keeps it Together

A Bell System Advertisement



THE family is scattered for the summer. Sally is at a mountain camp in New England. Tom is having the time of his life on a western ranch. Mrs. Williams is at the shore with the Gate's. And Mr. Williams is at home. . . . But he is in as close touch with every other member of the family as though they were just across the street.

He does it *by telephone.*

He calls them all, regularly, from home. First, the children, for he wants to have news of them to give Mrs. Williams. (Of course *she* telephones them, too, but on different days.) It's a lot of fun to hear all about their adventures—almost as good as being with them. Then he calls Mrs. Williams, to hear what she has been doing, and tell her the news of home.

It takes but a few minutes to reach the whole family. It's surprisingly inexpensive. And talking to them is next best to seeing them.

Vacation time is *telephone time.* You can talk to other members of your family. Plan to meet friends. Reserve hotel or camp accommodations. Let relatives know you will be in their cities.

From your own home you can telephone anywhere in the United States—or even to Europe. And the calls are quick, clear and low in cost. Use the telephone frequently this summer. It will keep your family together, no matter where they are.

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No paring or cutting—that is dangerous. Besides the corn then comes back. This way loosens it. Soon you peel the whole corn off with your fingers—like dead skin. Works alike on corns or callouses.

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Continued from Page 34

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," said William Dutton, and, pushing aside the man at the door, he bolted out of the office and sprinted down the stairs.

He was completely in a fog again. Only one fact stood out, and that was that he had recovered his half million. Then another fact pushed its way to the fore, and it was that he still lacked half a million. In the streets the newsboys were yelling:

"Wall Street final! Sensational rise of Green Moon. Closes at 103¾."

ONCE again William Dutton sat down, on the curb this time, and groaned. He had been within sight of his goal. His hunch had been correct—and what good had it done him?

Morosely he examined his retrieved brief-case to be sure it was well fastened. He packed down the great wads of thousand-dollar notes, and lifted up his book to place it on top of them. The elastic about the book caught on the lock of the brief-case, and it popped open and something fluttered into the gutter. William's astounded eyes followed it. Then he sprang on it as a famished cat springs on a mouse. It was a ten-thousand-dollar bill!

Deliriously, he opened the book. It must be a mirage. He touched the money there. It was real. He counted it with trembling fingers. The fifty ten-thousand-dollar bills were all just as he had left them between the pages of "When Knighthood Was in Flower." The flint-faced man had not even opened the book! William did not stop to ask why. He did not stop to think about the mysterious transaction to which he had been a party. What he thought about—if whole volleys of fireworks in one's brain can be called thoughts—was Daphne.

The marble temple in which Mr. J. K. P. Bellanger makes his home is far up Fifth Avenue, which is rather remote from Maiden Lane. But William did not take a taxi, or a subway, or any other conveyance to reach it. He felt he would burst in any of them. Besides, tho he had a million, he hadn't a nickel. New York was treated to the spectacle of a flushed young man tearing up Broadway and then up Fifth Avenue, and whatever the record is from Maiden Lane to J. K. P. Bellanger's house, it was shattered that fair September morning. He arrived out of breath, but not tired, for he had walked the entire distance on air.

The magnificence of the marble steps and the great bronze door did not in the least intimidate him. He strode up to the door boldly and gave the bell an emphatic ring. A frosted butler appeared.

"I want to see Mr. Bellanger," said William Dutton.

"What name, sir?"

"His son-in-law," said William Dutton.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the butler, "but I was not aware that Mr. Bellanger had a son-in-law."

"Neither is he," said William. "Oh, tell him Mr. William Dutton would like to see him. By appointment."

In a few minutes Mr. J. K. P. Bellanger came into one of the lesser drawing-rooms into which William Dutton had been shown. Mr. Bellanger, the cares of the day lifted from his shoulders, was in what for him was a jovial mood.

"Ah," he said, "I hardly expected you."

William Dutton said not a word. He opened his brief-case, turned it upside down, and its green contents cascaded out onto a gold Louis Quinze table.

"Count it, sir," he said to Mr. Bellanger.

If a bull could laugh it would laugh the way Mr. Bellanger did. He held out his hand to William.

"You'll do," he said.

"Where's Daphne?" said William.

"I'll send her down," replied Mr. Bellanger.

Daphne came in presently. She wore a blue suit, and her face was very bright. In her hand was a piece of paper. She went straight up to William and kissed him.

"Know what this is?" she asked, pointing to the paper.

"No," said William. "What is it?"

"A marriage license," she said. "I got it this afternoon. I had a hunch, You know, Bill, there may be something in this astrology business, after all."

William Dutton sank into a chair. He wanted to be hysterical. He was, a little. Then he got a grip on himself.

"Daphne, dear," he said, "you and I are going away to a place where you have a chance to get your breath. It's now nearly seven. At eight minutes past eight a train leaves for Wemsley. You and I are going on that train."

She came close to him.

"Whatever you say, Bill," she said.

MR. HOMER NESBIT, the only expert accountant in Wemsley, came down to his office early on the thirtieth of June because he knew he'd have a lot of extra work to do now that William Dutton had gone off to New York. He put on his alpaca office coat and settled himself into his old swivel-chair, and was about to begin to inscribe figures on a virgin sheet of paper, when he heard the outer door of the office open. He looked up, and William Dutton stood there.

"Back?" said Mr. Nesbit.

"Yes," said William. "I'm back. If it's all right with you, Mr. Nesbit, I want to start to work right away."

"So you didn't like New York?" asked Mr. Nesbit.

"Oh, it's all right," said William Dutton, "but I wouldn't live there if you gave me the place."

THE END

SPORTSWOMEN OF TO-DAY

Continued from Page 2

style of dress worn and the quality of tennis that women play to-day. Take Mlle. Lenglen, for instance. She absolutely revolutionized tennis-dress for women, and who can imagine Mlle. Lenglen playing the spirited game she does in the kind of costume popular fifteen years ago?

It is well worth while to notice her costume—white canvas sneakers, white stockings (silk), a one-piece dress, sleeveless, with pleated skirt. Around her head is wound a long band of brilliant-colored chiffon, snugly put on in clever little folds. Mlle. Lenglen introduced the bandeau, and is one of the very few who know how to wear it successfully.

Her grace and rhythm of movement are in no small measure due to her costume. Her beautiful figure, altho slender, is surprizingly strong. No muscles bulge to mar its symmetry. People who hold the old-fashioned idea that tennis makes the feminine figure unbecomingly muscular should see Mlle. Lenglen, one of the most proficient of all sportswomen.

I played against Mlle. Lenglen upon one occasion. It was in February, 1926, at Cannes. The score was 6—3, 8—6, in her favor. Her strategy and command of her game were better than mine, and I can remember distinctly that I did much racing about over the court for her balls, which seemed to be placed always in the most inaccessible spots.

There were several things in my match with Mlle. Lenglen which were indelibly impressed upon my mind. One was that steadiness is the most important thing in match-play. Another, that every ball is of equal value. To Mlle. Lenglen, no matter what the score, every ball was worthy of her greatest effort and undivided attention. And her costume was planned as wisely as her game.

Another splendid example of perfect freedom of action is the Spanish champion Señorita Lili de Alvarez.

She plays a very fast game. Her shots carry more speed than those of any other present-day woman player. She relies mainly upon her beautifully executed drives, forehand and backhand, and prefers the backcourt, altho she can advance

Continued on Page 51

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How good these fruits will taste next winter . .

IN HOMEMADE JAMS AND JELLIES

NOW, using the modern "short-boil" method of jam and jelly making, made possible by Certo, anyone can make *perfect* jams and jellies from any fruit!

Even if you've never made a glass of jam or jelly in your life, with Certo you can make such delicacies as ripe peach jam and jelly, plum jelly, apricot jam and jelly, banana butter—even orange jelly! There's simply no limit to the variety you can make with Certo.

There are 97 recipes for delicious homemade jams and jellies in the Certo recipe booklet. A copy of this booklet is under the label of every bottle of Certo. Get Certo from your grocer.

Certo is a pure fruit product — just the natural jellying substance extracted from fruit in which it is abundant.

With Certo *anyone* can make delicious jams and jellies from *any* fruit or fruit juice—quickly, easily, perfectly. Now you can use even those delicious fruits that never before would jell. Only one or two minutes' boiling is required! That's why it is called the "short-boil" method.

Millions of women have discovered that jams and jellies made the Certo "short-boil" way have better color and flavor—more like the fresh fruit itself—and that the cost per glass is from 1 to 3 cents less than by the old "long-boil" method.

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FREE: Two booklets—one, on how to make jams and jellies by the "short-boil" method—the other, an illustrated booklet of "Recipes for Tempting Dishes Using Jams and Jellies." Mail coupon to Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept. She will write you and send the two booklets.

Your grocer has Certo. A book of 97 recipes for homemade jams and jellies is under the label of each bottle.

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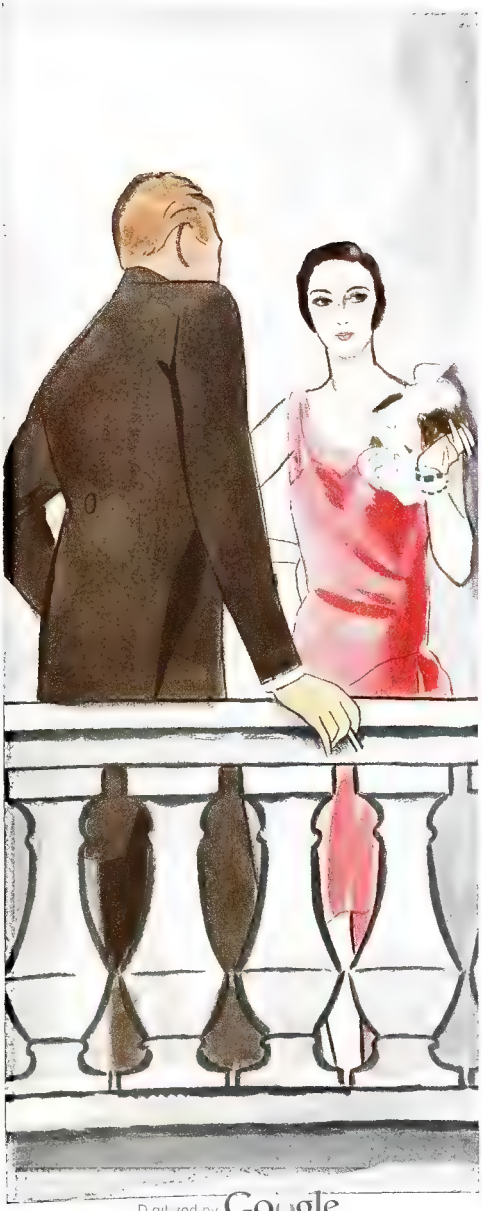

Moments that matter

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Continued from Page 48

successfully to the net when the occasion arises. She takes most of her balls on the rise, shortly after they have touched the ground, and very often her drives are taken on the half-volley. This means that she hits the ball *immediately* after it has bounced. It adds considerably to the speed of her play, and while exceedingly difficult for most players to do, seems to be accomplished with the greatest ease by the dashing señorita.

The Spanish girl plays a daring game, and appears always light-hearted and nonchalant upon the court. She is an agreeable adversary, and, needless to say, is popular among those who follow tennis and come to the matches in which she plays. She too is only too glad to attribute freedom of action to the wisdom of the modern costume.

Miss Eileen Bennett is, at the moment, one of the most promising of the English girl players. She and Betty Nuthall have held the center of the stage in the younger tennis in England for the past few years.

LIKE Señorita de Alvarez, Miss Bennett is very pretty, and looks very well upon the tennis-court in her simply cut and short-skirted frocks.

Miss Bennett's game is based upon an all-round foundation, and both her back-court and forecourt plays are well developed. Her forehand drive is a very good one, and her backhand has an excellent angle. She is very good in doubles, having had the experience of playing mixed with that wizard of the court, Henri Cochet, who is the present champion of France and Americia.

As to my own game, I find it difficult to write about it. However, I will say that the tennis that I play has been learned through much practise. I have played on an average of four times a week since I was fourteen years old. I always have had, and feel that I always will have, unbounded enthusiasm for tennis. I feel that any young girl who has good health and enthusiasm and who is willing to practise can learn to play.

GETTING back from the courts for a moment, I would like to say that there is a broad-minded attitude in general toward the activities of women. There is hardly a field that has not felt the influence of this modern freedom. It is noticeable in the decoration within the home, where there is more variety and originality than ever before. The American woman makes it a point of expressing herself in her surroundings. She demands a wide choice in color, in material, in style of furniture.

Modern woman would not exchange her present-day life, with all its advantages and its freedom, for the life of any woman of the past.

She has more time to enjoy herself. She has a wider range of pleasant diversions. She can enter into business unhampered, and earn a comfortable living for herself if she desires. She can think what she wants to think, do what she wants to do, and say the things she wants to say. Mental liberation has come to her through education; physical liberation, through sports and athletics. All have joined together in giving the world this sane, healthy, and happy creature, the modern woman!

FIELD OF HONOR

Continued from Page 29

court party, have their sense of honor. It would be a stain not to be borne."

"As to the citizen and the yokel," Lord Castlereagh smiled, "I am ashamed to say I can only see their value as voters, and as for the gentlemen of the United Kingdom, I think I am as good a judge as any one of their thought and code."

"Now God blast you!" Garrett exploded. "why should you and not I be judge? The Dillons have been gentlemen in Ireland since kings reigned in Neath, and how long ago since the Stuarts of County Down were weaving shawls in Paisley?"

Lord Castlereagh went gray and desolate as sleet.

"I rather wish," he spoke quietly, "you hadn't said that."

GARRETT was silent for some seconds. There was a tremendous silence in the room. He felt he could hear the pounding of his heart.

"I rather wish I hadn't been forced to it, my lord," Garrett answered. "I wish I had not been called to face the thought. And now, my lord, I leave you," he said quietly. "I leave your office. I leave all."

"Might I ask what you propose doing?"

"I propose doing what my honor dictates," Garrett said quietly. "I propose warning the Emperor of the French that a dastardly plot is afoot to assassinate him."

"I must warn you," Lord Castlereagh's voice was very quiet, "that what you intend doing is both indiscreet and dangerous."

"My lord, if you are thinking of having me arrested, I warn you I shall shout what I know in the streets, that I shall reveal it before the magistrate. It will serve the same purpose as my journey would."

Lord Castlereagh smiled. "But I never thought, plebeian tho you find me, of the vulgarity of police action."

When Garrett walked out into Whitehall he felt young again. That afternoon his thirty-one years appeared fifty to him, and now it seemed to him he was in his twenties again, so free his mind was. As he went to his rooms in Jermyn Street the sense of adventure thrilled him. He knew he was in peril from the French, and in peril too from his own people, but the consciousness within him of doing the right thing made him belittle danger.

As he changed into serviceable riding-gear he scrawled a private message to Samuel Whitbread of the Parliamentary opposition, telling him what he was about to do, and asking him to keep it secret. He sent his man to get a horse for him, and before going to Brooks's, to get all the gold coin he could negotiate, his fingers closed on the silver greyhound with the royal arms which lay in his dispatch-box. He must send that back, he thought. And he thought again, and, smiling, he put it in his pocket.

When at the posting-establishment on the Kent road he swung into the saddle the only thing that inconvenienced him was the heavy money-belt about his middle. The night was soft and perfumed with hawthorn, and on his right as he rode he heard the passionate anthem of the nightingales. He shook the mount beneath him into a smooth gallop. Good Heaven! He had forgotten. To-morrow he ought to have been at Epsom for the Derby. His only regret on leaving England was missing the races.

He changed horses at Rochester and again at Canterbury. He was hardly a mile out of Canterbury when he heard a curricle being driven at a mad pace behind him. An innate feeling warned him to leave the main road and let the carriage pass. With the dawning day all the birds were awake, and a steady north-westerly breeze was up. He rode through Folkestone and down to the harbor, dismounting at the door of the house where the communications agent lived. There was a light in the windows below. Garrett frowned as he knocked gently.

"GOOD morning, Deacons," Garrett greeted the sailor as the door opened. He noticed the man did not salute him. He walked in. "Have you got a boat ready for France?"

"I have, sir," he said slowly. Then he looked at Garrett with a meaning glance. "A boat with a messenger has just left, sir."

"Well, I want another one, and quickly."

"I'm sorry, sir," the agent replied heavily, "but the messengers as have just come, sir——"

"Messengers?"

"Yes, sir. Two of them, sir. They left instructions that as Mr. Dillon had left the service he was to receive no facilities.

Milk Rebels

are rapidly being converted into

Milk Missionaries

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Children show weight-improvement soon after they start drinking Thompson's. They show other signs of improvement, too. Nervousness and sleep disturbances vanish. Also other symptoms common to underweight conditions. Minds as well as bodies become more alert. And many mothers report much better marks in school.

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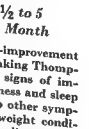

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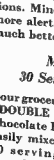

Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and samples of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

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I have it under his lordship's hand, sir, in his own hand."

"Have you really?" Garrett fenced.

"So you can't have no boat, sir," Deacons drawled.

"I wonder," Garrett smiled. The man was standing in front of him. "I wonder," he said again, and he drove at the man's left jaw. He could hardly restrain a cry of anguish as his knuckles jarred against the bone. Deacons began to fall forward gently. Garrett caught him and laid him on the ground. He rummaged around the room until he found a coil of rope, and bound hands and feet, lashing them together behind the sailor's back. He took the man's muffler off and stuffed it into his mouth, knotting it behind his head. He tumbled the figure into a small closet, where he saw a key in the lock, and locked it. He blew out the lamp, and took the key from the front door, locking it outside. He remounted and rode down to the quay. He put his whistle in his mouth and blew twice. A squat figure appeared from an alleyway.

"That you, Ellis?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Dillon."

"I want a boat right away," he said. "Where's Deacons?"

"E must be at 'is house, sir. I'll go find him."

"Get your mainsail up, and be ready to cast loose. I'm in a hurry. Then go and fetch him."

TWO boatmen pushed out into the harbor. Soon Garrett heard the faint squeal of halyards, and the purr of pawls against a mainmast. Within five minutes Ellis came back.

"Can't find him anywhere, sir," he said. "I hope it won't 'arm old 'Arry, but 'e ain't there, sir."

"All right," Garrett said. "I can't wait." The boatmen had come back, and were waiting. "You take the horse, Ellis. I'll see Deacons doesn't come to harm."

"Oh, you are good, sir."

"Not at all."

The anchor was brought aboard and the foresail set. As they slapped the waves of the Channel, with the wind abeam, they could see near the Goodwins another sloop heading east.

"That's *Boadicea*, sir," the man at the helm said. "With the messenger and the gentleman with him, sir."

"What was the gentleman like?" Garrett asked.

"'E was a nasty-looking gentleman, sir. A foreigner 'e was, all rings and scent. Major Wade didn't fancy 'aving 'im with 'im, 'e did tell me in real cutthroat, that gentleman, I should say."

"When we near that fishing-boat," Garrett said, "bring her into the wind and give a hail. I want to send a note ashore for Ellis." Garrett had remembered the trussed Deacons. He set himself to write with a small steel pen and a bottle of ink from his case. The man at the helm watched him in wonder. "'Urt your 'and, 'aven't you, sir?" he asked as he looked at the skinned knuckles.

Garrett heard at Boulogne that a great fête was to take place on the eighth day of the month, when the peers and deputies of France were summoned to receive the Emperor and take the oath of fidelity to him. At Boulogne he kept clear of all English agents, not knowing what Major Wade's instructions had been, and by dint of smiling and paying he managed to get a *cabriolet* de Paris. The horses were poor, and he understood the people to say that the pick of the horses were for the army. So he had to be content with what he got.

He decided that if the attempt were to be made on the Emperor's life it would be when he was on his way to the army in Belgium, and that would not be until after the inauguration. With great cracking of whips, and very loud shoutings, slowly the horses started for Paris.

HIS hotel-keeper at Boulogne, where he had stopped for a bath, had asked him if he were English—that much he understood—and he had replied "*Friandais*." The word had opened French hearts to him. The hotel-keeper had told the postilion, and wherever they stopped the postilion discussed this romantic citizen with the hotel people. It occurred to Garrett: These people take me for a cursed rebel. But he could not explain.

When he entered Paris by the Porte Saint Denis he had at last arrived at a plan to acquaint the Emperor with his news. He knew enough of activities at home to sense that the police were no channel for communication. The minister of police, Fouché, was too great a friend of Lord Castlereagh's to be trustworthy. Also, a warning of his coming might have been sent to the French Office of Public Safety, and he would find himself in prison on a trumped-up charge.

Of English people living in Paris there were few. He remembered that Lord Kinnaird was there, a more than enthusiastic admirer of the Emperor, who had married a daughter of the Duke of Leinster. If he could find him, word could easily be conveyed. Of others there was Count Lally de Tollendal. But Lally probably spoke no English; his family had been too long in France. The Kinnairds were his best bid. But where to find them?

He put up at a hotel in the Rue de Sèvres, and, after washing and dining, he

SONG

By Dave Carter

White wave, soft sea,
Take unto you my lady!
Bright are her eyes as
your lips' curl,
Soft is her skin as your
shells' pearl.
Do you not love my
lithe girl?
Kiss her, and care for
her, O sea!

wrote a note to Lord Kinnaird, marking it private, and affixing his seal. As none of the hotel staff seemed to have ever heard of the Scottish baron, he put the letter in his pocket and started off for the Boulevard Italien—he had heard that at Tortoni's all the foreigners and French congregated. But there he found nobody he could recognize as English, or any American. A head waiter to whom he spoke in English looked at him fearfully, and shrugged his shoulders.

A PARTICULARLY vile whisky was brought to him, and as he knew nothing else to order he accepted it and sat a while watching the passers-by. There were so many soldiers gathered for the inauguration that they gave a tremendous dash of color to the lamplit streets.

He got up and walked off, a little weary of seeing so many people about him whom he did not know, and bothered a little as to how he would find Lord Kinnaird in all this capital. If he could not devise a means by the morning, the only thing would be to seek out Count Lally de Tollendal, and by means of an interpreter explain who he knew. He walked off down the streets, past the Colonne Vendôme, and then, turning left, went along the Tuileries. Here and there men were working stripped to the waist, putting up platforms by the light of flaring torches. He crossed a bridge and looked at the deep river swirling toward the sea. A policeman with a great saber eyed him suspiciously from a shrewd black eye like a robin's. Garrett felt guilty in this strange town, and moved into the shadows by the quayside.

"And are you enjoying Paris, Mr. Dillon?"

He looked around. The man he had last met on the bank of the Thames was standing looking at him. There was a queer smile on his dark face.

"What the devil are you doing here?" Garrett asked.

"I came across with Major Wade. We were just ahead of you, I think. Tortoni's is a nice café," he added.

Garrett was thinking fast. If this man were an English spy in France, he was very probably a French spy in England. Three-quarters of these men were double-agents, ready to take money from any one. He might be useful. Garrett leaned against the stone parapet and studied him in the shadows. The man was faintly smiling.

"I've got something for you, Mr. Dillon," he said.

"A letter?"

"No, not exactly a letter."

"A message?"

"Yes, you might say a message." But he stood motionless.

Garrett frowned impatiently. He put his hand in his pocket and rattled his money.

"Let me have it," he said.

"As you wish," the man smiled. He put his hand in his breast-pocket, and springing like a cat, drove his knife below Garrett's left shoulder. Garrett's feet slid forward from under him and his head hit the stone coping with a heavy thud.

"*Ah, sut!*" The dark gentleman was disgusted. Mr. Dillon should have toppled into the river. "Tck-tk!" his tongue went against his teeth as he bent down to lift him and heave him in. But the policeman started running from the bridge, his great saber clanking.

"*Oh, non, par exemple!*" he roared. The dark gentleman slid into the darkness like a ghost.

ALL night long a heavy rain had fallen, and now, as the June Sunday opened, the ground underfoot was like a quagmire. The wet and famished men said nothing, for they knew that the man on the white horse was as tired and as wet as they. They were eager to get on with the battle and have it over, but the officers were waiting for the sun to dry the ground, to make it easier for the gun-carriages and cavalry. The man on the white horse rode here and there, talking to this general and that one. There was a quiet confidence in his face that the soldiers recognized. The young soldiers were eager to get over the sinking feeling within them, which they knew would pass with the first brazen cry of the clarions, but the older men, connoisseurs of war, told them, "He is waiting for Grouchy. He will be here presently, that Grouchy; then you will see—" they smiled.

Before them, on the ridge of Mont Saint Jean, the old soldiers could see, in the streaming mist of the June day, the position where Wellington had placed his troops. A bad general that, they decided, the men who had fought Russian and Prussian and Austrian and Turk. His back was to the wood, and probably behind him was a litter of ammunition-wagons choking the road of retreat. They could see Picton's force on their right, with Bylandt's Dutch-Belgian detachment before them to take the shock. On their left was Kruse's Hollander cavalry at Braine l'Alleud.

Wellington is waiting, the soldiers thought, for help from Blücher, the old bull of Prussia. But he does not know that Grouchy is taking care of the Prussians. By nightfall, they calculated, not one of Wellington's force would be left alive. A rumor ran through the ranks that Bülow, with a mass of Prussian troops, was marching on their right. The young soldiers asked was not the battle lost. But the old soldiers shook their heads. No, it was just a trifle more difficult; that was all.

THEN a trumpeter stood up, rigid as a statue. He moistened his lips, and raised his instrument to his mouth.

There was a continuous drumming of musketry, and the thunderous coughing of great guns around the farm of Hougoumont. The rear-guard could see waves after wave dash up like surf against the wall, break, fall back a little, until another wave came up, and there was a seething whirlpool around the farm-buildings, very like a spring-tide against a cliff. Then a vast cannonade began to tear the air horribly, like thunder overhead, ripping the fabric of the firmament. The men could not explain to one another what it meant.

Then, in four long ribbons, General d'Erlon's cavalry dashed at the ridge. The men at headquarters saw the Dutch and Belgians scatter and run. But as the

Continued on Page 56

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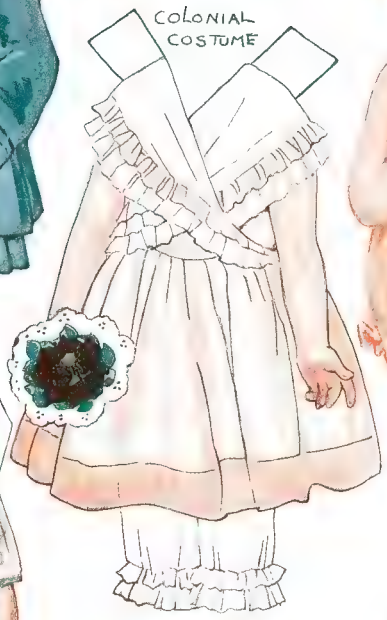
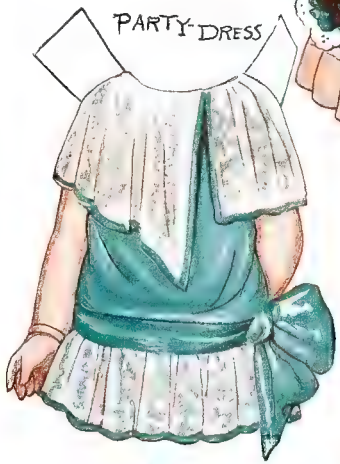
DOLLY DINGLE'S WEEK-END

WALKING SUIT

CAP



COLONIAL COSTUME



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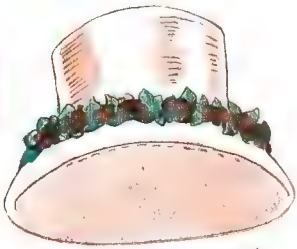

HAT FOR COLONIAL COSTUME

NOSEGAY FOR PARTY-DRESS

SLIPPERS FOR PARTY DRESS

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SATIN-SMOOTH SKIN

Freeing the skin of unwanted hair is now but a matter of moments

BY DORIS LEE ASHLEY

TWEEZERS FOR SHAPING THE EYEBROWS

AS YOU know, Paris has decreed that this is to be a sleeveless year. When the jackets of sports tweed or silk town suits are removed sleeves are rarely found on the frocks beneath. Sports frocks prove to be more practical and certainly more attractive without sleeves. Many afternoon frocks are sleeveless. Trailing formal creations for evening are extremely low-cut, and the mermaid in search of a bathing-suit this year finds these garments more abbreviated than ever, while stockings have been long discarded for swimming or surf-bathing.

Now, with this expanse of uncovered skin we naturally become concerned about its condition. Certainly it must be satin-smooth and free from hair. When the hair is dark it is unsightly and must be removed. When it is light in color hair must be very unnoticeable indeed if allowed to remain. The younger generation is most ruthless in removing even the slightest downy hair on any exposed surface of the skin. Many, not so young, are content to bleach a light growth with peroxid and ammonia until it is almost unnoticeable.

The older generation, for years, plucked out with a pair of tweezers, one by one, each offending hair on their faces. When it was necessary to get rid of the hair under the arms, they borrowed one of the family masculine razors. They also employed it to remove the hair from their legs on the advent of gauzy silk stockings, but this they found not so satisfactory when the reappearing bristly hair caught in the meshes of their fine silk stockings and it became difficult to stop the bleeding from a slight cut.

When the older woman insists on banishing hair on her face, she is not always willing to pay the price of experts who use the electric needle, which is, to say the least, expensive, and she begins to look for other means, for hair grows stronger and more prolific and conspicuous with advancing age.

Before leaving for a vacation many women visit a beauty-shop and have the hair removed from any surface of the skin likely to be exposed when bathing. This may be done by means of a well-known wax preparation that removes the hair, root and all, from below the surface of the skin. When the holiday is to be of a few weeks' duration they can thus be sure of no reappearance of hair unless they are unusually prolific hair-growers. Many use this particular wax preparation at home.

One young woman who uses wax wrote recently that her new position required that she travel with a group of young girls and that she usually has to room with one of them. She is sensitive about an unusual growth of hair on her neck, and found that it was not only inconvenient but embarrassing to prepare and use the wax when traveling and living in such close quarters with her companions

If you are interested in removing hair from the skin write for the free leaflet "Hair-Removers," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

While she preferred the wax, she begged me to recommend some other preparation that would free her skin of hair in a less conspicuous manner, as it seemed to reappear in a very short time even after removing it from below the surface of the skin.

I wrote and told her of the various liquid, paste, and cream preparations that could be applied just before her bath, and when washed off would leave the surface of the skin not only void of hair but satin-smooth. It is true that the hair will soon reappear, but with these very effective preparations she could again remove it pleasantly, quickly, and harmlessly.

Gone are the preparations that were unpleasantly reminiscent of youthful chemistry experiments. The new depilatories are so improved that they are actually inoffensive in odor, and some of them are even delightfully fragrant. Two or three minutes after applying these surface depilatories you will find, in the case of the liquid, that the hairs begin to curl up and that the clay-like creams and pastes begin to dry. Then is the time to wash off the preparation with cool water. With it comes the hair, leaving the skin exquisitely soft and smooth. When removing the preparation and the hair from large surfaces, such as the legs and lower arms, I have found the simplest method is to use a bath-spray.

There are several warnings I wish to give when employing the various ways and means of removing hair. When using a razor under the arms please handle it carefully, especially if it is sharp, and more particularly when it is dull, for frequently the skin under the arms is raised wherever an offending hair appears, similar to what is known as "gooseflesh," and the tops of these protruding places may be cut or scraped off with the razor, according to whether it is sharp or dull. Of course if such a thing does happen you will immediately anoint the surface of the skin with an antiseptic healing-lotion.

When hairs are removed one by one with the tweezers from between the eyebrows or on the upper lip it is a wise precaution to use an antiseptic lotion so as to prevent any possible infection. There is a method of rubbing the surface of the hairy skin with pumice-stone powder or a soft, porous-looking stone, which its producer claims will remove hair. Here again it is wise to follow directions faithfully so as not to irritate the skin, especially if it is of the supersensitive type.

THERE are two warnings I would like to print in red letters were it possible to use an extra color on this page, and these are never to use any depilatory when there is the slightest irritation or eruption on the skin, and never to apply such a preparation for a day or two after employing a deodorant. Then, too, I would print in capital letters for emphasis the warning not to use any such preparation without first reading every word of the printed directions for using it, and then to follow them faithfully.

It must be remembered that any preparation for the quick removal of hair from the surface of the skin must of necessity contain ingredients strong enough to actually rot the hair, and a dry, thin, supersensitive skin or one troubled with irritation from heat, perspiration, or any other cause will be further irritated by the use of such ingredients.

Now, the manufacturers can not afford to put on the market any preparation that is dangerous, for it would be only a short time before there would be burdened with lawsuits and be put out of business. They go to any amount of trouble to make their products practical for the use of all who need them, and they have through many, many trials found the best methods of using their products, so that, you may depend upon it, the directions attached will give the best results when followed faithfully.

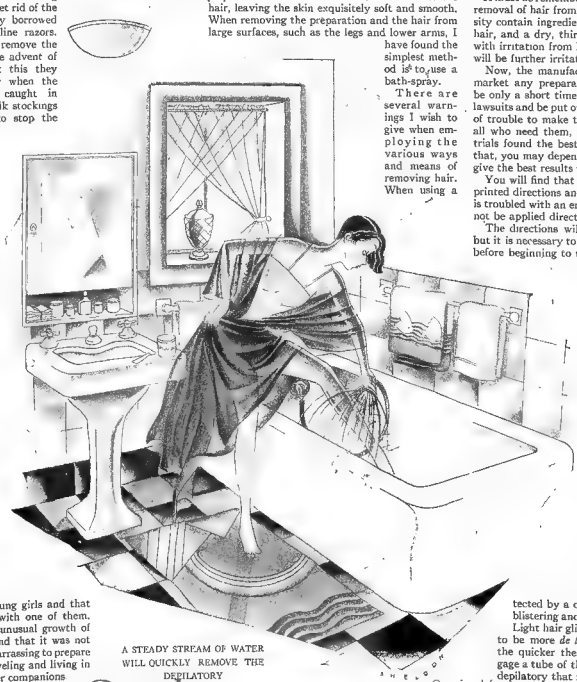
You will find that each depilatory package contains full printed directions and a warning not to use it on skin that is troubled with an eruption or irritation and that it should not be applied directly after a deodorant.

The directions will be found clear and easy to follow, but it is necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with them before beginning to use the preparation

You remember the old story about the two young people who were making a cake from a recipe whose directions read: "Take two eggs and separate them," so they placed one egg at one end of the table and one at the other, but I am sure that none of my readers are so inexperienced as to do this. Besides, directions now, in most cases, are fool-proof in their clearness.

Feminine lure is to the fore again. The masculine sports type seems to have disappeared. Sports clothes are more feminine than they have been since their first appearance. Women, both young and old, are agreed that anything that keeps exposed skin satin-smooth and free from hair and fine in texture is to be employed.

The dead-white skin-tone and waxen-white, heavy-lidded eyes have succumbed to the healthy, glowing, tanned skin, whether the tan is real or applied. If it is real tan you can depend upon it that the skin has been carefully protected by a certain cream that will keep it from blistering and from becoming coarse in the tanning. Light hair glistens on tanned skin; dark hair seems to be more *de trop* than ever, so off it must come; the quicker the better. Pack in your holiday luggage a tube of the scented cream or a bottle of liquid depilatory that removes hair in three minutes.



A STEADY STREAM OF WATER WILL QUICKLY REMOVE THE DEPILATORY

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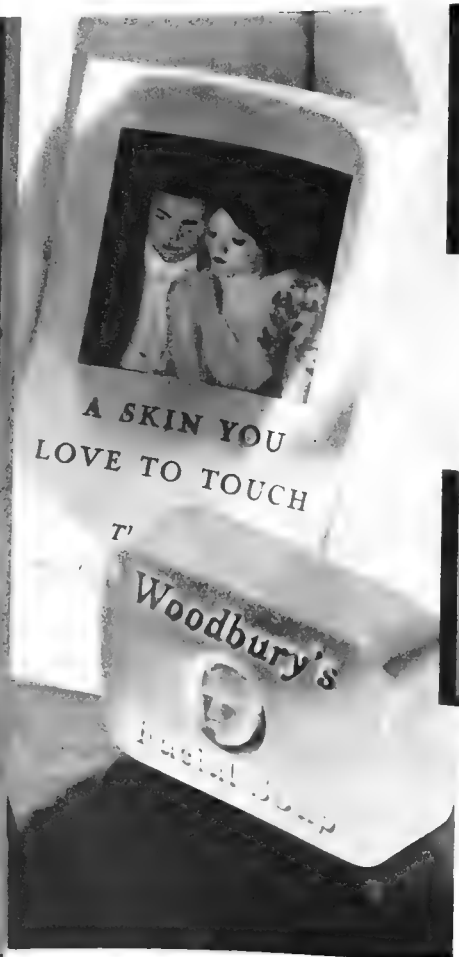
THIS IS THE SOAP

that is helping thousands of women to gain a beautiful skin

THERE IS NO NEED for you to be tormented with blemishes, acne. The famous Woodbury treatment for blemishes—worked out by a skin specialist and approved by leading skin authorities—will help you to keep your skin smooth and perfectly free from this trouble. Turn to page 5 of the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

ENLARGED PORES—what woman does not dread to see this change begin! Woodbury's Facial Soap will help you to keep your skin fine in texture. Faithfully follow the treatment given on page 4 of the Woodbury booklet, and see what a wonderful help it will be in improving your skin's texture.

ANYTHING BUT AN OILY SKIN!—for excessive oiliness leads to blackheads and blemishes, besides being unbecoming in itself. Vigorous cleansing treatments with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, followed by an application of ice, will help you to correct this defect. See page 8 of the Woodbury booklet.



ARE you following the series of beautiful Woodbury users, chosen by John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and now running in all the magazines? These beautiful women are only a few of the thousands whom Woodbury's Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury treatments have helped to gain a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today! Let Woodbury's help *you* to gain *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

FRESHNESS, RADIANCE, BEAUTIFUL COLOR—your skin will have these qualities if you keep it perfectly healthy and clean. Give your skin the famous Woodbury steam treatment tonight, if it seems a bit sallow and lifeless. The results will delight you. It will leave your skin soft as velvet, deliciously stimulated, glowing with life and color. The treatment is given in full on page 6 of the Woodbury booklet.

BLACKHEADS are one of the commonest, most annoying, most obstinate of skin troubles. But you can overcome them! A famous skin specialist has worked out the proper method of dealing with blackheads . . . Ice—hot water—and a soothing, tonic, stimulating lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Your own doctor will approve this treatment. You will find it on page 7 of the famous booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch."*

Send for Large-Size Trial Set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.
2115 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, *"A Skin You Love to Touch,"* and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." *In Canada address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2115 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.*

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Gouraud's Oriental Cream gives your skin a "Weather Proof" Complexion It is no longer necessary to be a parasol shadeo "Wall Flower" when it comes to summer sports You can step right out and enjoy yourself without the slightest fear of a burnt, parched, leathery skin The fascinating film of beauty Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders gives complete protection. It will not streak, spot, "rub off" or show chalky edges

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Continued from Page 52

horsemen began to pull at their mounts' mouths, a sheet of fire from the ridge in front of them cut them like a swung scythe, and the sun shone on the blades of bayonets. D'Erlon's thin columns wavered like fleeing snakes, and they were rushed back by a charge of Scots Grays and Inniskillings. "But they are mad, the *Anglaches*," the men in the rear said. "They are mad as rats caught against a wall by terriers." As Wellington's cavalry came racing down the hillside, cuirassiers and lancers closed about them, hacking them down systematically

With glasses the officers could see the men on the heights shaken and uncertain, but still there, and suddenly, madly across the plain, the French cavalry under Ney charged again, charged with a sullen fury. The reserve troops, aquiver like dogs in leash, forgot their own disappointment at being out of action, and began cheering. The glasses of the officers could pick out Ney at the head of the charge. "He's down!" a cry of dismay came from their lips. "He's up! It's only his horse."

They heard the rattle of fire on the Wavre road, and a thunderous cheering broke out. Grouchy! Grouchy at last! And they thought of Billow caught between the young guard and Grouchy. "It's all over, then," they said.

But an aid galloped up, with a set look on his face. And the name of Grouchy was heard no more. But some one whispered, "Blücher?" and glanced at his officer. The officer heard him, and made no reply.

"*Restez donner la garde!*" The order came from the Emperor. It echoed from Emperor to aid, from aid to chief of staff, from one to the other. And in a gray mass the grenadiers began to move. They dashed into grape-shot and ball, bayonet in hand. The roaring of cannon deafened all commands. They were struck by everything, by grape, by balls, by musket-flags, by their falling comrades. And suddenly they were wedged in, pushed this way and that way by the bulk of horses, dragoons standing in their irons to cut them down.

A scarecrow with his uniform in ribbons and his hat riddled with balls, and his face blackened, tried to rally them hoarsely, with pleases, with curses, with tears. "But it's Ney!" they cried. And a fury of fighting took them, and they thrust with bayonet and butt of piece, until their arms grew tired and the neighing, frightened horses with the beefy butchers atop of them closed on them again, groaning as they drove their sabers home.

THE bearskin-hatted men continued to march forward, grim, quiet, as tho their comrades ahead were being victorious instead of massacred. Stepping out smartly, as tho on parade at home, they moved forward into the whirlpool of battle. Ahead of them they could see the artillerymen sweating at their pieces, the white faces of fugitives too frightened to run even, mechanically loading and firing. An English officer galloped up to General Cambronne and pleaded with him to surrender. The bitter-faced guardsman replied in one single word. The regiments marched on.

The white-faced man in the center of the last square mounted his horse again. His face was set, but outwardly calm. In front of the ramparts of men, the tide of the Prussian army was galloping forward like the waters over the sands of Mont Saint Michel. Darkness would soon be here. In the west the sun was setting, and soon a bleak moon would come up.

Still the guard marched forward and died. And as each died, a little shard of the man on horseback died too. They were not soldiers to him. They were human beings into whom he had put something of his own soul; they were children; they were comrades. Men of Marengo and of Austerlitz. Well, he had lost; he could see that. He felt bitter about it, very bitter. For Lord Wellington was a bad general. But for Grouchy's delay, not a man of his would have been left alive. Napoleon did not mind old Blücher so much; he was just a scout old bull. But Wellington would boast he had beaten Napoleon, when he had just muddled through.

The rattle of side-arms about him told him that the whirlwind was coming, and that the men of Marengo were preparing to die. Their ears had become dull from thunder and crackle of heavy fire and of musketry, but a new intimate sound came to them, droning and whining in the air. And as the man on the white horse looked around him, he saw that there had come to him such of his generals as had outlived the dreadful day. There were Ney, Soult, his brother Lucien! There was foul-mouthed, most gallant Cambronne. There were Drouot and Labédoyère. And others he could hardly recognize, so tattered and beaten did they appear. Their swords were in their hands. They were on foot. They were about him in a ring. And they were crying to him, pleading with him. Old grenadiers left the ranks and called to him with outstretched arms.

"Get ready to fire!" he ordered quietly.

An aid rode through the ring and grasped his bridle, swinging his charger around. Some one struck it on the quarters with the flat of a sword. And suddenly they were galloping off through the air singing with bullets.

"Sit down, sir!" the young officer commanded.

"But——"

The aid disengaged his right foot from his stirrup and drove his spur into the white charger's side. From behind them came the crash of the first volley from the last of the guard.

THAT morning Marshall, the English physician, had said, "I need not come each day any longer. That young man is well." And Jocelyn felt like sitting down and fainting. It was hard to believe all was over, and that Garrett would live. And yet she said to Dr. Marshall, "But I knew it all along."

"Then you knew more than I did, young woman, for your husband has been so close to death that it was the toss of a coin whether he would stay with us. Might I ask how you knew?"

"Because I should not have been brought to him as he was if it were to separate us. That is the reason."

The physician snorted.

"Dr. Marshall, if he asks me now about affairs, may I tell him?"

"What sort of affairs?"

"Politics."

"Oh, yes, you can tell him."

She was exercised now as to what she would do with Garrett, who seemed so weak still. Should she bring him to Derrymore, or to her own place in the Hebrides first? Garreteen would be needing her. It was now nearly two months since she had seen the child, and altho all reports of him were satisfying, yet she worried. Two months of June and July in Paris, never out of touch or call, except for a few hours a day, from her sick husband, had been exhausting of vitality. She knew that herself as well as he needed the air blowing over the Hebrides, the little ocean rains, and the sun like wine. There was practically nothing to do except to pack. She would have to take leave of General O'Connor and thank him—a very formal business. Well, she was glad to be saying good-by to France. Yet she should be grateful to him, she thought, for it was to him she had gone on her arrival in Paris. He had read her letter of introduction without enthusiasm.

"Oh, yes, Dillon?"

"I have not come to bother you, General," she had said; "you need not be afraid. I have come to Paris to seek my husband. I thought you might be able to put me in touch with some authority."

"Quaintly enough," the general took a pinch of snuff, "I think I can help you You young people may not remember, but I was associated with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and have always on that account kept up my acquaintance with the family. Lady Kinaird, a daughter of the Duke of Leinster——"

"Yes, yes," Jocelyn interrupted. And then, sullenly, seeing he was not to be hurried, "I beg your pardon."

"The matter is delicate," the general reproved her. "As you seem in a hurry I shall tell you at once. A police agent brought a letter to Lord Kinnaird, found on a young man who had been stabbed on the quays."

"So my husband is dead," she said quietly.

Continued on Page 58

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Dishes wash Faster

with these *instant* underwater suds

Read why, in less than a year, Super Suds became America's greatest dishwashing soap.

Watch Super Suds win speed test.

Instant suds . . . not only on top . . . but all through the water. No other soap but Super Suds can give you this.

Prove this to yourself by making this simple two-second test. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water of dishwashing temperature. *Instantly,* every bit of Super Suds rushes into suds through the water, not just on top. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float undissolved on top or sink to the bottom.

This is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. This is why Super Suds gets to work faster . . . cleans with such amazing swiftness.

YOU busy women—who find dishwashing takes far too much of your short day . . . here's a way to do dishes in one-third to one-half less time.

It's Super Suds. The most brilliant soap discovery of generations. Not a chip. Not a powder. But soap in the form of tiny, hollow *beads;* so small they can only be seen under a microscope. So tissue thin that they burst into suds the moment they touch water.

Millions of women are using this new bead form of soap to speed dishwashing—to eliminate dishwiping. On the market scarcely more than a year, Super Suds has already become America's greatest dishwashing soap!

Faster dishwashing with suds all through the water: Do you want to know why Super Suds washes dishes so much faster? Then make the simple two-second test pictured above. See through the glass how Super Suds bursts into instant suds. Not only on top. But through every drop of water.

This is how Super Suds acts in your dishpan. The moment you turn on the dishwater, you get instant suds. Clear down to the bottom. Dishwater has no chance to get greasy, as with slow dissolving soaps. Silver, glasses, china, come shining clean in far less time.

No more dishwiping: Because Super Suds dissolves completely, it rinses off instantly. One hot rinse and every trace of soap film is gone. You don't need to wipe dishes. Just let them drain dry to spotless brilliancy. Let Super Suds do this just once for you. And you'll never wipe dishes again.

Whiter clothes in one less rinsing: Super Suds' instant, all-through-the-water suds get clothes clean in record time. And how easily this perfectly dissolved soap rinses out of clothes! You can get clothes shining clear and soap-free in actually one less rinse than you need with other soaps.

Do order Super Suds from your grocer today. Use it for dishes. For laundry. For wash bowl laundrying of fine silk underthings. For painted woodwork, or the new lacquered furniture. Super Suds keeps hands soft and white.

Super Suds 10¢

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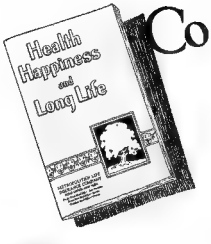

Common Sense

orders concerning his living habits, I had him report once a week for further observation and treatments. In a few weeks he was well. He will tell you—and he believes it—that I am a great doctor.

FAMOUS doctor said, "Many of the people who want me to diagnose and treat their ailments are more impressed by some scientific medical apparatus than by plain, common sense advice. And they are more willing to follow orders faithfully if given some special office treatment.

"Recently a man I know well came in looking haggard. I gave him a thorough physical examination while inquiring about his living habits. The diagnosis was clear but the patient a problem. If I had told him the simple truth that what he needed most to get back his health and strength was to slow down, sleep more, and get the proper amount of fresh air and exercise, he would have thought I did not understand the complications which were undermining his health. And if I had sent him a bill for such advice, he would have told his friends that I was a robber and not fit to practice medicine.

"So I gave him a treatment with a scientific apparatus and wrote a simple prescription. At the same time I gave strict orders as to what he should eat and drink, how many hours he might work, how long he should remain in bed, and the amount of time he should devote to outdoor exercise. To make sure that he was following my

"Perhaps someone may say my methods with him were open to criticism. But it was my responsibility to use every means within my power to bring him back to good health. Knowing my patients as I do, I know that many of them will not obey my orders for *correct living habits* if given without special treatment or medicine. More than half of the people who consult me would not have to do so if they would learn and practice important rules of health. They expect me to cure them of physical ailments which they could easily have avoided."

A majority of cases of physical let-down and distress are caused by careless or wilful violation of health rules. Bad eating habits, too little sleep and rest, lack of fresh air and exercise, worry, self-pity are responsible for many cases of bad digestion, headaches, poor circulation, constipation, jumpy nerves, depression and run-down condition.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has had a booklet prepared by eminent health experts which tells simply and clearly the fundamental rules of intelligent living habits. A chapter or more is devoted to each one of eleven important rules of health under the headings Sleep and Rest, Fresh Air, Sunlight, Exercise, Cleanliness, Water, Food, Comfortable Clothing, Work and Play, Good Posture and Good Mental Habits.

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Booklet Department 89-P.

Gentlemen:—Please mail free, without any obligation on my part, a copy of your booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life."

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Biggest in the World, More Assets; More Policyholders, More Insurance in Force; More new Insurance each year

Continued from Page 56

"I am not quite sure," General O'Connor replied. "He was alive when found, and was removed to a hospital at Neuilly at the request of Lord Kinnaird. I have not seen Lord Kinnaird for some days."

"At Neuilly?"

"At Neuilly. You are Irish, not Scottish. I know by your voice."

"Yes, I am Irish. I am a niece of General Henry Munro."

"Oh, but how very interesting! I should like to talk to you——"

"I am sure you would," Jocelyn told him abruptly, and was gone.

She went back to her hotel and, getting a Swiss servant to help, drove to Neuilly at breakneck speed, and stood white to the lips with anger while officials and nurses turned up records. "Ah, yes, very grave," they said, with a certain professional pleasure. She must see him at once. "Impossible!" She discovered in herself immediately a vast capacity for bullying. "You are madame?" "But naturally!" "Ah, she is madame!"

AND then silently, terribly, she began to weep.

They crowded about her, patting her on the shoulder. "Let us see!" they said. "If this emotion appeases itself—" She stood up straight and said, "It is finished." And then they brought her to him. She could only see his worn face, so thin, so very thin, with great blue circles under the closed eyes, with a bandage about his head and only a sheet to cover him. "If I keep very, very quiet," Jocelyn said, "may I stay here?"

They nodded that she might.

Through a city that shivered under the fear of sack and pillage Jocelyn went stolidly about getting what she wanted. The very houses of Paris rocked to the gun-fire at Sèvres. The ground shook as the bridge of Saint Cloud was blown up. But as tho all were fair Spring weather, she pursued her object with superb selfishness. The president of the college of Irish priests in Paris she interviewed, and insisted on his getting an English doctor and two Irish nurses, nuns with great white caps.

She had him moved into rooms near by where she could stay, tho the French doctors threw up their arms in despair. Even in all the trouble she got the Emperor's friend, Dr. Marshall, to come and see him. One day she saw the remains of an army shuffling through the streets, and two hours later Cossacks on shaggy ponies, like gnomes on gnomes' horses, padded cautiously down the streets.

For all this she cared nothing. All her being, her eyes, her heart were concentrated on the wasting figure in the bed. They explained to her that the knife-wound, tho deep and dangerous, would not kill him, but the injury to the head where he had fallen against the coping was serious. The body might heal if the mind were right, but the mind was not helping. It was all in the obscure orders of the brain, that no man knew. Then one morning he opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Then, of course," he said in a surprizingly clear and loud tone, "I am dead."

"You are not dead," she told him.

"And you are dead, too, Jocelyn." And his eyes shut again.

She looked with terror at the young religious who was watching. The sister saw in her eyes that she feared Garrett was mad, and shook her head. "His mind is working," she said. "It is well."

In the evening, before he opened them again, she went and knelt beside him.

"Garrett, it is I, Jocelyn. Do you hear me? You must live. You must make an effort and live."

"Must I?" he said dully.

"Listen to me," she pleaded intensely. "Do you know that there is not only you and I now? There is a little son of yours who wants you, and he is so lonely, Garrett mine, and so like you that I am jealous of it. And his name is Garrett, too."

"I always knew," he said weakly, "that if you had a son it would be mine."

"But whose else?"

The evening nurse dragged her away. He got better. She could see life returning to him, returning in agony, as tho it had gone out of him through a great wound, and now the wound was all but closed, and life had to burst back through choked passages. Once she flung herself beside him and spoke to him intensely.

"I am going to say a dreadful thing, Garrett. It is this, If you were to join the king of hell himself, I shall not leave you any more." And she was rewarded by his smiling.

She was made to go out by the physicians for a drive each day herself. And everywhere she heard stories that were heart-breaking. A week before, men had assembled before the Élysée gardens to catch some sight of their Emperor. They had seen him walking up and down among the formal flower-beds in his short blue coat and three-cocked hat with Count Bertrand and with Cardinal Fesch. The cardinal had evidently been persuading the best figure against something. The Emperor seemed a broken man.

And then it began to be dangerous for her to go out. The Prussians and Cossacks had commenced a systematic looting of the Louvre with the permission of the returned French King. And when the National Guard decided they would defend the Louvre, they were threatened with a regiment of English soldiers. So the looting went on apace.

In the looted, bedraggled, defiled city there was but one gleam of consolation. The Emperor, who was at Rochefort, had decided to go into exile in America, and had voluntarily gone on board an English man-of-war, whose captain had orders to take him to England if it was agreeable to him. There Captain Maitland assured him, he would meet with all the good treatment and consideration he could desire. And France was happy. It saw the great hero in a land of Indians and buffaloes, living a quiet, pastoral life, where treachery could not reach him, nor a new defeat break his heart. And there the old soldiers might find a welcome, if they crossed to meet him. They had lent Lafayette to America, and now they were trusting the Emperor to her. And France was glad.

JOCELYN went from the sitting-room, where she had left Dr. Marshall, into the room where Garrett was sitting up weak, but on the way to health. Her heart was singing. She was harboring one small patch of resentment in it. The little sister who was on duty by day would go now.

"My dear one," she told Garrett, "we leave for home this week."

"But we can not," Garrett said. "You are forgetting the war."

They had told him nothing. Jocelyn put her hand on his. "My dear one, that is over. All over, weeks ago." There was a question in his eyes. "When you go out you will see everywhere the white Bourbon banner."

"And the Emperor, is he dead?" Garrett asked.

"No," Jocelyn answered. "He is—a prisoner." Only that morning had come word from England that the Ministry had sent him to some barren rock off the African coast. All the world was already humming with resentment, both friend and enemy. The Emperor had touched the cloak of the victors, as a defeated enemy does the robe of an Arab emir. Himself had always been chivalrous.

"They will release him, and send him abroad," Garrett said.

"They will never release him, poor Emperor!" Jocelyn shook her head.

"Who has him?" Garrett asked.

He turned his head aside when her quiet answer came:

"Lord Castlereagh."

THE grenadier on sentry duty at the Emperor's grave in the clump of willows saw the lantern of the patrol move away with a sinking feeling in his heart. It was an appalling night of heat on the rock of Saint Helena, and in this depression of earth it was hotter than any other place on the island. Above him, tho he could not see it, was a leaden sky. A great nostalgia for England caught him by the throat for the pot-houses of England with the sanded floors, and the beer, and the pipes of 'baccy. Gawd! he swore to himself mutinously, was they afraid of him still, and him dead as mutton? Who the —— wanted to steal a dead man anyway?

Continued on Page 60

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Fresh Loveliness that challenges summer sun

Loveliness of person — loveliness of face... fresh beauty that challenges summer's sun—can be yours throughout the hottest day. For wilting summer weather is no problem to those who know the magic lasting quality of Vivaudou's charming toiletries!

For loveliness of person—a shower of Vivaudou Mavis Talcum. Fragrant—pure—deodorant, it keeps you immaculate—cool—fresh! . . . For loveliness of face—Vivaudou Mavis Face Powder gives your skin flower-petal smoothness, exquisite translucence; clings devotedly; beautifully blended shades . . . Vivaudou Rouge brings to your cheeks a delicious bloom that does not fade with passing hours; in glowing tints . . . Vivaudou Lipstick accents the curve of lips enchantingly—stays on for hours; smart, colorful shades . . . Be your loveliest—with Vivaudou's charming toiletries.

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"Postum? Certainly, madam. *Hot or Iced?*"

BAKE-OVEN days that stale your appetite and set your nerves to fidgeting. Sticky-hot nights that drive sleep from your pillow… How can you find relief?

Millions of wise men and women have found one sure way. It's this:

Eliminate caffein from your diet—drink Postum with your meals instead! Drink it steaming hot in the cool of the morning—or frosty-cold in the heat of mid-day. You'll be amazed at the results!

First, your appetite will thank you. For Postum's flavor is so refreshingly different—so rich and tangy. Such a welcome change from ordinary mealtime drinks.

And then your nerves will thank you. For Postum contains no irritating stimulants of any kind. Postum is so kind to your nerves. It lets you sleep—*soundly!*

That's because Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran—there's not the slightest trace of caffein in it. Served hot or iced, it's delicious! A drink with the flavor that millions prefer. And it's so easy to make!

The best way to test Postum's value is to make it your mealtime drink for thirty days, in place of caffein beverages. Then judge! Then see if you will ever go back to drinks that fray your nerves, interfere with sleep, impair digestion! Postum costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Your grocer has it. Or mail the coupon—we'll send you one week's supply free. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

Two ways to make this wonderful summertime drink

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH MILK

Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold milk. Sugar to taste, and serve with cracked ice.

ICED POSTUM MADE WITH WATER

Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with three and one-half tall glasses of cold water. Sugar and cream to taste. Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoon of whipped cream on the top of each glass—or beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoon of vanilla ice cream for each glass. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

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P.—P.R. 8-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐

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Fill in completely—Print name and address.

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., Ltd. 252 Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Post Toasties (Postum)

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Continued from Page 58

He wondered with a gush of self-pity if at home in England they knew what this blarsted place was like. Half the time wetter than any February in England, and, gor blime! him, that was wet enough. And the rest of the time hotter than a furnace. What a climate! And the white ants, and the rats, and the bloody gnats, and the cactus! Ere! What was that? He turned around quickly toward the Emperor's grave, with bayonet outstretched. Only one of those rats among the willows.

Fair was a man balmy, that island would. There were those sea-rollers that looked like mountains as they came in, slow like, and hit the bottom of the precipices until you could feel the island shake; well, it felt like that, anyhow. And then there was the loneliness of it. Even tho your pals were with you, you felt the rock was such a way from honest land. Here you were in the Gulf of Guinea, and if you wanted anything you would have to send to the Cape of Good Hope for it. If in one of those storms that took the heart out of you the whole perishing island was to disappear, your friends at home wouldn't hear of it for five months, maybe.

He stepped out briskly going from pout to post in front of the unmarked grave, for he felt that in doing so the lonely island and the fearsome night might not get so much on his nerves. What the — did they want a sentry there for anyhow? He was dead, wasn't he? What harm could he do now? Gawd, they were so glad he was dead that they had given him a slap-up funeral.

Grenadiers had carried the coffin, and Lady Lowe and her daughters in mourning, mark you! had followed the corp, and all the officers of the navy and army staff. And the Twentieth and Sixty-sixth Regiments, with arms reversed, were placed on the hills around the swamp. And — if they didn't give him three rounds of eleven guns! And all the old soldiers had laughed.

For they remembered when he had come ashore nearly six years before, brown as a berry, hard as a gun-barrel. The poor blokes they buried was not the man they had seen come here The man that had come here was the man able to do his twenty miles a day on a horse. But the wet, and the bad food, and the heart-break had made him into a yellow fat man Gor! it was a fair shame, the grenadier thought, what they did to that man. They had made him keep within a mile and a half of the rotting farmhouse they had provided him; sent away his friends. The rain came through the roof of his hovel, and the rats were using it as an exercise-ground, so help him!

THE grub the governor allowed him was so bad that the English regiments would have mutinied on the spot. Captain Poppleton had to lend the Emperor candles on the quiet, and Santini, the Italian valet, had to creep into the English camp to buy butter, and eggs, and bread from the soldiers' wives, or he would have had no breakfast, the Emperor wouldn't. And the governor—he was a wrong one! Every one knew that he stole even the shirts sent from France to Napoleon. He was a proper Jack Ketch, he was. Jack Ketch was an amateur hangman compared to this Sir Hudson Lowe!

What do you think of his giving an order that no courtesy should be shown to the prisoner. He remembered once when the Emperor had ridden to the limit of his prison in his old green coat, and the Fifty-third was marching by, and as it went past, the Emperor's hand had flashed up in salute, but no salute back, no "Eyes right!" The Emperor had turned white. That was a lousy thing to do, from soldiers to a soldier! He didn't count much after that, old Nap didn't. Wasn't pushing like; knew when he wasn't wanted.

Been bloody lonely since he died, all the same When he was alive there had been five hundred guns. And eleven warships in the waters. They must have thought him a bloody wizard. How the — could he get away from here? Even if he left the house for a walk in what they called the garden, there were signaling arrangements to let the governor and the admiral know. And every day they sent a doctor to find out why the blue hell he wasn't dead yet.

The night wore on. The sentry felt the darkness thick as a fog about him, imagining that he clesaved it as he went from post to post, and that it opened for him and closed behind him, and muffled and choked him, as fog does. Heavens! not even a dog barked in the night, and never, nowhere, was such loneliness. The night grew gloomier than before. The darkness was like water rising and lapping. A little moaning wind ran down the valley, and the willows behind whispered and shivered. What was that? The sentry swung around, his face leveled. Nothing! He wiped his brow with his sleeve. Here, Bill, this won't do, he told himself. You got to get a hold of yourself, you have. Remember, you've been at Corunna, you have. Been one of Sir John Moore's men. Would have had your stripes long ago if it wasn't for the bottle, you would. Seen Waterloo, too. You ain't afraid of nothing, Bill, see! But gor! how he wished his relief would come!

GARRETT walked out of the house, down to the lawn to the great lake, and listened quietly to the rustle of the water in the grass. A great September moon was above, and the thousand reflections of it on the water made the minute waves shimmer. Afar off one could see the trees going down to the edges of the calm water, and Ram's Island of the Round Tower like some barge afloat. Garrett listened a minute to the sound of fish jumping in the waters, and wandered on.

To-night there seemed such peace on the world, on Derrymore, on the big lake, that it would appear as if some bitter curse had been lifted. The uninvited thought made Garrett conscious of meanness. Only a week before had he been horrified by news of the end of Castlereagh—that end that is so appalling a passing by one's own hand. And Garrett doubted if there was one person, excluding the brother whose career he had made, to regret him. England seemed glad he was gone, and the hurried funeral in Westminster Abbey, where the country's greatest lie, was a mockery in death's presence.

The jeering and the dancing of the people outside the Abbey were a horror, and only the police officers had saved the coffin from being spat on as it was hurried by. The kinder men said he was mad, and the knowing men asked quietly where Napoleon's personal money had gone, and who was on the point of telling? Great Heavens! as if the theft of some money were not a peccadillo compared to the slow, torturing murder of the dead Emperor at the hands of the jackal Hudson Lowe.

Garrett had never seen Castlereagh since the day he had left him in Whitehall, never heard from him. The dead statesman had collected honors everywhere in Europe. High above the throng he stood at the courts, the Most Honorable the Marquess of Londonderry, in the robes and plumes of the Garter, and men of honor turned their backs on him, and civilization cast on the ground. Garrett had felt sorry for him for a time; but in the years he had been home now in Ireland with Jocelyn and the children, he had been thinking a great deal, as Irishmen do quietly, of religion. He had arrived at two conclusions, of the existence of Deity, and that good and evil were the two forces of the world. Consciously or unconsciously each one in the world chose his banner, and coldly and consciously, at some time in his early days, Castlereagh had chosen evil.

Castlereagh himself told the story of the "Burning Boy," and that tale had been twisted by the Irish peasantry into something so horrible and warped as to be incredible. Yet was not Castlereagh's self so horrible and warped as to be incredible? And before what aloof, unimaginable tribunal did he stand now, with the little man in the green coat opposing him, the man to fight whom he had made each army of Europe a horde of hired mercenaries; the little man he had slowly and meanly murdered, lest he should again obtain to France?

Economists might argue that the little man was done, but, aging and broken

Continued on Page 62

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What is the Fascination of the NEW Face?

That subtle something that distinguishes the FACIAL *loveliness of today's chic women*

... do you know how easily it may be YOURS?

QUITE unmistakable, isn't it?—the new facial smartness that is today's ideal of beauty. Not so much a matter of features . . . not at all a matter of make-up . . . rather, a clear-colored skin, cameo-like in its confident perfection!

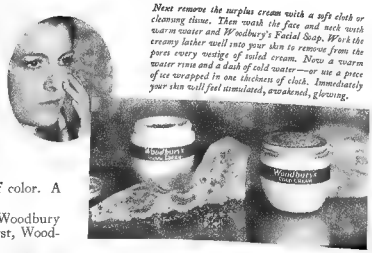
Naturalness—that is the word to best describe it. A complexion that depends upon natural radiance, natural loveliness for its chic, its compelling charm.

And in their quest for this smart, new beauty, so many women have turned with delight to the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*. For this gentle treatment penetrates, with searching thoroughness, down into the pore-depths, frees them from blemish-forming impurities—leaving the skin transparently clear, with a natural glow of color. A skin exquisitely clean!

Suppose *you* try the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*. Just three steps, you know. First, Woodbury's Cold Cream, soothing and caressing, for a thorough under-the-surface cleansing. Then the bland, foamy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, to wash from the pore-depths every trace of soiled cream. And, finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream, greaseless and refreshing, to impart a velvety softness.

Could anything be simpler? And certainly no treatment could be more immediately resultful. This because it combines the use of soap and creams—Woodbury's Facial Soap and the Woodbury Creams—each made to work at its best when in harmony with the others.

First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. With searching thoroughness, it penetrates every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.



Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Then wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather well into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Now a warm water rinse and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.

Finally, with your fingertips, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Cooling and greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture, without clogging the pores—giving that soft, velvety texture so much desired. The Complete Woodbury Facial is only a matter of minutes—make it a regular part of your beauty routine and yours will always be the natural beauty of "A skin you love to touch."

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also a Tressette with which to hold your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Complete Woodbury *Facial* every day for a week. After that, a *Facial* once or twice a week (with Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake) will keep your skin soft, clear and clean. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

THE ANDREW JERGENS COMPANY
2115 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, and a Tressette.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., 2115 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

JUST MAIL THE COUPON FOR YOUR GENEROUS TRIAL SET

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Still lovely looking at tea time

—but suddenly his interest was gone!

You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you.

BETTY knew she was glorious looking as he drove her to town for a day of shopping. He'd been so eager for her promise to tea with him!

And now at tea time—though she was still exquisite to look at, some unaccountable thing had happened. He was no longer enthusiastic. Oh, what was this thing that always spoiled her good times?

If someone had only told her that "you can never tell when a *temporary deodorant* will cease to protect you!"

Only by the regular use of Odorono can you be certain of *continuous protection* and freedom from the haunting worry of offending by unpleasant perspiration odor.

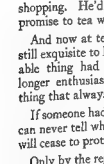
Because Odorono was made by a physician to check perspiration, women in every country in the world use it with the utmost confidence!

***Why Odorono Gives You Continuous Protection* · · ·**

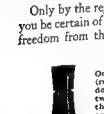
Odorono keeps the underarm dry and fresh at all times by checking perspiration in a safe way.

It is in the closed-in portions of the body that perspiration causes odor and leaves ruinous stains. Odorono checks perspiration in these places and directs it to more exposed surfaces where evaporation occurs more quickly.

Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) for twice a week use for the average skin and the new Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless) for sensitive skins and frequent use, and for the occasional need everyone has for something to use in the daytime or in an emergency, 35¢, 60¢, and $1.00. The delightful Creme Odorono (deodorant) 25¢.



Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored) keeps the underarm dry and smooth with two applications a week, used the last thing at night. Pat on freely. Do not rub in. Allow plenty of time to dry.



The new Odorono No. 3 mild (colorless)—for sensitive skins and for frequent use. Use daily or every other day. Night or morning. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

NEW 10¢ OFFER: Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette: samples of Odorono Regular Strength, the new Odorono No. 3 Mild and Creme Odorono. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

The Odorono Company, Inc., Dept. B-8, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

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Continued from Page 60

tho he was, had he set foot in the kingdom of France, old men would have left their grandchildren saying proudly, "By Heaven! we are too old to fight, maybe, but we are not too old to die for him." And with what a mighty shouting would even the children have sprung to arms! So he had been killed, meanly, cunningly.

And when that count was over before the high tribunal, there was another against the lord marquess. He had served evil all his days, and never was the volume of sacred law outside of the grasp of his fingers. And each day, unctuously, he read in it. And Garrett understood that behind the words of the Jew of Tarsus there was a terrible message for those men in the soil of whose hearts grew deadly herbage. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked!"

THE quiet of the night told Garrett all was well; that now was peace for the world for a space. The moon swept overhead on spread pinions of gold By the lake not an otter moved. The cranes slept on the nests. The old thorn-trees drowsed, and there was a hush on the leaves of the beeches as they hesitated before Summer's green turned into Autumn orange. Soon the west winds would be blowing, and the rooks would be restless on their branches, and two by two the swallows would depart. But to-night all was peace.

Yes, the wars were all gone and over, and peace had settled on the land. And as Garrett looked at himself now, he saw himself barren, empty in all these years. Worse, he unwittingly helped in crushing everything that had been vital and glorious while Napoleon reigned. Only a day or so before, he had taken down his sword, and, half drawing it, had pushed it back in disgust. All the service it had seen was a little skirmish in Spain, and now he was man-grown, six and thirty years of age, he had watched go by an age of glory and had no glory *from* it.

It was curious how one so could, Garrett often thought, attain to understanding while walking the countryside with dog and gun. His years in England he knew now to have been worse than wasted; while everywhere else men walked on mountain-tops gazing at the stars, he had helped men who gazed blindly at pieces of gold. He had taken part in a victory he knew, but it was the victory of the knave. Better to have died at Marengo, or in the rear-guard of the rout from Moscow, in a moment of heroism, when the soul had all but detached itself from the body in high emotion, and was contemptuous of peril of the body, than to vegetate in the comfort of Bayswater.

When, a year after his marriage, Lord Castlereagh had entered his house, then had entered a fiend. How foolish folk were to think that devils had Satanism written in their faces! Devils had courteous manners and a comely speech.

He had been deprived of the glory of heroic death, and now there was nothing left but to live. And he felt he must cling to Ireland, now that all were deserting her. Family after Irish family left the countryside for England, and foreigners were coming from across the Channel to take their places. Only the poor stayed on, with a passion for the countryside of their fathers that made you comprehend a life in them far more secretly entrenched than the life of the body.

But recently a representative of one of the London companies had called on him with a suggestion that he should sell Derrymore to them, at a great price. They had a scheme for curing the fresh-water herring of Lough Neagh there. It had required all of Garrett's self-control not to have the sleek factor hoisted across country with horse and hound. Apart from his love for his people's house, who could take care of and have feeling for his poor as he did?

The three old beggars of Glenavy, who would understand them among foreigners? He had seen one Winter only two of them out, and they had told him the reason was that they had only two pairs of boots among the three of them. He had offered them a sovereign, but they had refused. "If it is a thing now that we had one gold coin, sure 'tis two we'd be wanting, and the itch of wealth would destroy the quiet minds of us."

Nor would they take money for tobacco. "Is it to be smoking a pipe, and wondering whether you've had the value of the money you've put in the trader's till? There is comfort and nobility in tobacco given by your honor, but tobacco bought is in the process of trade." Who but Irish folk would not think the beggars men with heads turned away by a strange moon magic?

HE FELT Jocelyn coming down the shadowed sward toward him, and he turned around to watch her, and the perfected young beauty of her caught his heart in a muffled cry. How light her step, how slim her body was! Who would ever think that she had seen thirty-four years go by? Herself and some young apple-tree in bloom seemed breaths out of Springtime. And to think that Garrett Oge and Ulick were her sons, and small daffodil-headed Sabine her daughter. No outsider could ever believe that.

The wild loveliness of her youth had become a steady radiance. Dark head of silk, and delicate white silken face, and hands like flowers! One felt that when these fell aside, as they might at the brazen call of Gabriel, a greater loveliness would emerge. They had been robbed of love for a space, but it had come back to them, so powerful and ever comely that they felt it was a gift from above for the years of their separation. In the white moonlight she saw the frown of thinking of his brow.

"Are you bothering about that news from London, Garrett?" Her voice had changed from a silver bell to a thin and lovely bell of gold.

"I was thinking of it."

"I am so sorry," she said quietly. "I never understood. I was a bad wife and no comfort to you. But all the time we were apart I loved you. You know that."

"I know that."

"You were always so dear, so patient," she said, "when I was wild in my head, thinking of the rebellious men as giants, and the era of that warfare as a rebirth of the world. You were so sane, so level-headed, so right——"

"Heaven!" he said bitterly, "I was so wrong!"

THE END

And now that you have finished "Field of Honor" give yourself a feast of excitement and thrills by turning to page 9 and beginning "The Secret of 37 Hardy Street," by Robert J. Casey.

MODERN LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT

Continued from Page 45

through a hot-suds wash. Since they have had one wash in lukewarm water, it is safe to have this second wash as hot as you wish. Thus you can use your machine to eliminate boiling as well as soaking.

Where the water is very hard, put the clothes through a soapy rinse immediately after the hot wash. You will be surprized what an aid this is in getting clothes clean and white, even in the hardest water. And an extra rinse in an electric washing-machine is not a high price to pay for extra white clothes.

How to keep the new pastel-colored bed-linens and table-linens from losing their color is the newest washing problem of to-day. Some of these colors are tested with ultra-violet rays before being sold, and thus can be guaranteed that they are fast colors. Where such is not the case, however, it is well to have on hand a variety of colored blulngs in which to dip the colored pieces.

If you can not get just the colors you want, it is easy to make your own shades by combining primary colors of the cold-water tinting-powders just as you do in mixing your paints. Mixing your own "blulngs" can become a fascinating game, with lovely jade-greens, salmon-pinks, and orchid-shades as a result.

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MRS. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY'S

exquisitely tended hands have been painted many times . . .

"It does flatter the finger tips the new Cutex Liquid Polish," she says

Her hands are famous among artists. She has been painted many, many times—a great Italian sculptor has immortalized her.

"As for myself," says her distinguished husband Howard Chandler Christy, "I have forgotten how many times I have painted and drawn those beautiful hands."

Her slender, sensitive, capable hands are a true index to Mrs. Christy.

She is the constant inspiring companion of her famous husband. Twice she has been a house-guest at the White House when he painted the portraits of two successive presidents. The court circles of Italy fêted her while Howard Chandler Christy was painting the great leader of the Fascisti.

Everywhere she goes she carries with her an atmosphere of exquisiteness.

MRS. DOUGLAS PALMER JONES (*right*) of New York's smart suburb, Greenwich, Conn., sails her own boat "The Hawk." "Sailing a boat and gardening certainly do things to your hands," she says.

"Until I found this new Cutex Liquid Polish I was never satisfied with the way my hands looked. Now it's so simple to care for them—the Cuticle Remover not only softens and shapes the cuticle but whitens and cleans the nail tip. Then the Cutex Liquid Polish that is so flattering! Then a little Cuticle Cream or Oil to feed the cuticle, and a touch of Nail White and my hands are the way they should be."

MRS. CHRISTY in one of the gowns she wore the last time she visited at the White House. The beauty of her almond nails is shown in the photograph at the left. The three simple steps of Mrs. Christy's manicure are—FIRST, the Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle, bringing out half moons—SECOND, the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by the flattering perfumed Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed for a week—THIRD, the Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil applied around the cuticle to keep it soft and under the nail tip to keep it smooth.

"The new Cutex Liquid Polish is so flattering," Mrs. Christy says with charming candor. "I am delighted with the brilliance it gives my nails.

"I am very careful about my hands—I know they are one of my best points. So I am faithful to my Cutex.

"Before I use the new Liquid Polish I always soften and shape the cuticle and whiten the nail tips with Cuticle Remover.

"Then the Liquid Polish which lasts days and days by the way. After that a bit of the Cuticle Cream or Oil to feed the cuticle and my hands can meet even my husband's critical artist's eye."

Keeping one's nails as well groomed as Mrs. Christy's is simple with the new Cutex Liquid Polish for it requires only a few minutes each week. Cutex Liquid Polish is so easy to procure—at toilet goods counters everywhere! A generous size bottle costs only 35¢!

This is the very latest drawing by Howard Chandler Christy of his wife's famous hands. "I am very proud of Mrs. Christy's beautiful hands—they are as lovely as any I have ever seen in my wide artistic experience," says the celebrated painter.

A generous size bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢. The new Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢, unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 9-P-8, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

THE QUESTION
every mother asks herself

Answered by 221 baby specialists in NEW YORK—CHICAGO—SAN FRANCISCO—TORONTO

IN their offices . . . in hospitals . . . we interviewed them for you.

We wanted the opinion of the country's leading baby specialists about one fundamental thing—*what to feed the baby.*

In New York we put the question, and in Toronto and San Francisco and Chicago. And two hundred and twenty-one physicians—members of leading Medical Societies, men recognized as in the front ranks of their profession—gave an answer that varied only in phrasing.

They *all* approve the food that springs into your mind whenever infants' solid feeding is mentioned—the standby, Cream of Wheat.

Why this cereal is standard

Physicians through whose skilled hands hundreds of babies pass are the ones who know what food gives a baby the best start in life. And knowing, they have for thirty-two years chosen Cream of Wheat.

This cereal has that ideal combination—carbohydrate content so high that Cream of Wheat is amazingly rich in energy substance, and a simple granular form that the most delicate little stomach can digest without trouble. Every bit of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain has been removed.

Cream of Wheat is an all year 'round cereal—non-heating in the summer months and perfectly protected in its triple-wrapped-and-sealed carton.

Here is certainty—not guessing

When you choose Cream of Wheat for your baby's first adventure into solid feeding . . . when you make a hot bowl of Cream of Wheat an habitual part of the growing child's breakfast . . . you are being guided by your own physician's approval reinforced by the word of these great eminent specialists.

Order Cream of Wheat from your grocer or send coupon below for generous free sample.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg, Canada.

FREE—sample box of Cream of Wheat and the authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," giving correct diets for children from infancy through school. Mail coupon to:

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY, DEPT. E-33, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Name.....

Street..... *State*.....

City.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here. . . . © 1929, C. of W Co.

FLIGHT

Continued from Page 22

the golden grace of his young manhood there was another, older man, steady, disciplined, wise.

"You've seen a lot," he said. "You've been lucky."

The very old, quavering voice steadied. "I've had a good life."

"Sure you have."

"But I've missed John. I'm ready to go. What—what is it like?"

Quickly, he said, "Flying?"

And, stretching his arms above his head, yawning, showing his strong teeth in an embarrassed grin, he tried to explain to the oldest woman in the world the new sensation of wings. "Oh, it's great! Free, wide, and handsome! Maybe I like it because I don't like crowds. People milling around cities drive me crazy. They look so foolish. When I was a kid I used to like maps. I'd lie for hours studying them, putting in pins where I'd planted my flag. Explorer, I was! Africa! Borneo! Java! North pole and south pole! Say! It was too slow, going on foot. I like to *move!*"

She said, "John! John!"

"I guess I understand."

"And I stayed *here*, young man. I never traveled. I held John back from California."

"Maybe you didn't. Maybe he got there. Afterward. Say! We don't know a thing about afterward. I play with the idea a little. You know. I wonder some. I'll have lots of time to wonder when I'm out over the Atlantic Ocean. The idea may rise up and hit me."

"You ain't scared?"

"Not exactly. It's a different feeling."

"I know. Like stepping off. You kind of shut your eyes and hold your breath. And then you go."

"I guess it's easy when it comes. Afterwards, you say, 'What was I all worked up over? Here I am, safe and sound. Not a bone broken!'"

Grandma Brenn cackled. She had not laughed for more than half a century. She was obliged now to take off her big spectacles and wipe them on the edge of her red crocheted shawl. Suddenly she felt an eery gaiety, a gust of happiness and relief. She was Mary Brenn, not Grandma. She was a person, not a museum-piece. She wanted to justify the great span of her years and to make this young man see that love, not flesh and bone and blood, had sustained the arch.

THE only real things, after all, were the things you could not see or hear or touch. When she tried to say this the simple words eluded her. She put on the spectacles again.

"Maybe you'd like a glass of milk," she said, "and an apple? There's doughnuts in the pantry."

"That's mighty good of you, but I've got to be moving along. They'll think I've crashed." He looked at his watch. "Gosh! Two o'clock!"

He got to his feet, long, lean, springy, young. Instantly panic swept through her. "You ain't going!"

"I've got to. It's been mighty nice meeting you. And don't be in any hurry. When I come back I'll take you for a flight."

She thought of Nate and Bess, the neighbors, the gaping, giggling, curious crowd. Publicity. "Take me now."

The dancing light in his eyes steadied, and again he regarded her with a serious, adult appreciation, an understanding, a comprehension of the immense burden of her years. It was not a look of pity. He tried, rather, to see beyond the fact of her ancient body to the ember aglow at the heart of her. Flesh like ashes. Hands like claws. A twisted back. Ears transparent and bloodless. Yet she had conquered, and he respected courage. In a world mad for gain there was no other yardstick.

"All right," he said. "I'll take you now."

He stooped and lifted her, and the box of "pretties" scattered on the floor.

"Don't mind them," she said. "I don't need them any more."

She was as light as a child and as small. And again he heard the curious, triumphant cackle of unaccustomed laughter.

"You aren't scared?"

"No," she said. "I ain't a bit scared."

"I'll bring you back safe and sound."

He carried her as easily as John had carried her. She looked up into his serious, brown face. His eyes were set in a network of squint-wrinkles. On his forehead a lock of molasses-colored hair. And the years were canceled. She was back again at the beginning.

It was hot away from the shadow of the big tree in the yard. The dog ran at their heels, sniffing and whining.

The young man opened the gate, closed it again carefully, dropping the leather thong over the post. He was a country boy. He had respect for property.

The plane rested in the field with its great silver wings quivering in the heat-rays. Gigantic, now that she was close to it. Glorious. Beautiful. Alive and ready.

THE young man lifted her up, set her down lightly, to spare the pain in her back. Immediately he took his place beside her and turned with a quick, reassuring smile.

"All right? Let's go?"

She nodded. She had no voice. Her hands were clasped, hard, in her lap. She was not afraid. She had never been a coward. But when the engine exploded in racketing detonations, she caught her breath; her heart leaped and raced.

The young flier's hands were busy. The mysterious dials, the controls clutched her. She saw only the calm, clear profile, the new look of absorption and calculation in the aviator's eyes. In that terrific circle of sound he seemed aloof, a stranger. A gust of loneliness passed across her spirit. She steadied herself as the plane lurched forward. She no longer felt the breadth of the wings overhead; rather it was like going to sea in the cabin of a small boat torn and racked by a powerful engine. Dust-whirled, dust-filled with a million glittering wheat-particles like tossed slivers of gold.

The plane rocked and clattered over the rough surface of the field, then lifted. They were off. Grandma Brenn felt cold prickles along her arms. She tried to swallow and couldn't. She closed her eyes, sensing the almost imperceptible difference in the element that supported her. She could feel the sway, the sensitive adjustment of the plane. Powerfully, it climbed steadily along invisible heights: from peak to peak of empty, blue sky.

When Grandma Brenn opened her eyes the pilot had relaxed into a matter-of-fact attitude. He seemed now to be the plane itself, soaring so easily above the earth. His hands on the controls had the careless security of perfect confidence and mastery.

At last she looked, out and down, at the checkered earth wheeling, standing on edge. It made her dizzy. It was as if Brenn County had dropped away from beneath her chair on the back porch. She touched her shawl to make sure that it was she to whom this thing was happening. The familiar crocheted shells were shockingly real. She, Grandma Brenn, was flying! Secretly, gloriously, she had left the earth at last!

She saw below the vast spread of yellow fields, dark woods, town-sites, roads curling and uncurling, a flash of silver where some small brook spilled into the shallows. The floor beneath the plane was swept by a winged shadow, the imprint, swift and lovely, of a giant bird. So must the pasture look to the hawk as, with wings idle, he coasts on the vast spaces of the air. How small she must have seemed, stretching up her arms! How weak her voice, crying out! When all the time, up here, there were wisdom and solace!

Now, strangely, she could not hear the droning of the engine. The young man's eyes turned and anxiously scanned her face. His hands moved on the controls with fierce exactness. The plane lurched, slipped sidewise, wheeled, and again the earth tipped up on edge, rushed to meet them.

Brenn County. John's land.

Peace. An immensity of sunlight and

Continued on Page 66

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"Such marvelous softness— a sanitary comfort every woman appreciates"

Delicate cotton-like softness, yet 5 times more absorbent than cotton . . . that is only one of many reasons why this scientific sanitary pad is preferred by particular women.

"I USE KOTEX for the same reason that I wear silk lingerie. I want to be well dressed to the minutest detail." That is the recently expressed opinion of one fastidious woman. Others are enthusiastic about "its absorbency" . . . "the feeling of complete safety and absolute comfort . . . you never are aware of any self-consciousness, any hesitancy." "Golf, tennis, all the delightful outdoor activities are possible now, at any time."

Why surgeons insist on it

Cellucotton absorbent wadding, which fills Kotex, is used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals. They find that it has just the right protective degree of softness, just the correct degree of absorbency. And Kotex—by a patented process—deodorizes safely, thoroughly. Its corners, rounded and tapered in a special way, make for the most inconspicuous protection.

Why young women prefer Kotex

Every day, the American girl finds new ways to assure greater daintiness of person, finer grooming. Naturally, so important a thing as Kotex has become a practical necessity. Today, 9 out of every 10 younger women in the better walks of life use Kotex . . . and the tenth one will use it as soon as she discovers how important her friends regard this modern sanitary protection.

One adjusts layers of filler easily. One disposes of Kotex instantly. Cheese cloth and cotton substitutes are actually more expensive, since the price of Kotex has been so radically reduced. If you buy a box today (45c for twelve at any drug, dry goods or department store) you'll see why millions of women approve of it—call it "nothing short of wonderful." In vending cabinets of restrooms, too, through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Co., 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Such Fleecy Softness

can come only with this downy filler

The fleecy, delicate folds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding offer a type of softness that no substitutes can equal. Because of its downy white cotton-like structure and its correct absorbency, surgeons insist on it.

[*Prices slightly higher in Canada*]

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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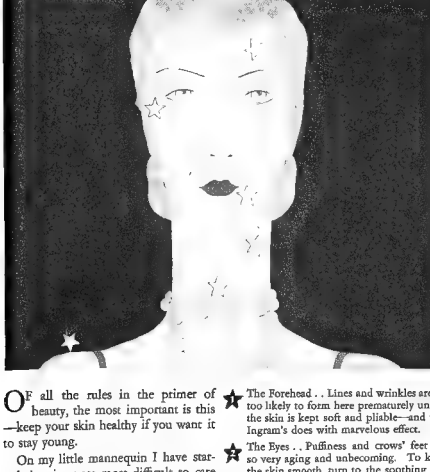
Frances Ingram

WITH HER CHART-LIKE MANNEQUIN

EXPLAINS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"



OF all the rules in the primer of beauty, the most important is this —keep your skin healthy if you want it to stay young.

On my little mannequin I have starred the six spots most difficult to care for. These are the six places where imperfections come most quickly and where lines form to strike fear to every mortal woman's heart.

But treat your skin wisely—guard well its health at the six vital spots—and your complexion will tell only flattering fibs about your birthdays.

Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is ever so slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser but, to me, its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes disappear. Tiny wrinkles are discreetly smoothed away. Your skin becomes smooth — clear — altogether lovely.

I wish you would send the coupon below for my booklet on skin care. And if you have any special beauty questions, feel perfectly free to write me for advice.

- The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's.
- The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

P. S. *Milkweed Cream is marvelous against sunburn. It soothes away the redness and smarting. And should you acquire a tan, it will encourage a lovely even effect, keeping the skin soft and supple and preventing the burn from coarsening its texture.*

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. E 89, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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Continued from Page 64

freedom. Neither Bess nor Nate. No craning, laughing people. Oldest white woman in the world? Mary Brenn. Mary Brenn. John.

She closed her eyes and seemed to soar up and up and up into a radiant nothingness.

THE young flier lifted her out of the plane with the same easy gentleness. He carried her across the dusty field, through the gate to the porch, and set her down in her chair, arranging her shawl, her hands, placing a pillow behind her head.

The dog whimpered and snuffled, pawing at him.

The flier's face was puckered and lined with emotion, but he finished what he had to do without shrinking or hesitating. He did not regret what had happened. In fact, he was glad, for many simple unalterable reasons, that Grandma Brenn was dead.

He left her there, and flew away.

William Schaeffer, doning like a wet beaver on the spring-board, felt the shadow of a plane pass across the forbidden swimming-hole. He stretched, blinked, and rolled over. He remembered the whaling his mother had promised. But it wasn't more'n four o'clock. They'd be back at six. Time enough. He fell asleep again, smiling.

Bess and Nate found Grandma Brenn exactly where they had left her, facing the west. The light of the great, red harvest-sun fell upon the stillness of her face. Bess said, "Nate! Come here! She's dead! Gramma's gone!"

"She'd have been a hundred and six—" Nate said.

No one ever knew that Grandma Brenn had made a flight.

THE SECRET OF 37 HARDY STREET

Continued from Page 14

school in Paris, and most of my girlhood was spent abroad. My father said that he was writing things for a peculiar clientele and that he did his best. But he always hoped that I would do something better. I saw one or two of his plays. They were sensational, but technically well done. I thought them the finest plays in the world.

"At that time we had an apartment in F fty-seventh Street. I remember it vaguely. I suppose my father was well off then, for I got everything I wanted. I always came home for vacations. All sorts of interesting people came to visit us—actors, managers, musicians, artists. I had a fair voice, and some of these people encouraged me to study under Delaporte in Paris. My father wasn't entirely in sympathy with the idea. He had wanted me to be a playwright. But he never stood in my way."

"I beg your pardon for reverting to the old subject, Miss Bradley, but in those days your father was not in retirement. Can't you recall any contacts that might have resulted in his making enemies?"

"It is possible of course. He was successful and may have aroused jealousy. But that was fifteen or twenty years ago. For the past twelve years of his life he wrote nothing. Would any one have waited all that time to murder him?

"My father would have done better things in his work, but my mother died eleven years ago. That changed him. I don't say that he was disappointed in us. He loved us too much for that. But my brother had set his mind on electrical engineering and I was drawn to music. So he lost interest in his own profession."

She paused as if to discover the effect of her chronicle. But Crewe gave her no hint.

"Why did your father leave New York?" the chief asked her suddenly.

"I think he was unhappy there after melodrama went out of fashion and so many of his old friends moved to Hollywood. Really there was no other reason."

"Did you live with your father in the Hardy Street house?" he went on.

Miss Bradley took a deep breath.

"I was here for my vacations," she said. "When I was graduated I went onto the concert stage for a time and then into musical comedy, where I have been ever since. But I always spent part of each year with my father."

"Could you tell us where we might get into touch with your brother?"

"I have his itinerary in my baggage in Philadelphia, but I can't remember where he is this week. Last week he was at Williamsport, Ohio. He is with an engineering party installing a new signal system on the M. K. & J. Railroad."

"Was he on good terms with your father? Don't misunderstand me, please."

"Of course he got on well with my father. They had some disagreements, which was natural considering their tastes. Evans was headstrong, but always dutiful. He was at home oftener than I was."

"Miss Bradley, when you were last at home with your father was he in good spirits?"

"Why, of course. He was always in the best of spirits in the Summer-time. He loved working with the roses in his garden."

"I don't mean the time when you were visiting him in the Summer, but when you dropped your powder-puff on the dining-room table."

"I don't think I understand you," the girl said faintly.

"Did you drop your powder-puff on the dining room table when you were here during the Summer?"

"Not that I remember." She was more sure of herself now. "What on earth is the significance of that?"

"We'll come to that later. Do you know Mr. Burmeister, your father's lawyer?"

"I have known him all my life."

"Could Mr. Burmeister be mistaken if he were to say that you were in the house in Hardy Street more recently than last Summer?"

"If Mr. Burmeister said that he was undoubtedly mistaken."

Esther Bradley seemed suddenly to have undergone a complete change. Her grief was submerged for the moment in some more immediate concern. Sands felt that she was answering Crewe with all her wits alert. He took one more random shot.

"Miss Bradley," he asked, "was your father fond of toast?" And the girl sprang out of her chair.

"Tell me," she demanded, "just how did my father die?"

"Don't you know?"

"Not everything. I couldn't read that stuff in the newspapers."

Crewe strode around his chair and came close to her.

"He was poisoned," he said. "He died bound to his chair sitting at a table where breakfast had been laid for four persons."

Without a sound Esther Bradley collapsed on the floor.

ESTHER BRADLEY was taken to the surgeon's room in the police station, and Crewe held a hasty conference with Sands.

"Now, what the devil do you make of that?" he demanded.

"She puzzles me," admitted Sands. "You'd think that such a pretty girl would be a more accomplished liar. The faint, of course, gives the whole show away."

"She's pretty badly shot—physically, I mean," Crewe demurred. "Been under a terrific strain and all that. Maybe she just happened to faint at that moment."

"Maybe. But just the same she started to hold out on you the minute you began to ask questions. That stab about the powder-puff took her right in the eye."

"On surface evidence, tho, you'd hardly think that she could have had anything to do with the murder—if it turns out to be a murder."

Sands was grave for a moment.

"No," he conceded. "The criminologist would figure it out that any case of poisoning is a woman's crime; but if force was required to administer the nicotin to old Bradley, this girl has a pretty good

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alibi. Of course it's possible that some one whom the old boy knew pretty well could give him a spoonful of nicotin or any other alkaloid disguised as something else—say medicine."

Crewe's head came up sharply.

"Are you coming around to the nicotin theory?" he demanded.

"I merely repeated the phrase I've been hearing so much since last night," Sands said. "But while we're on the subject I think we'll find out it was nicotin, all right."

"How do you dope that? Are you getting advance reports on the analysis?"

"No, I'm judging merely from the evidence. At any rate, if a poison was the cause of death it was given Bradley forcibly, so the situation remains unchanged. I should suggest that you give the girl another rumble about the powder-puff, and of course you will find out why she fainted when you told her your buttered-toast story."

"I'll take her over to headquarters as soon as the doctor gets through with her. But I can't tell you what I'll be questioning her for. If, as you say, she didn't commit a murder, then her presence in the house won't be worth quarreling about. Of course she may have been an accessory."

"I doubt it. Her sentiment about the old man seemed genuine enough. She's nervous, all right, but I don't think it's from remorse. The girl's afraid of something."

"Well, we shall see. Stick around, and you can ride over town in my car."

BUT Sands declined the invitation.

"I'm going out and fry some other fish," he said. "I want to find what the docs really think of this mess. So you'll have to excuse me until later. As far as Miss Bradley's concerned I don't wish to appear to know you too well."

"Pretty girl," said Crewe.

"Isn't she?" concurred Sands. "Perhaps you'd better watch your step." And he turned to walk through the station and out into the snowy street, where he hoped to find Thorpe or some one equally useful.

He discovered quickly that he had drawn a blank. For all that he had kept an eye on the open door of the courtroom, he found that the coroner's physician and chemist had reached the curb ahead of him. Their car pulled away before he could signal it. Thorpe evidently had gone to his parked car half a block away. And Dr. McNamara was undoubtedly working over the lovely Miss Bradley.

At that juncture Dr. Perry, in a square-topped stiff hat, plaid muffler, and long top-coat, came down the steps of the station and looked about him.

"Did Dr. Cottrill go?" he inquired.

"Just this minute with Halperin," replied Sands. Dr. Perry seemed a little annoyed.

"Tut, tut!" he said. "They must have gone out through the captain's office. I wanted to see them. A case like this captures my interest. And I was late for the inquest."

"Where did you intend to go, Doc?" Sands asked. "I'm going to get a taxicab if I have any luck, and maybe I can give you a lift."

"Thank you kindly, but I have a car of my own around somewhere. And I shall be glad to take you to town if you're going my way."

Sands grinned. So together they found the doctor's car, aroused the chauffeur, and settled down to a cozy chat.

"I was present at the post," Dr. Perry announced carelessly. "It is a very interesting case—very interesting. I shouldn't be surprized if some weird theories were to come out of it."

"Neither should I," agreed Sands. "A lot of the boys seem to be cooking up something. The coroner's chemist and Gloph had quite a wrangle at the inquest this morning. But maybe you heard it."

"No, I was quite late for the inquest. Burmeister had just taken the stand when I came in. What was the trouble with the chemist?"

"He and the coroner couldn't see eye to eye on the proposition of calling it a nicotin-poisoning."

"Humph! I don't see how they could call it anything at this stage of the inquiry. The information is too thin just

Continued on Page 78

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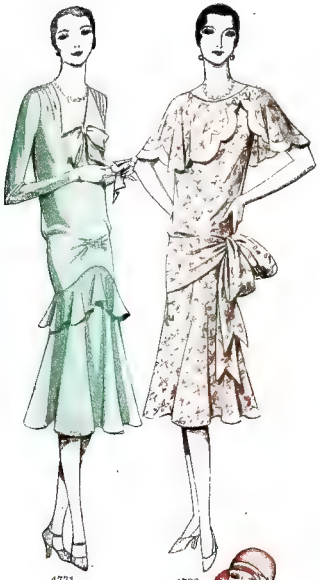
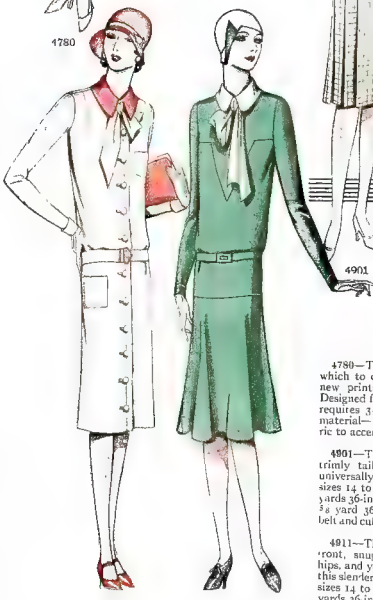
PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHIONS INTERPRET MIDSUMMER MOODS

THE Summer mode is a youthful one, attainng its effect by means of clever details, and never verging on the "child ish." Frocks for street wear retain simple lines, for the most part, breaking away into flares and pleats, it is true, but always employing them with a certain restraint Godets remain favorites of the mode, while pleats display a tendency to appear at one or both sides, to be placed rather low, and to be worked ingeniously into the design of the frock. The smartest frocks are either remaining true to slim princess lines or indulging in bloused treatments. In tailored types a trim belt achieves the desired effect, while in more feminine models shirrings and drapings as well as popular peplums are called upon



4771 4780

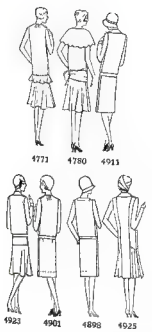
4771—With low placed fulness and shirring, this frock achieves distinction. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch green material—⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting to trim. Width about 3⅜ yards.



4911 4923

4901 4898 4925

Monogram 56.



4771 4780 4911 4923 4901 4898 4925

4780—This is a perfect model in which to display one of the lovely new prints for semi-formal wear. Designed for sizes 12 to 40 Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch printed material—¾ yard 39-inch plain fabric to accent Width about 3 yards.

4901—This is an example of the trimly tailored Summer frock, so universally becoming. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch green checked fabric—⅜ yard 36-inch white material for belt and cuffs. Width about 1⅞ yard.

4911—The button trim down the front, snug, wide belt above the hips, and youthful collar distinguish this slenderizing frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch white fabric—⅞ yard 36-inch red. Width about 1¼ yard.

4923—Here is a frock, suggested in checked wash silk, which accents the princess line and low-placed pleats. Designed for sizes 14 to 42 Size 16 requires 4 yards 32-inch check—⅝ yard 32-inch plain Width about 2¼ yards. Mono. 567

4898—Clever details are found in the square neckline and the band with button trim, as well as the distinctive manipulation of side pleating. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch red—⅜ yard white. Width about 1¾ yard

4923—The flared skirt of this wool georgette frock is attached at a fitted hipline, and the yoke theme is repeated in the blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch green, ¼ yard 39-inch white. Width about 2⅝ yards.

Patterns, including Pictorial—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world or from Pictorial Review offices, prices given on Page 69

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FLOUNCES FOLLOW THE FEMININE TREND

4699—The transparent jacket is distinctive. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch material. Width of skirt about 1¾ yard.

4815—The bows accent graceful diagonal lines. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch printed material. Width about 3⅛ yards.

4877—This would be decidedly unusual in a vivid-colored moiré faille. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 39-in. Width about 3 yards.

4921—Sponsors the fitted bodice, allied with tiered flounces. Designed for sizes 14 to 38. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 1¾ yard.

4859—The collar, caught in front by a long band, finishes with tie-ends at back. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch print. Width about 1⅛ yard.

4774—Side fulness is obtained by cutting the two front and two back flared sections in one with the yoke sections. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2⅜ yards at the bottom.

4797—With its deep, pointed cape collar, this lovely gown complements the evening frock with dipping hemline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch material. [illegible] yards 39-inch lining. Flattering.

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NEW FORMAL MODELS RICH IN DETAIL

4838—Because of its unfailing smartness as well as wearability this cape model is practically a uniform in the fashionable world. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch.

4860—The sort of thing the smart world is wearing, with double tiers, swathed hipline and bow trimming. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 39-inch. Width about 1¼ yard.

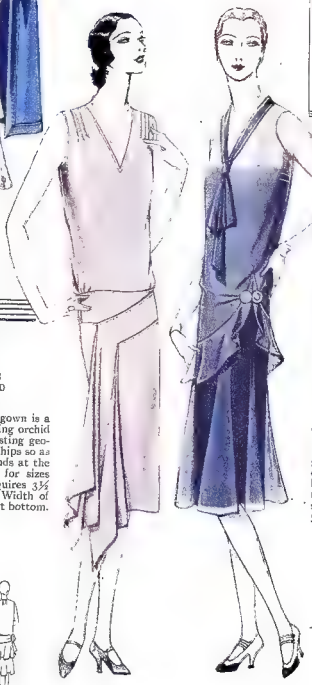
4926—This distinctive town frock meets the hot-weather question in terms of cool navy georgette. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch navy. Width about 2¾ yards.

4788—Fashion has unqualifiedly endorsed the double-tiered skirt for this revival of feminine styles. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 1¼ yard

Coat 4838
Frock 4860

4788 4744 4773

4881—This evening gown is a slender affair of gleaming orchid satin, cut in an interesting geometric design over the hips so as to form two trailing ends at the right side. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric. Width of frock about 1¼ yard at bottom.



4881 4926

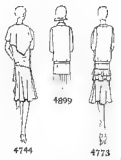
4744 Diagonal lines are skilfully contrived so as to achieve soft drapery in this sleeveless afternoon frock with unusual bertha collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width of frock about 3⅛ yards.

4773 The jabot, circular skirt, and double peplum are the antithesis of clever simplicity in this afternoon frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch fabric. Width at the bottom of frock about 2¾ yards. Very new.

4899 The choice of checked gingham in contrast to white piqué collars and cuffs recommends this blouse for general as well as spectator sports wear. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch check [illegible] ⅛ yard plain.

4899

4860 4881 4926 4788



4744 4899 4773

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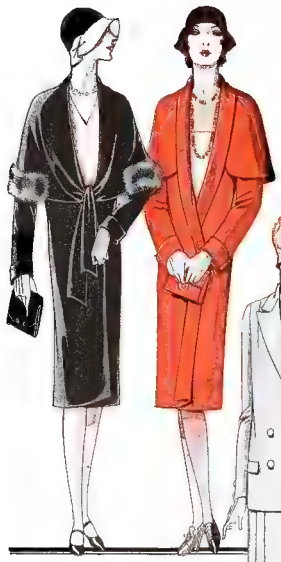
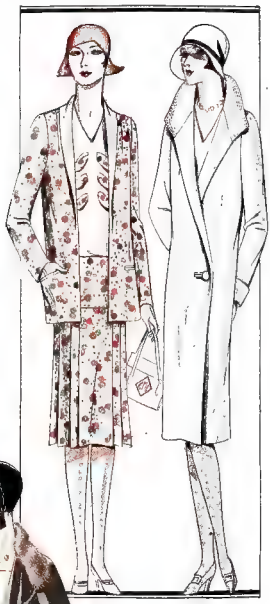
COATS AND ENSEMBLES NOTE SLENDER LINES

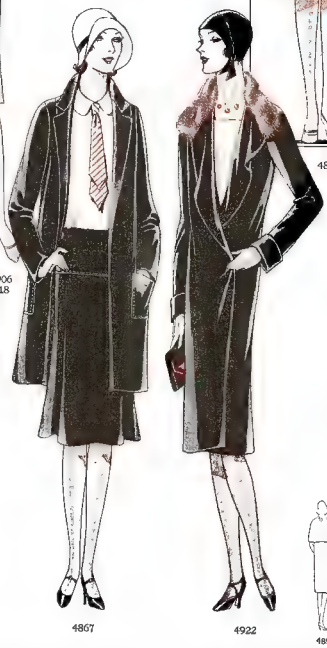


4891 4868



4885 4779

Jacket 4906
Skirt 4918



4867 4922

4891—The silk coat for Summer, in satin, faille or canton crêpe, is illustrated in a model with cape collar and clever tie. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch material—3½ yards 39-inch lining—1⅛ yard fur banding to trim.

4868—Another version of the cape collar is presented in this model, a favored type of costume coat for Summer days, adaptable to many fabrics. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch fabric—3¾ yards 39-inch lining.

4906—This youthful double-breasted jacket, allied with a skirt and developed in such a fabric as shantung, forms the basis of a trim ensemble. It may also be worn with a dress. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 39-inch fabric.

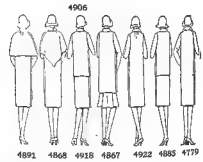
4918—The wide box pleat at the front, combined with side pleats, represents a type of skirt treatment always highly favored. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 years, 27 to 38 waist. Size 30 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch silk material. Width about 1⅞ yard.

4867—The three-quarter length ensemble is increasingly popular. Designed for sizes 12 to 44. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch woolen material—2¾ yards 36-inch cotton material for blouse—3½ yards 39-inch lining. Width of skirt about 2 yards.

4922—Coats of black broadcloth or velvety woolens, on simple, straight lines, with a touch of fur trimming, presage the Autumn mode. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material—¾ yard fur banding to trim.

4885—In printed piqué with plain, this is a splendid warm weather ensemble. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch printed material—2¼ yards 36-inch plain. Width of skirt about 1⅜ yard around.

4779—Basketweaves and flannels are chosen for the unlined white coats of Summertime. Stitching ornaments many of the smartest models. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material without nap.



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TAILORED SOPHISTICATION QUALIFIES FOR DAYTIME

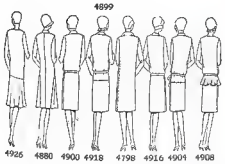
4926 4880

4900

Blouse 4899
Skirt 4918

Coat 4798
Frock 4916

4904 4908



4925 4880 4900 4918 4798 4916 4904 4908

4926—Printed frocks retain their fashion prestige. For street wear they exploit restrained flares and fitted hiplines. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch print. Width of frock about 2¾ yards.

4880—This is an example of the true princess frock, with fitted waistline and flare which develops subtly from the hips. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 2 yards.

4904—An alliance of a white shantung blouse with red buttons and a red shantung skirt gives this frock a sports air. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 7-inch silk material for blouse—1¼ yard 39-inch. Width about 1⅞ yard.

4908—The peplum, a favorite of fashion because of its youthfulness, distinguishes this fresh-appearing polka-dot frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch dotted material ⅞ yard 39-inch. Width about 1¾ yard.

4798—This coat is suggested in a tan homespun, to accompany a dress of tan flat crêpe. It may also be made up attractively in one of the quilted fabrics, as a sports coat. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material for coat.

4900—There's a slenderizing secret in this frock, with its long, tight-fitting sleeves and the V line of the neck. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch red material—1⅛ yard 39-inch white material. Width about 1⅞ yard.

4916—The simulated vest effect in front lends an air of trig tailoring to this practical ensemble frock, which has long sleeves and a self belt. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 1⅝ yard.

4899—Tailored blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch white. **4918**—Skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 years, 27 to 38 waist. Size 30 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch woolen material. Width of skirt about 1⅜ yard at bottom.

Patterns, including Pictograf—"step-by-step" directions for Cutting, Sewing Together, and Finishing—are obtainable at leading shops throughout the world, and at Pictorial Review offices; prices given on Page 89.

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Varied New Fabrics for the Younger Generation

4630

4748

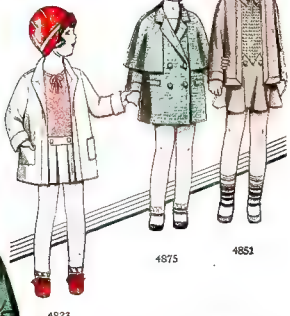
4805

4630—Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 8 requires 2 yards 32-inch plaid cotton—⅛ yard 32-inch contrasting.

4805—Is becoming and washable in piqué. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch.

4711—Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material—1¼ yard 39-inch for lining.

4711



4823

4875

4851

4823—This is "the littlest one's" very own modish ensemble. Designed for sizes 2 to 10. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch —⅞ yard 36-inch print.

4875—Cape collar and double-breasted style form an effective partnership. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch for coat and hat.

4928—Stripes enliven this youthful ensemble, with its novel little yoked skirt. Designed for sizes 8 to 17. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch plain.

4851—This modified Oliver Twist style has a circular skirt. Designed for sizes 2 to 7. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch —⅞ yard 36-inch check.

4605—This frock is demurely becoming for the young lady's year-round parties. Designed for sizes 12 to 17. Size 12 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch fabric.

4786—The junior insists upon a frock with peplum, and also sponsors soft low treatment. Designed for sizes 10 to 16. Size 12 requires 3 yards 39-inch.

4896

4442

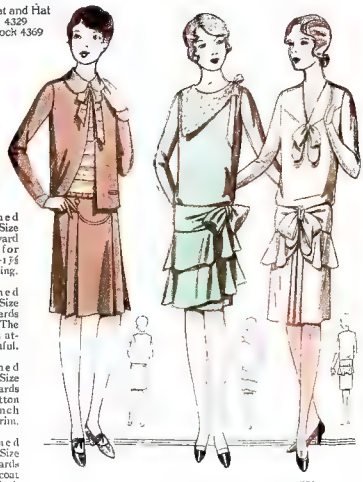
4668

4748—A playtime model. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cotton print—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar and belt.

4668—Is delightful in linen with gingham. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch plain material—1¼ yard 36-inch checked.

Coat and Hat 4329
Frock 4369

4823 4875 4851



4628

4605

4786

4829—Designed for sizes 6 to 15. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch fabric for coat and hat—1⅞ yard 39-inch lining.

4369—Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material. The pleated flounce is attractive and youthful.

4896—Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 13 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch striped cotton —⅜ yard 36-inch plain cotton to trim.

4442—Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 14 requires 2 yards 36-inch fabric for coat —3 yards 36-inch lighter for the frock.

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New Necklines Accent Junior Frocks

4903—Pantie frock with cunning bodice. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch cotton print—¼ yard 36-inch plain for trimming.

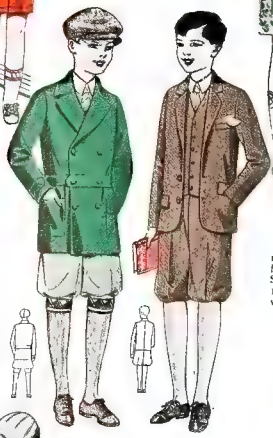
4905—Pantie frock with scalloped bertha. Designed for sizes 1 to 5. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch cotton broadcloth—⅛ yard 36-inch plain.

4907—Boys' suit of blouse and shorts. Designed for sizes 2 to 6. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch white linen—¼ yard 36-inch colored.

4924—Ensemble featuring chic jacket. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch white linen—1⅝ yard 36-inch printed for jacket.

4927—A new collar on this frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 10 requires 1⅜ yard 39-inch printed voile—⅜ yard 39-inch plain for trimming.

4902—This frock has unusual lines. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch gingham—⅛ yard 36-inch contrasting material.



4914—Mackinaw. Designed for sizes 4 to 14. Size 10 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool with nap.

4920—Boys' suit. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 54-inch material.

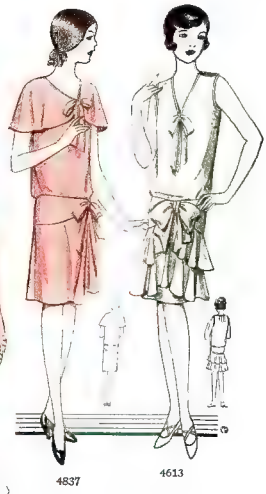
4613—Party frock. Designed for sizes 12 to 17. Size 14 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch flat crêpe.

4889 Frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch—⅜ yard to trim.

4870—Coat and Hat. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch woolen material.

4894 Frock with side-closing. Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 32-inch print—½ yard plain.

4837—Smart new bow frock with snug hip. Designed for sizes 12 to 17. Size 14 requires 3 yds 39-in. material.



4811—Ensemble with sports coat. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch for coat—2¼ yards print for dress. Practical.

Smartly dressed little girls wear styles adapted from the grown-up mode—coats with capes, and frocks whose bows and tiers attest their correct chic.

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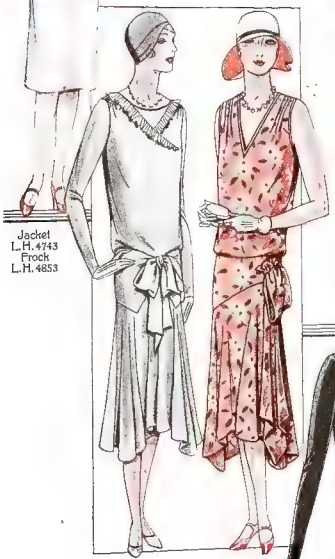
Subtle Flares, Diagonal Lines and «Dressmaker» Detail Contrive for Slenderizing Styles

L. H. 4743—This well-designed Tuxedo model, with convenient patch pockets and long flattering roll collar makes an ideal addition to any Summer wardrobe. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch contrasting cotton fabric.

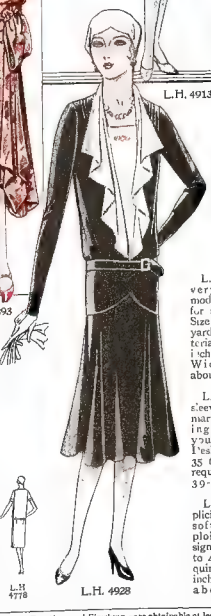
L.H. 4919

Jacket
L.H. 4743
Frock
L.H. 4853



L.H. 4749 L.H. 4893

L.H. 4913 L.H. 4604



L. H. 4604—Especially designed for women of statuesque proportions. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material—¾ yard fur banding to trim.

L. H. 4749 — A very distinctive model. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material—⅜ yard 36-inch for pleating. Width of frock about 3¾ yards.

L. H. 4893—This sleeveless frock is a marvel of dressmaking skill for the youthful matron. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 4½ yards 39-inch print.

L. H. 4928—Simplicity of line and soft drapery exploited here. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric. With about 3 yards.

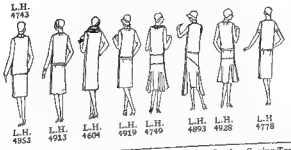
L. H. 4919—Modish flares allied with tailored, "dressmaker" detail. Designed for sizes 35 to 47. Size 41 requires 3⅝ yards 29-inch fabric—⅜ yard to trim. Width about 2 yards wid..

L. H. 4913—Diagonal lines vie with trimming detail Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric ⅜ yard 27-inch lace. Widthabout2yards.

L. H. 4778—Well adapted to the new washable silks. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch check—⅜ yard 39-inch white. Widthabout2yards.

L.H. 4778

L. H. 4853—This is the sort of simple cotton frocks worn under contrasting jackets for general Summer wear. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch white fabric. Width about 1¾ yard.



L.H. 4928

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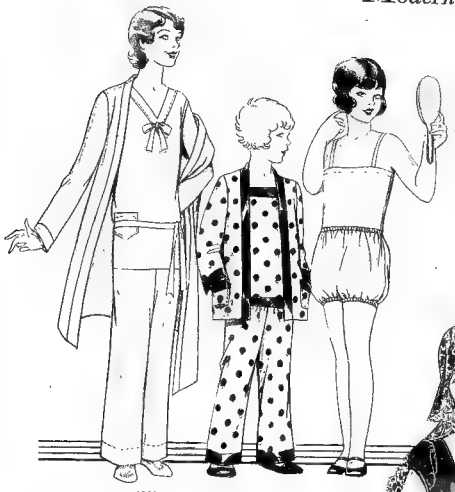
Modern Lines in Intimate Apparel and Masquerade Designs

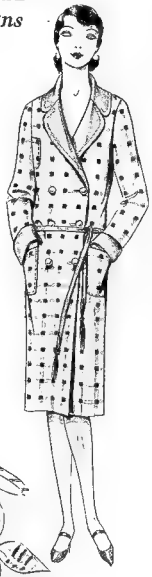
4915—A pajama ensemble which is delightful y swagger. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dotted cotton—⅜ yard 36-inch solid color.

4912—This is an ideal brassière and bloomer combination for Summer days. The short bloomers are practical for play. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch.

4917—A mannishly trim double-breasted bathrobe, developed in novelty checked woolen. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch—1¼ yard plain.



4909 4915 4912



4917

4878

4910

4909—This pajama ensemble in fine cotton is supremely comfortable, and so smart that any girl will adore it. They are very easily made, too. Designed for sizes 6 to 16. Size 12 requires 6 yards 36-inch material.

4910—Now that the kitchen is modernized and colorful, an apron such as this, in a gay print, on youthful lines, matches its setting. Designed for sizes 16, 20 and 42. Size 16 requires 2 yards 36-inch print—4 yards binding.

4878—The Spanish lady is a favorite at any masquerade party. Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch material—4 yards 36-inch allover lace for flounce and mantilla. Width of skirt about 3 yards.

4879—Designed for sizes 12 to 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch fabric for dress, bolero bands and kerchief—⅞ yard 36-inch dark for bolero—1 yard 36-inch striped for sash and kerchief trim 1¼ yard ribbon lacing.

4909 4915 4912

4879

4917 4910 4878 4879

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Another evening alone

AGAIN her husband had wanted her to go to the theatre with him. Again she had said she didn't feel like it. Gradually they were ceasing to be the companions they used to be. She was spending more and more evenings alone.

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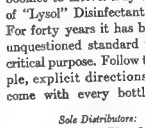

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Continued from Page 67

at present to justify any theory as to the cause of death."

"Some of the evidence is pretty convincing," demurred Sands. "There was the characteristic smell of bad tobacco and the mottled condition of the forehead and a certain amount of pupilary dilation."

Dr. Perry considered this information for a moment.

"That sounds complete enough," he admitted, "but have you thought that these symptoms might be merely a cleverly arranged camouflage?"

"Do you mean that it would have been possible to simulate such symptoms?"

"Not exactly. But why could not the nicotin have been used to cover some other virulent poison? Have you thought of that?"

"It doesn't sound reasonable," said Sands

"There's nothing reasonable about the case, but think it over, lad. All the police and their assistants, yourself included, have been looking for a container big enough to have held a fatal dose of nicotin. There is no container, and so they agree on a murder theory. Well and good. Suppose, on the other hand, that Bradley swallowed a couple of strychnin pellets and a little capsule of nicotin. Then what have we? The appearances of nicotin-poisoning to delude the police and insurance men into thinking a murder has been committed."

SANDS considered this theory, frankly puzzled.

"There's food for thought in what you say," he admitted. "But of course the analysis will tell all that."

"It will tell all that if it is complete," smiled the doctor. "However, you are old enough to know what a coroner's analysis generally is. As soon as the chemist finds one poison he quits looking for any other. Generally his method is good enough except in cases like this, where the difference between murder and suicide is to be determined only qualitatively."

"I have wondered at this nicotin story," Sands declared. "It was in circulation when I got to the flat, but how could the police surgeons, inexperienced as they are, have noticed nicotin symptoms in so short a time?"

"As to that I couldn't say," replied the doctor. "You may remember that when I came to the Bradley home the examinations were very nearly finished. But I will say this: the characteristic appearances of the victim of nicotin are unvarying and easily recognizable. There is, of course, the dilation of the pupils and the slight swelling of the lips. It is possible that one of the young doctors had seen such a case before and recognized the symptoms at once."

"You didn't notice them yourself?"

"Not in the Hardy Street house. I didn't get any chance for an examination there. The coroner came when I did, and he had the body removed. Later at the morgue I came to the conclusions I have just related. It looks like a pretty logical theory, doesn't it?"

"I'm free to confess it opens up an entirely new field of investigation," admitted Sands. "I wonder why I missed seeing some of these things myself."

And then the doctor showed that he could afford to be magnanimous.

"Don't worry, my boy," he advised. "You did as well as the official investigators, if not better. They are a lamentably stupid lot. A case like this is peculiarly in the province of the medical man. No layman can have the background necessary to deal with a combination of poisons at least one of which is fairly rare."

"No," said Sands, "that's true enough. I can't remember ever having had anything to do with a case of nicotin-poisoning before. But even so there were other signs that I should have recognized. How, for instance, do you account for the fact that Bradley's hands were tied when his body was found? That seems to exclude the suicide theory, and unless he took the drug himself the nature of the poison is a minor detail."

"Well, now we get into the purely speculative end of the business. I don't know that my theory is correct, but I know that it could be correct. Suppose you wished to tie yourself up as Bradley was tied. You raise your knees and rest your heels on the first rung of the chair. Then you tie a piece of clothes-line in a good hard knot about each ankle You lead it back through the chair and make two slip-knots. You leave the nooses open and dangling through the chair-back at the point where your hands, extended backward, can just go through them You wouldn't have to hurry because up to this point you have plenty of time.

"Then you put the poison-pellets on your tongue—strychnin, let us say, and the capsule of nicotin. Quickly you thrust your hands through the nooses and extend your feet to the floor. The movement of your feet tightens the knots about your wrists and ankles, and only an expert could say that you had not been bound by some one who had overpowered you. The poisons begin to work, and in your convulsions you work against the bonds. You cause the abrasions that later will be looked upon as evidence that you could not possibly have tied yourself up."

Sands considered this theory for a time in silence.

"It sounds logical enough," he conceded at length, "but it brings us to one more deadlock. Why should Cyrus Bradley have killed himself?"

"For that matter why should he have been murdered?" smiled the doctor Sands threw out his hands in a gesture of surrender.

"I wonder if we mightn't work on this case together," he suggested. "I have worked out these puzzles before, but I can't get far with conclusions unless I have the premises."

"It's a go," agreed the doctor.

HALF an hour later Sands recapitulated Dr. Perry's theories for Crewe in the anteroom of the chief's office at headquarters.

"I'll admit that the thing has me all muddled," Crewe said; "but I can't quite make out whether the doctor has quarreled with the coroner's office and is putting out a theory of his own, or is merely preparing us for a suicide verdict."

"That isn't what's puzzling me," said Sands. But he declined to amplify.

Continued on Page 80

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Letters, postal cards, and telegrams keep pouring in from readers telling us how much they are enjoying the Pictorial Review programs that come to them through the Radio Household Institute. Don't miss these unique programs every other Tuesday morning at 11:30 (Eastern daylight saving time), 10:30 (Central daylight time). Tune in on any of these stations:

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165

Continued from Page 78

Crewe, in his turn, admitted that he had little to add to the fund of information about the Bradley case.

"There's no getting anything out of her," he said petulantly. "D—— women anyway. When she came to she had a set idea that she wasn't going to say a word, and she's made good. What are you going to do in a case like that? You can't take her into a back room and beat her with a rubber hose."

Sands grinned without sympathy.

"Are you going to hold her?" he asked.

"Hold her!" The detective's tone was far from flattering. "What the devil am I going to hold her on? I'd keep her just long enough for Burmeister to find a writ of habeas corpus. I've got to turn her loose, and she knows it."

"Well, then, what the idea?"

"The idea is to do just what I've been telling you. You'll turn her loose. You'll tell her that your dear friend Sands, who fortunately has nothing to do with the Police Department, has been detailed to take her wherever she wants to go."

"Fine plan! She'll see right away that you're just another dick, and she won't travel with you as far as the front door. But I'll try anything once."

He opened the door to his office and walked in with Sands at his heels. Esther Bradley, flushed and indignant, was pacing the floor near the front windows. She turned toward them defiantly.

"Miss Bradley," said Crewe, "I am sorry beyond words that you have been subjected to questioning by this department. I ask you to accept my apology personally and officially."

"But why are you holding me a prisoner?" she demanded.

"You are not a prisoner, Miss Bradley. You have never been a prisoner. You are free to go when and where you please. I hope that you will keep in touch with this office because we are honestly trying to do the things you would wish us to do. But I sha'n't insist on that if you will leave your address with Mr. Burmeister or any other attorney you may choose to designate."

The girl looked at him in astonishment for a moment and then broke into laughter. "You are the most amazing policeman I ever saw," she told the chief. "Do you really mean this?"

"Every word of it, Miss Bradley. This gentleman is my friend James Sands I shall ask him to accompany you and protect you from further police interference. He will leave you whenever you ask him to."

He finished his speech, and the girl came across the room with quick, easy strides and held out her hand.

"I was angry with you a moment ago," she told him, "but I'm not now. You've been very kind to me."

Crewe sighed. To his surprize she accepted Sands without question.

"You'll have to lead the way," she told Sands. "I was a little upset when I came in here and I don't know how to get out." And they went out together, leaving the chief staring after them.

WHEN they were getting into Crewe's limousine at the curb, the girl turned to Sands with a smile.

"Who is this Chief Crewe?" she said. "Is he really a detective?"

"Not only that, but a pretty good one," replied her escort.

"He doesn't talk like a policeman."

"That all depends on how you think a policeman should talk. He's educated and intelligent, if that's what you mean. He studied law nights when he was walking a beat over in one of the river wards. And where are we going?"

"Did I understand you to say where are we going?"

"Yes, you won't be bothered with me long, but I was thinking that you might put up with my society long enough for us to get a bite to eat."

She looked at him intently.

"I think I can risk luncheon," she agreed. "After that I can find out

The Fall Mode Arrives in All Its Smartness

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whether I am actually at liberty or merely playing mouse to Mr. Crewe's cat."

Sands gave some instructions to the waiting chauffeur and sank down in the cushions beside her.

"Set your mind at rest about what Crewe said to you," he advised. "He meant it. He couldn't hold you if he wanted to and he doesn't want to."

SHE snuggled back into her corner and drew her furs closely about her.

"I am sorry that I have been so long making the acquaintance of the police," she said. "They seem to be creatures out of 'Alice in Wonderland.' You, I suppose, are another of them."

He shook his head without emphasis.

"No," he said. "I used to be a reporter, but I'm not now. I never had any connection with the police. Joe Crewe is my friend, and that's the sum of it."

It did not occur to Esther Bradley to doubt him. One had to trust somebody, and here was an interesting person who invited trust.

The car drew up at the restaurant entrance of a large hotel. Sands alighted to assist Miss Bradley to the sidewalk and dismiss the chauffeur. She heard him mention something about calling a taxi-cab later. But she was conscious only that some one was caring for her, that she was no longer standing alone. Horror and grief were still at her side, but her sense of them seemed numbed.

Luncheon, she found, was a pleasant thing. Sands talked of music and people and the far corners of the earth, and temporarily at least the poignancy of the Hardy Street tragedy was dulled. When at last they were in a taxi speeding across the river toward the quiet hotel that she planned to make her temporary home Sands seemed totally dissociated from the Detective Bureau and its inquisition. Then, shattering her feeling of security, came his sudden question:

"Miss Bradley, what is your real name?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, then, what is your husband's name?"

She looked at him in sudden fright.

"Who told you that? You lied to me. You are a detective."

"Just a minute. I'm no detective, but I'm not blind. I saw a wedding-ring when you opened your bag in the restaurant. I saw a bleached space on your ring-finger where a ring had been. You'll find out all about that trick in any good mystery-novel."

HIS voice, his manner, seemed to calm the girl.

"Well, after all, what of it? I was married when I was seventeen to Fred Carbine. So I guess that is my name."

"Mr. Carbine is living, I suppose."

"Yes, he is still living and still my husband."

"I don't think I should like him."

In spite of herself she smiled.

"He's a good enough sort as men go, I suppose. But I found his habits a little difficult, and we haven't been on good terms during the past four years."

She paused.

"Oh, dear," she said, "now I'm making up another mystery that will get back to your friend Crewe and cause trouble. There isn't any mystery. I met Fred at home after I was graduated from school. He was working with my father on a play. I was a young girl and he was attractive. We eloped. We didn't make a go of it partly because he was much older and partly because he couldn't understand monogamy. Finally I left him. Fred and I are fairly good friends—off-stage. In a way I feel responsible for him. He is fifteen years older than I am, but mentally he has always been a child. Maybe, if I were willing to try it again, I might succeed in making something out of him."

"Where is he now?" Sands's voice was so calm that he wondered if it could be his own.

"He was in New York the last I heard of him, which was about a month ago."

"Was he on good terms with your father?"

She started as if the memory of her terrible morning had just come back to her.

"You have no right to ask that. But if I am telling the truth I might as well tell

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YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

all of it My father always had a sort of affection for Fred. Everybody had. Fred is that kind. And my father never allowed our separation to make any difference in the friendship he had toward my husband. If Mr. Crewe attempts to involve my husband in this affair he will be making trouble for innocent people."

"Mr Crewe has found it very easy to believe you so far, but it's my own opinion that you ought to be spanked. Do you think you have done yourself or your husband any good by concealing the fact of your marriage?"

"Nobody asked me about it but you."

"Nobody had the chance. But why didn't you tell Joe Crewe this morning the names of the men you suspect were Mr. Bradley's enemies?"

"I don't know their names." And then, conscious of what she had said, she bit her lip to restrain her tears.

"You tricked me into that," she charged. "You had better stop the cab and get out now. I don't want ever to see you again."

"Very well," he answered as he pushed open the glass slide behind the driver. "Stop at the next corner."

And then she relented.

"Tell him to go ahead," she commanded. "There's no use fighting. You'll find out somewhere else and things will be worse. Just before my father came West there was an incident that never seemed significant to me until now. I had just come home from school, a day or two ahead of schedule. During the night I thought I heard somebody moving about in the dining-room, and I thought it was my father. It never occurred to me that some one might have broken into the flat until after I had called to him. Then there was a crash, and a window opened. I heard the last section of the fire-escape ladder swing down, and then my father came out of his room.

"We called the police and they looked around without discovering anything except that the window of the dining-room that opened onto the fire-escape had been raised and that somebody had come in that way. Nothing was missing. There was nothing remarkable about the whole affair except that the table had been set with a breakfast of toast and coffee for four persons."

The second instalment of "The Secret of 37 Hardy Street" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published August 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

WHEN LIFE SEEMS OUT OF TUNE

Continued from Page 4

helped both to turn her thoughts away from herself and to satisfy the yearnings of her generous, loving nature, did she regain the poise and health she had deemed forever lost.

Finally, in the fourth case, the problem was not that of a widowed, middle-aged woman, but of a much younger one, unmarried, earning her livelihood as a stenographer. Her own idea, when psychological investigation started, was that perhaps she was nervous because her work did not altogether suit her. This actually is the correct explanation of not a little nervousness among people gainfully employed.

But the young stenographer admitted that, until the nervousness set in, she had not found her duties arduous, and had been highly praised for the way she performed them. Questioned about her living habits, she indignantly denied that any misuse of leisure in the way of nightly pleasure-questing could have had any hand in making her nervous.

On the contrary, she insisted, she spent her leisure most restfully. It was her custom, it appeared, to go directly to the boarding-house from her place of work, and usually to spend her evenings reading in her bedroom. On Sunday she went to church, took a walk in the park, read, wrote letters home. Her home was in a country town, in another State. She had made few friends since coming to the city, so naturally she had no reason to go about much. The psychologist could

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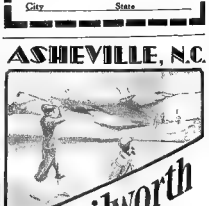

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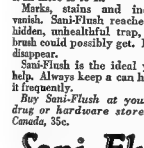

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hardly attribute her nervousness to the way she used her leisure.

Yet the psychologist did. He told his patient, while she listened in startled surprize, that variety is not simply the spice of life, but a life necessity. He pointed out that her solitary, routine existence meant a dangerous stifling of the gregarious instinct, and, in addition, furnished unusual opportunity for equally dangerous self-watching and self-pitying. If she lacked friends, it must be because she had not gone at least half-way to win friends. She must begin to do this forthwith, she must come out of her shell of self-centered seclusiveness, must adopt a program of sensibly varied leisure-time recreation. Having done so, nervousness and she would ere long part company—a prediction realized by the event.

These, remember, are only a few of many cases that might be given in illustration of the great diversity of sources from which a typical attack of mentally caused nervousness may develop. None of them, it is true, was treated by psychoanalysis, albeit all four were psychologically studied. So that in theory it is possible there may have been for all a single determining force in the way of buried sexual longings of the much-advertised Freudian brand. For curative purposes it proved quite unnecessary to establish the presence of any such force. What alone was necessary was to seek out and abolish stress-causing errors in life's management.

In the main, as suggested by these cases, such errors consist in failure to give due expression to some basic, instinctive impulse of one's being. The failure may be of overindulging the impulse, of misdirecting it, or of completely thwarting it. To love, as the Freudian psychoanalysts rightly proclaim, is one such basic impulse. But it is not the only one. To be self-assertive is another, while still others are to serve, to achieve, to play, to learn, to admire, to revere.

Love, work, play, and worship, in the phrasing of one most discerning physician, are things that men literally as well as figuratively live by. The great end of education is so to train the individual that he or she will be able to lead a full, rich, controlled, effective life in accordance with the basic impulses. The ordering of society should be such as to promote, not hamper, their well-regulated expression.

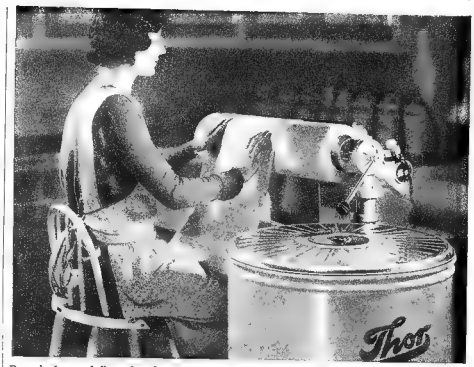
ALAS! Not always is education thus directed; nowhere is society thus ordered. And if nervousness is, as Beard long ago called it, the great American disease, it is largely because social evolution in the United States has been in the direction of making it harder, rather than easier, for the individual to comply with the laws of his nature.

The augmentation of wealth, the substitution of machinery for the exertion of labor of mind and hand, the cutting down of hours of labor with no corresponding effort to equip for leisure-time activities that will insure satisfaction of basic impulses—all this has been peculiarly contributory to the prevalence of nervousness in our land and age.

We often hear it said that the march of "progress" can not be stayed. It is a pretty phrase, easily uttered, reasonable-sounding. All the same, "progress" will eventually stay itself unless a way be found to lessen the nervous ailments—and the ailments otherwise designated as insanity, vice, and crime—that have been multiplying with its advance. One has only to view the social situation, with a mind forgetful for the moment of the glories of mass-production, standardization, and quantity-distribution, to appreciate that "progress," as we know it, is by no means an unmixed blessing.

Especially common at the present time are nervous disorders flowing from a wrong management of life in the related fields of work and play. Nervousness may result directly from excessive devotion to work; it may result from excessive devotion to play. The man or woman who never lets himself or herself relax in play is as prone to nervousness as the man or woman who completely suppresses the work-impulse and does nothing but play.

To work without any real interest in the work is likewise nervousness-producing, unless, in good season, the worker turns to more congenial work, cultivates interest in the work to which necessity



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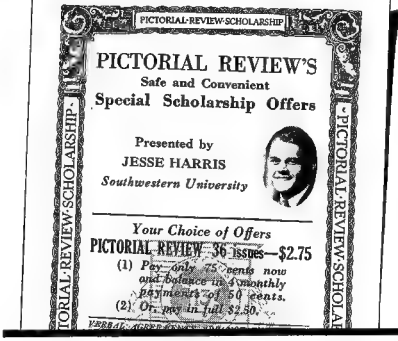

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binds him, or finds a vent for the achievement impulse, perhaps for the esthetic impulse, in a hobby. The exceptional value of hobbies to workers in our machine-ridden civilization is something on which I should like to dwell. I can not, for my space is almost exhausted.

Indeed, all I can now add is a final word as to the importance, for all who are assailed by nervous symptoms, of immediate recognition of these symptoms as a warning of the need for personal stock-taking. It may be a warning, as I have been at pains to indicate, of the presence of a bodily disorder.

So an invariable rule for the nervous should be, "See a doctor first." Yet the greater likelihood is that it is not the body that is sick, so much as the soul; and that the cure of the nervousness depends, wholly or primarily, on the blotting out of harmful ideas, ideals, and policies that, in the truest sense, have put the sufferer at odds with himself and the universe.

MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Continued from Page 15

A kind of cry like a cow's comes out from behind the door where they took Mrs. Smith. *Was* it Mrs. Smith?

"Can't I go in?" he asks sharply. "Where is that d—— doctor? I've got to go in."

"I'll tell you what," says the red-haired one, "you come with me and I'll get you a sterile apron, and then you can go in and sit with her if you like."

"Hello, Smith!" says a merry voice. "Oh, Doctor, hello! You've seen her? Is she all right? How soon do you expect——"

"She's fine. Nothing to worry about. Everything's fine. Well, well—getting used to them, eh?" He waves at the cart. "Did you get in any golf this afternoon?"

Golf. Did he get in any go——

"I think," says the red-haired nurse, "that Mr. Smith wants to go in and sit with his wife. Shall I get him an apron, Doctor?"

"Sure, sure, let him go in. I'll be in myself in another hour or so. See you later," he says, going off down the corridor with a light, springy step.

So Mr. Smith is tied into a hug-me-tight with a Persian-looking head-dress and led through the swinging doors. And there, in a sort of anteroom to several little cubicles, his heart leaps up. There stands another would-be father! They smile at each other and adjust their head-dresses.

"Well," says Mr. Smith, "been here long?"

"Since eleven this morning. Just come in?"

"Yes. Waiting to go in and see my wife. Is—is yours——"

"Getting along fine. They say any minute now. Yes?" He lunges out at a small tired-looking nurse.

"Sorry, not yet." She smiles and disappears.

Appalling noises are coming out of one of the cubicles. The new friends look at each other and shake their heads. Guiltily they shake them. Never again, they are saying to themselves. Never, never again.

Mrs. Smith's nurse beckons, and Mr. Smith goes in.

Mrs. Smith is laughing doggedly.

"Its joke's on us," she says. "Here we broke our necks getting down here, and they say not till four or five in the morning."

"Rot!" says Mr. Smith. "They don't know anything around here."

Then Mrs. Smith stops laughing and seems anxious to hold on to something.

"What time is it?" she asks a few minutes later.

"Just eight."

"Oh, well," says Mrs. Smith, who knows he's lying, "they claim it's worth it," and she pats his sterile sleeve.

Mr. Smith rests his forehead on his hand. He looks very young, Mrs. Smith thinks. Very young and tired.

"Listen, darling," she says. "Listen, you go out. It's easier alone. I'll call you if I think of anything bright to say. Run along."

"Not on your life! I'll be——"

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"I'd go, Mr. Smith," says the nurse. "You can't do anything, and it distresses her to have you watch her suffer."

His friend has left the anteroom. Maybe it has happened. Out in the hall they are putting small, replete bundles back in the cart and trundling them away. Flowers are being set out in the hall for the night. Evening visitors are stepping out of elevators with bundles in their hands and expectant, smiling faces. Young men like himself, holding little cartons of drug-store ice-cream, are tiptoeing into rooms and closing the doors.

If only they would let him in and talk to them.

"It isn't so bad," they might say. "The pain isn't as bad as it seems."

"They told us ten hours too, and it took only three," they might say. "And they gave her gas right away."

"Cheer up, old man," they might say. "She's going to be so happy that this doesn't matter—this doesn't matter at all."

The entire lower part of his spine seems to be melting away. Pretty soon he won't have any spine. Still no one asks him. No one notices him. He tries to read, but every time the swinging doors fly open his heart flies open too.

At twelve o'clock he stopped trying to sit down. It is now four. He has been in three times to see. At last they're giving her gas. The doctor's there now. He's called for the intern. The intern's there now. They've called for the head night-nurse. She's just coming down the hall. She's running. Why should she be running? Oh, why should she be running?

"Tell him," some one is saying on the other side of the door, "tell him, Miss Jones."

"It's a boy," says Miss Jones.

And every one of Mr. Smith's entrails turns a complete somersault inside him.

"That's—that's—fine," he says to the nurse. "That's—that's—fine."

"Aren't you coming in?" she asks.

"Oh, could I see——"

"Sure. Come along."

Mrs. Smith is lying there, looking just like Mrs. Smith. She hasn't changed a bit. And what's in a white bucket looks enough like a baby to satisfy Mr. Smith By gum, it's a son! By gum! By gum!

MARCELLA AND HER SPANIARD

Continued from Page 17

passed out of fashion, perhaps because the necessary high-curved bridges are lacking in the noses of to-day. But her nose was very high and very curved and it may politely be said that she trumpeted through it. "Impractical! Look at the way she's swallowed Julia, book, line, and sinker. I happened to say to Julia one morning after I got the note *demanding* her services, 'Julia,' I said, 'if you go down-stairs to answer Mrs. Hewitt's bell to-day, ask her if there's any other little thing you can do for her.'

"Well, Julia asked her, and—would you believe it?—she put her to scrubbing the bathroom floor. Now she knows very well that all Julia does for me is to cook, and sometimes a little mending. When Julia came up and told me she'd had her hands in scrub-water I was tearing. No one is going to scrub floors and cook my food at the same time. And the upshot is that now I have two charring-woman down to Mamie twice a week and pay for it out of my own pocket."

"Do you mean to say that Mamie hadn't even a cleaning-woman?"

"Not a sign of one. But before all this happened I could always pretend, so as to save Mamie embarrassment, that I didn't know she had no cleaning-woman."

Mr. Sadderwhite thought that Susan Demp'ster was growing more and more like her mother. Mrs. Dempster had been just such another vehement woman. He hated vehement women. "This distresses me very much," said he. "I thought Marcella was taking care of her. I mean in a financial way."

"Marcella! Pooh! All her money goes into dressing up for that Spaniard. Did Mamie mention him?"

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So Many Women Are Asking About

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A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed Then rinse off with water. That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

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"I believe she said that Marcella assists some Spaniard at the bank."

"Assists! Pooh! I'd like to see the assistance Marcella could give any one. Of course I'm very fond of Marcella. I always said that, no matter how much Mamie and I might be at odds, nothing would ever come between me and Marcella. And I've always bought her the loveliest clothes, and selected them carefully, for there's no denying that a red-headed woman has to be careful. I remember long ago, when papa took the notion to do this house all in Turkey red, poor Belle Clarke couldn't visit us because her hair was so flaming, until mama coaxed and coaxed, and finally papa had the little reception-room done in blue. We used to entertain Belle in there."

"I don't remember," said Mr. Sadderwhite. "I must have been a very little boy at the time, oh, a very little boy."

"Oh, not so little," said Susan Dempster.

"I could hardly have been big," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"Let's see," said Susan. "There's two or three years between you and Mamie."

"Three," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"And there's four or five years between you and me."

"Five," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"Hum," said Susan, "then you must have been little, because I was only fifteen or so myself. Isn't it funny," said she, "the chasm that divides ten from fifteen? It's so huge and deep at the time, and afterward it closes up. There you were a little fellow of ten and I was a big woman of fifteen, and now who could say if there's six months between us?"

MR. SADDERWHITE remembered in time that high chivalry is the heritage of every gentleman. He said, not too tartly, "We were speaking of Marcella."

"Oh, yes, about her clothes. I was always so careful to buy her the right shades of blue and brown, and she would keep appearing in the most awful shades of yellow and pink. Yes, John, deep pink. I couldn't understand it. And here a few months ago she hinted that she needed a new dress (oh, she's not above hinting!), and I bought her a lovely thing, a soft blue chiffon. Well, a few nights after, she went out with that Spaniard, and I went and leaned over the banisters just to see how the dress looked. And would you believe it, John? She was wearing a brand-new dress, but it was cherry-colored."

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"Oh, I've had my suspicions for a long time. Do you know what she does? She takes back the dresses I buy her and she exchanges them. I'll never buy her another stitch as long as I live. Never!"

"I know her mother doesn't suspect such a thing," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"Just the same," said Susan Dempster, "I keep worrying about her. And I want to talk to you, John, about this Spaniard. Did Mamie tell you he shot himself, or something, right out in the middle of Broadway?"

"Good Heavens, no!"

"Well, he did! John, he's mixed up with a dancer. Now can you imagine! That's the kind of man Marcella allows to take her out. And that's the kind of man Mamie allows Marcella to allow to take her out. I thank my stars mama isn't living. She wouldn't know what to think of Mamie."

"Dear me," said John, "I had no idea. But you can rest assured Mamie doesn't know anything about the dancer. How badly was he shot?"

"I don't know. He seems able to eat, ju'ging from what Marcella takes him. Oh, yes, indeed she visits him at the hospital. She takes him fresh eggs and calf-foot jelly and I don't know what. And you know very well, John, he never sees a quarter of it. Why, the nurses eat it all. I never knew a nurse yet who didn't eat like a wolf."

"You must consider the strain they work under," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"Well, it's got to stop, for, if you please, the bill came in to me. Yes, my dear John, the grocer sent it with a polite little note saying that Mrs Hewitt must have overlooked it, and would I please call it to her attention."

"I had no idea," said John.

Continued on Page 88

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A LITTLE THINKING BEFORE-HAND WILL SAVE MANY STEPS LATER

SYNCHRONIZE YOUR COOKING AND SERVING

By Margaret Hutton

TO SERVE a meal so that everything is ready at the psychological moment —the foods which are to be served at the same time cooked and ready simultaneously, hot foods hot and cold foods cold, with the table properly laid so that there are no trips to the kitchen for forgotten silver or dishes—is an accomplishment to be proud of and one that really few of us can claim for ourselves. And yet the success of a meal depends largely on this very harmony, this perfect timing of the preparation, cooking, and serving of foods so that everything is at its best, not overcooked nor underdone, and all assembled in its proper order.

To attain this harmony in food preparation and serving, it is necessary to have a definite plan in mind. When the menu is made out, quite as much thought should be given to this intelligent working arrangement as to the proper balance of foods. A few minutes spent in this sketching out of the procedure to be followed in preparation and serving will save many times its equivalent in the actual working time.

As some persons do not work as quickly as others, each individual will have to be her own judge as to how long it takes her to prepare the various foods.

The time and temperature required for the cooking of food are easily available, as schedules have been worked out through careful research work. With this information in mind it is possible to calculate the entire time necessary for preparation, and the proper time to begin the cooking process of each food so that the time of completion of all will be coincident.

In arranging a working plan of this kind avoid including in the menu a combination of foods that require lengthy preparation beforehand. Of course we assume that the time to be spent in the entire preparation of the menu is limited, for any one should be able to produce a good meal if she has plenty of time at her command.

FOR convenience' sake you should also keep in mind that there should not appear together on the same menu two or more dishes which will require the same pots and pans for manipulation. Two fried foods, or two foods to be cooked in a double boiler, or in a casserole, are not likely to make for a well-balanced meal, and their preparation certainly will upset plans in the kitchen.

The average kitchen of to-day has not enough space to permit one to have several utensils of the same kind, and the skilful worker chooses her equipment so that there is no duplication. Also avoid including too many dishes that require special attention at the last minute.

The question of when the laying of the table fits into this scheme of things is quite important also, and must be taken into account. To leave this to a chance minute or two usually means that there is no opportunity to do it properly, and a hurried, half-finished job results, or the food must wait and become cold, or be overcooked, or be dried out while the table is being prepared.

Time should also be included to get out the entire supply of dishes for the meal, to place the plates for hot foods in a warm place, the dishes for cold foods in the refrigerator, to fix any dish of jelly, pickles, or relishes that is to be on the table, to prepare the ice-water, to see that the salt- and pepper-shakers are filled, to prepare the lemon for tea or the cream for coffee, and all such odds and ends that must be done to insure a perfect service.

The art of laying the table so that it gives to the meal-hour an air of gracious hospitality is based upon an orderly arrangement of all table accessories, so that each piece of silver, china, and glass is in the most convenient place for the person using it. Definite rules for laying the table have been given on Page 43 of the February number of Pictorial Review.

THE type of cooking to be done will largely determine the best time for the table-setting to take advantage of each precious minute of working time. When a roast or oven-baked main dish is to be cooked it is economy to plan to use the kind of vegetables and a dessert which require longer cooking and can be done in the oven also. While the meat is being seared the vegetables can be prepared and can be put into the oven when the temperature is lowered.

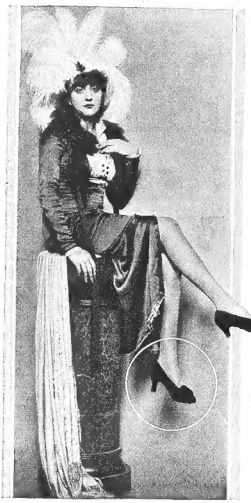
This takes care of a good part of the meal and gives ample time for laying the table, for preparing a fancy salad, and for making a number of things that are not ordinarily done for each meal, such as preparing a salad dressing which will suffice for three or four days, washing a quantity of lettuce to be put away in the refrigerator for several days' use, and perhaps the making of biscuits or muffins to be popped into the oven for a few minutes after the other food has been removed and is being placed on the table.

It takes less time to cook the food on the top burners, and it is well to take the time for table-setting and finishing touches before beginning the cooking process. Select in this case foods which can be done quickly, for as a rule top-burner cooking requires a certain amount of watching, and it would not be the better part of wisdom to prepare foods which needed to be constantly watched for a long period of time.

In spite of the fact that so many of the institutions have been taken out of the home, the demand for home-cooked food remains and will remain until the end of time. The home-maker will always be confronted with the problem of planning and serving the meals for her household. To do this with the maximum of efficiency, to be master of the situation, comes with study, practise, and a conscious effort made toward a definite goal.

As the secret of success lies in liking what you have to do, to be able to do that thing well paves the way not only to success, but to a real enjoyment of your task, and that is the greatest reward any one can claim in any field of endeavor.

FAMOUS FEET



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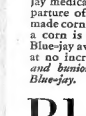

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Continued from Page 86

"Well, I sent for Marcella. I said, 'Young lady, look at this: Hot-house grapes, alligator-pears, peaches, nectarines, pomegranates.' John, did you ever hear of civilized people eating pomegranates? I said to Marcella, 'Since when have you and your mother taken to eating pomegranates?' She was inclined to give me sauce, but I said, 'Now, see here! Do you want me to pay this bill, or don't you?' And then she confessed she'd been sending fruit by the carload to this Spaniard.

"Of course she's young," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"She's almost twenty-seven," said Mrs. Goodhouse, "and that's not so young at the time you're reaching up to it."

"Ah, but it is young," insisted Mr. Sadderwhite, and then remembering that it wasn't necessary for a man who didn't look a day over forty to be harking back so wistfully to almost thirty, he added, "Of course it's not *too* young, but it's young enough."

"Now I wish, John," said Mrs. Goodhouse, "that you'd see Marcella and speak to her."

"Perhaps," said John, "I had better go down and see Marcella this evening. I'll go right to the bank. I won't telephone. I rather think that it would be best to take her by surprize."

"And talk turkey," said Susan Goodhouse. "Show her what a fool she's making of herself. Dear John, you are so close to us you can talk to her like a father."

"I'll talk to her like a man of the world, like a man of affairs," said Mr. Sadderwhite. "But it is hardly necessary to make myself out an octogenarian."

WITH that Mr. Sadderwhite hurried off without so much as mentioning his limousine to Mrs. Goodhouse.

Riding down-town in the subway he tried to find out what he was going to say to Marcella. But the lovely picture of Marcella in green organdy, as he had last seen her, kept flashing up to disarrange his well-thought-out sentences. If any one had asked him, he would have said Marcella was seventeen, and, good gad, she was almost twenty-seven! Hadn't some one said that was the perfect age for a woman to marry?

If he should think of marrying he would choose a woman of twenty-seven. The man should choose a woman younger than himself. Exactly! And Marcella was like a swan. Marcella was a swan with a golden cygnet. But was "cygnet" a synonym for "nimbus," or was it the circle of feathers on a pigeon's breast? Better try something else. Marcella was a swan with a golden crest. That wouldn't do. And then "crest" suggested "cock" and "cock" suggested "cock-fights" and "cock-fights" suggested "spaniards." He must think up what he was going to say to Marcella about this Spaniard.

But Marcella was almost twenty-seven. There was—well, something about twenty-seven. And with that his figure of speech, shining and complete, swam up into his mind. Marcella was a swan crowned with flame. Ah, that would do very nicely!

It was slightly after five o'clock when he reached the bank. He found Marcella six flights up in the correspondents' room. It was simply preposterous that a girl like Marcella should be asked to work behind such a huge desk covered with so many wire baskets full of documents.

Mr. Sadderwhite said so. "You should never have come to work in a place like this," he told her. "You should have come to us. Isaiah and I would gladly have placed you."

"I've always thought," said Marcella, "that it would have been jolly to work among your wall-papers. They're so lovely and quaint. When I first saw that I would have to go out and find a job, I did think of going straight to you. Do you know why I didn't?"

"You shouldn't have hesitated," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"But," said Marcella, "think of all the attic rooms with slanting walls and dormer-windows that must be papered with pink rosebuds. I could never, never figure out the right amount of wall-paper for one of those."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Sadderwhite. "We send out a man to do that, and then Miss Bower checks him up. Besides, if you consider, a slanting surface presents the same area as a vertical one, provided there is no, ah, infringement on the, ah, parallelogram."

"But you have to be clever to think that out," said Marcella.

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Mr. Sadderwhite. "It's just that a few things from Euclid do manage to stick." Then he said, "Get your hat, my dear, and we'll go have our dinner."

He took her to an up-town tea-room where striped awnings, yellow pottery, and troubadours meandering with guitars lend a gaudy Spanish atmosphere. In such a place he had only to say, "How charming everything Spanish *seems!*" to be beautifully launched on the deceits and pitfalls of the romantic, and the necessity of marrying among one's own upright, God-fearing countrymen.

There, in a shadowy, candle-lit corner of the room, there bloomed in Marcella those gracious, gentle tendencies which, being Mamie Dempster's daughter, he had known she must possess. He told her stories to make her laugh, about the butler who played the bull-fiddle and about the darky pedler and Acorn, his white mule. She laughed exactly as her mother used to laugh, like bells on a misty morning. The waiter, lighter by candle-light than he had dreamed. He couldn't bear to ruffle her, so he put off the lecture until the coffee should have arrived.

But with the arrival of the salad Marcella blew out the candles. She said they hurt her eyes. Perhaps because he could no longer see her so distinctly, Mr. Sadderwhite decided the moment for launching his lecture had come. But he lost the easy way into it, for he began lamely, "Marcella, don't you like this foreign atmosphere?"

"I love it," said Marcella. "I simply love it. The Italians do always manage to be so gay."

"Italians?"

"Well," said Marcella, "perhaps this place doesn't exactly hit it off, but it does give an Italian effect. All the gay Tuscan pottery, and the troubadours with their black-and-red capes looking like merry Dantes. I love to come here."

Still Mr. Sadderwhite thought he saw a way. He asked, "Now, if you had to choose between visiting Italy and Spain, which would you choose?"

"Well," said Marcella, "if I had to choose and I was sure I was going over only once, I'd choose France."

"The service in these tea-rooms is always abominable," said Mr. Sadderwhite, and he almost shouted at the waitress, "Girl, where's the sugar?"

Marcella said suddenly, "Will you do me a very great favor, and will you promise before I ask it?"

"If it's at all in my power," said Mr. Sadderwhite, trying not to feel uneasy, "you know that for this one evening," begged Marcella, "please pretend I've promised to marry you."

GIDDILY then Mr. Sadderwhite almost burst into speech. A sentence welled up in him and almost slipped its leash. He almost said, "Why, I brought you here to-night to ask you to marry me," but by a miracle of grace he said instead, "For as many evenings as you wish, my dear."

"You darling!" said Marcella, and she reached over and patted his hands. "There couldn't have been many like you in *your* generation, or to-day *my* generation wouldn't be making such fun of it."

Mr. Sadderwhite withdrew his hands. He perceived sadly that, lovely as she was, Marcella was like a dozen other shallow women from whom, from time to time, he had safely and gracefully escaped.

"You see, it's like this," said Marcella. "Months ago I promised a man I'd marry him. We kept it a secret because his mother wanted him to marry a girl at home in Havana. She'd picked her out the time Roddy first began to walk. He—"

"Slowly, slowly," begged Mr. Sadderwhite. "Who is this man?"

"He's the man I work for at the bank, Roderigo Horquera. His people sent him up here to learn banking."

"And you have promised to marry him without consulting your mother or your aunt?"

"We had to keep it a secret because of

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his mother," said Marcella. "She's been ill for years. And then in April she died. He went home of course, and it was on the way back to New York that he met a woman on the boat, Spanish, too, and a dancer. Not young. One of those women who go down into forty like a dozen sky-rockets. He went mad about her, stark, staring, raving mad."

"It's a very old story," he was compelled to say as a man of the world.

"Yes," agreed Marcella, "it's ancient, but this three hundred and fifty million dollar edition happens to be my very own. It's only an old story when you read about it. When you happen to be going through it it's the newest thing on earth."

"I dare say," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"Oh, she's beautiful, all right, only she's such a mess when she yawns. She opens her mouth till it swallows all her face. I don't see how Roddy could have stood her yawning. She did nothing but yawn while I was talking to her. I went to see her last evening. I went up to her dressing-room before the show."

"THAT was most unwise," said Mr. Sadderwhite.

"Valencia, Valencia de Silva, that's her name. She was terribly amused. She thought me younger than I am. And she was cruel, too. The minute I went into the room she said, 'You must be Miss Hewitt, Miss Marcella Hewitt.'"

"Hadn't you sent in your card?"

"Good Heavens, no! I only wanted a good look at her. I wanted to pretend I was some stage-struck girl."

"Then how did she know?"

"Oh, don't you see? He must have talked me over with her. I suppose he said, 'There's a red-headed American girl I've got to get rid of.' And then she wanted to know what I was like. Can't you hear them talking me over some moonlight night? I can forgive him everything but that. Never, never!"

"It's outrageous, simply outrageous."

"And how you see," said Marcella, "after she'd been in New York a few weeks she met a man from Scranton with a coal-mine in every pocket. By that time she'd found out that Roddy wasn't quite as golden as she'd thought. It's his uncle who has the money and owns the Central. So she voted for coal against sugar. But she couldn't make Roddy see that it was all over till one night the Scranton man took him unawares and tripped him up at the head of the stairs leading to her dressing-room. Roddy fell all the way down both flights and broke his shoulder."

"You're a very lucky girl," said Mr. Sadderwhite. "You've been given the opportunity to see just what this young man is like. Your eyes have been opened, and you must take the lesson to heart and forget him."

"I can't," said Marcella.

"My dear, to put it very frankly and very brutally, he has jilted you."

"Oh, no," said Marcella. "He doesn't even know I've heard about this affair. We're still solemnly engaged to be married, and I'm going to marry him. Oh, he'll go on falling in love with every second woman he meets even after we're married. Do you suppose I don't know that?"

"WELL, upon my soul!" said Mr. Sadderwhite. "I hope you don't talk this way to your mother."

"No," said Marcella. "Mother wouldn't understand."

"Your mother," he said "is a most charming and understanding woman."

"Poor dear," said Marcella almost as tho she meant him.

"Your mother," insisted Mr. Sadderwhite, "could show you how perilous it would be to enter into any such marriage."

"Perilous and sad," said Marcella. "I expect my heart to be in a continual state of breakage, but I'd rather have Roddy strewing the pieces on the highway than to have any other man carrying it intact, in a sandalwood box, in his vest pocket." She sighed. "But I'm human, and I'd like to punish him a little, if I can."

And it was to punish Roddy that she beguiled Mr. Sadderwhite into going with her to the hospital to pose as the man she was really going to marry.

In a square white room Mr. Roderigo Horquera was sitting wrapped in crimson silk, eating cherries from a wicker basket and reading a shabby small book. It was a pity, Mr. Sadderwhite thought, for any man to be so needlessly beautiful. This particular man had no right to such a boyish, engaging expression. This candid-browed young man recalled to Mr. Sadderwhite the curly-haired St. Johns whom he had seen in the art galleries of Europe, in the dim churches when he was, no, not young, but younger.

"I was reading such a lovely thing," said the young man, "in this book the nurse found. Listen, please.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Is not that beautiful?"

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"I want to talk to you very seriously to-night," said Marcella, "and that's why I've brought Mr. Sadderwhite. He wants to talk to you very seriously, too."

"Ah—indeed, yes," said Mr. Sadderwhite, who had supposed that Marcella would do all the talking.

"Oh, you want to talk seriously," said the young man. "You do not want to hear about my lovely, slow moon. That is too bad." He closed the little book and put it under the pillow of his bed.

"I've been thinking very hard," said Marcella, "and it seems to me that now that your shoulder is better——"

"Oh, but it is not better. Those things do not get themselves better in just a few days. It is only a week they have built it up in plaster. I fell," he explained to Mr. Sadderwhite. "It was the night it rained so very much. I was coming down the steps of the hotel and I wanted to run to catch a taxi. I did not see the wet on the steps. My heels went up. I flew. And then I came down, down, all on the shoulder." His eyes were the soul of childlike candor. Mr. Sadderwhite had not known a man could lie looking at another man with such a limpid, honest gaze.

"I mean when your shoulder is better," explained Marcella. "Then I think you ought to go home. I mean for good."

"I don't understand," said the young man. "Why ought I to go home for good?"

"Well, Roddy, perhaps not that. What I really mean is that perhaps we ought to say good-by to each other for good."

"What *do* you mean?" No young man with such wide, dark eyes should allow them to open to such an extent. It was absurd, thought Mr. Sadderwhite.

"I've thought it all out," said Marcella. "When you first came up from Havana American girls were a novelty. You thought you wanted to marry one. But you must see now that it would be better to marry a girl of your own kind. Your mother was wise about that, Roddy. You ought to go home and marry a girl in Havana."

"Some one's been telling you things," cried the young man. "What have they been telling you?"

"If you mean about your dancer, yes, I know all about her."

"What have they been telling you?"

"No one told me. I read about it in the papers. Then I went to see her. She is very, very beautiful. I never knew Spanish girls were like that. I always thought they were too thick at the ankles and had heavy mustaches. It's too bad she wouldn't have you. If there are any more like her in Cuba you ought to hurry home."

"I was a very big fool," said the young man, looking at Marcella with enormous eyes. "Do you think I don't know what a blame-fool idiot I've made of myself?"

"But it's changed everything," said Marcella, "because it's made me think. I've made up my mind that we ought to say good-by."

"You are not fair."

"Fair! How can you speak about being fair?"

"Why do you not come and tell me this alone?"

"Because," said Marcella, "Mr. Sadderwhite has done me the great honor of asking me to marry him, and I've told him I would."

"This old man?"

"Yes," said Marcella, "I'm going to marry him."

"What kind of joke are you telling? Look at him! In two years he will be walking with a cane! In five years you will wheel him like a baby!"

"I will not stay to be insulted further," said Mr. Sadderwhite. "I shall be waiting for you outside in the corridor."

ONCE out in the corridor, Mr. Sadderwhite drew a very deep breath. He felt his arms to see they had not shrunken. He patted his good thick hair. The impertinence of that underbred cub! He could match hair for hair with him this minute. He'd always heard the Spanish ate mutton-chops in their fingers. By gad, he believed it.

He saw a chair and sat down. Presently he took the little memorandum-book from his pocket and crossed out heavily the sentence, "Marcella is a swan crowned with flame."

Contents for August, 1929

	Page
ART AND POETRY	
Cover Design *McClelland Barclay*	
Nature's Masterpiece *T. Huing*	27
A Cloud at Sunset—*Verse* *Minna Irving*	29
Song—*Verse* *Dane Carter*	52
SERIALS	
The Secret of 37 Hardy Street (First Instalment) *Robert J. Casey*	9
His Big Day (Concluding Instalment) *Richard Connell*	18
Field of Honor (Concluding Instalment) *Donn Byrne*	23
SHORT STORIES	
Mr. and Mrs. Smith *Dorothy Aldis*	15
Marcella and Her Spaniard *Stella Ryan*	16
Flight *Mildred Cram*	20
SPECIAL ARTICLES	
Sportswomen of To-day *Helen Wills*	2
When Life Seems Out of Tune *H. Addington Bruce*	4
SPECIAL ARTICLES—*Continued*	
Keeping Up with the Times *Corinne Lowe*	6
Just Among Ourselves *Marion Lambert*	42
Satin-Smooth Skin *Doris Lee Ashley*	54
HOME-MAKING	
New Designs for Floors *Elsie Drew Kennedy*	30
Leisurely Breakfasts *Day Monroe*	36
High Tea After Summer Sports *Helen Law*	39
The Tinkle of Ice in a Glass *Frances Herrick*	40
Modern Laundry Equipment *Margery Beem*	45
The Babies' Almanac *Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge*	46
Vegetable Entrées for Summer *Mrs. Penrose Lyly*	47
Synchronize Your Cooking and Serving *Margaret Hutton*	87
FOR THE CHILDREN	
Dolly Dingle's Week-End *Grace G. Drayton*	53
FASHIONS OF THE MONTH Pages 69-77	

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A gong began to beat softly. It was time for visitors to leave the hospital. He saw Marcella coming, and tried to hold his face so as to look neither hurt nor angry nor embarrassed. But Marcella hardly looked at him. She walked down beside him into the street without a word. Without a word she got into the taxi, and sat there silent. He was forced to ask, "Well, my dear, has your little ruse worked?"

"Yes," said Marcella. "I've promised not to consider you at all. And to-morrow perhaps I'll tell him the exact day when I'll condescend to marry him." She burst into tears.

Mr. Sadderwhite patted her hand. "Don't cry, my dear. It's sure to upset the stomach."

"I ought to be able," said Marcella, crying still, "to hold him for five years anyhow. If my hair doesn't fade into pale pink, and I don't wattle under the chin, maybe I'll hold him till I'm thirty-five." But she couldn't stop her sobbing. She dropped her head on Mr. Sadderwhite's shoulder in a very agony of grief, and he felt the spasms of her longing and her fear.

And it seemed to Mr. Sadderwhite that he, too, was familiar with this body-shaking tempest. Suddenly he remembered youth as it really was. He felt again the torturing sensibility, the unutterable longings, the frightful storms rolling up from hidden corners of the heart to blow so thunderously against the hard, absolute outlines of the world. In that minute he remembered youth as sometimes he remembered the actual flagstones on the streets of his childhood, beholding again for an instant the very cracks, the nicks, yes, even the chalk-marks of some long-buried, till-then-forgotten game of potsy. For he, too, had been young.

THERE before him were his hands as they had been when the veins did not show like angleworms, and the backs of the fingers had not begun to flatten. And those young hands of his were breaking twigs, breaking them ruthlessly, savagely, to the tune of his hard and dry sobbing.

It was the day Marcella's mother had passed his house wearing her bottle-green coat. He had not been a little boy at all when Mamie Dempster had worn that coat. He must have been twenty-four. It was the year Marcella was born, and Mamie Dempster had come walking in the bottle-green coat with Marcella in her arms. It was Marcella's first public appearance, and she was being carried to visit her grandmother.

And he couldn't bear the radiant April-morning look on Mamie Dempster's face. In his agony he had rushed up into Horton's Woods and tramped about all morning. For in those days he could not deny to himself how much he was in love with Mamie Dempster.

And remembering that sharp and terrible agony, Mr. Sadderwhite was suddenly glad to be no longer young. He said, "Marcella, do you think your mother would marry me?"

"For years, and years, and years," sobbed Marcella, "she's been praying you'd ask her."

"She was thirty-eight," said Mr. Sadderwhite, "when your father died. I was only thirty-five. I think, yes, I'm sure, our marriage then would have been a little, well, incongruous. But time does lessen the breach. Look at the difference between ten and fifteen! Yet who could say now if there's six months between your mother and me? She's worn remarkably well."

"I won't wear well," said Marcella. "Blonds never do. But I'll have five years. I'll have five years anyhow."

"I see no reason why we can not count on *twenty* years," said Mr. Sadderwhite. "If your mother will go abroad with me every year and take the cure at Carlsbad on the way home—for it's no use going to Carlsbad first, not if you're fond of burgundy. Your mother likes champagne, and there's no reason why she shouldn't drink it at lunch, but I still stick to burgundy. There's no use going abroad and denying yourself such things, provided you take the cure on the way home. So, if we stop at Carlsbad just before we come back home, why, we can count on twenty—pooh! on thirty years of perfect happiness."

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